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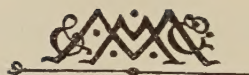
J. H. SHORTHOUSE

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

LIFE AND LETTERS





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Henry Thoreau

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

J. H. SHORTHOUSE

EDITED BY HIS WIFE

"Blessed is the man whom Thou choolest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts."—PSALM lxx. 4.

"If I am not mistaken in your case, God will win you, and He will win you by determined and uninterrupted acts of love."

John Inglesant, chap. xxv.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

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THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF

London

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1905

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QUALITÄT

VERBODEN TOEGANG

PREFACE

IN offering this short Memoir of my beloved husband to the public, together with his Literary Remains, I wish warmly to acknowledge my debt of gratitude to all those who have helped me to fulfil a task which the sorrow of bereavement and the want of physical strength would have rendered impossible to me without such aid.

It was Lady Welby who first suggested to me the idea of publishing my husband's letters, and she was most kind in sending me type-written copies of those addressed to herself, which have mostly been included in the volume. For the use of the very interesting letter to Mr. Matthew Arnold, and of Mr. Arnold's reply, I am indebted to the courtesy of his son, Mr. R. P. Arnold. To the Bishops of Ripon and Rochester, to Mr. Edmund Gosse (who also kindly advised me about the Memoir), to Mr. Arthur Galton, to the late Canon Ainger, to Lady Lyell, and to many other friends whose names appear in the collec-

tion, I must also express my thanks for allowing the use of letters addressed to them.

For contributions reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Temple Bar*, *Saint George*, and the *Hobby Horse*, I am indebted to the courtesy of the proprietors of those periodicals, and Messrs. Bryce of Glasgow allowed me to print the little essay on Molinos.

In the labour of collecting the letters and essays, and in copying them for the press, I have been largely assisted by my sister, Miss Scott, my niece, Miss Elsie Ball, and by Miss Southall. To the Memoir, which is my own work, Mrs. W. H. Evans contributed the important pages descriptive of my husband's intercourse with her and her sisters in his boyhood, and his letters to them.

Above all, I must express my warm thanks to Mrs. Louis Dyer (the daughter of our honoured friend, Mr. Alexander Macmillan), who has, throughout, rendered me invaluable assistance by her judgment and sympathy in arranging the material and revising it for the press.

S. S.

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INTRODUCTION

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE¹

By the Rev. J. HUNTER SMITH, M.A.

· YOU *must* know Mr. Shorthouse. Such were the words addressed to me about forty years ago when I first came to Birmingham straight from Oxford, and I have ever since been thankful for the suggestion and for my discretion in adopting the advice. One of the most valuable friendships any man ever enjoyed has been the result. Its memories are full of fragrance, and, alas! not free from bitter regret that I did not appreciate that rare friendship more highly. I have no intention in this paper to desecrate my friend's memory by publishing any gossipy details of his private life. Something, perhaps, I may venture to say in illustration of his life and character which are likely to be honoured by all Birmingham men of culture. To one who spent forty years in the work of education in Birmingham the chief lesson of his life

¹ Reprinted by permission from *Saint George*, the journal of the Ruskin Society of Birmingham.

seems to be that it has proved the possibility of a man actively engaged in business, and with no great preliminary educational advantages, reaching a high standard of culture, finding time and energy both for deep and wide study and also for successful writing, and that in spite of the grave disadvantage of delicate health. During the time he was writing *John Inglesant* Mr. Shorthouse was, I believe, never absent from business. He was also an active churchwarden as he was a dutiful son and a devoted husband. The writing of *John Inglesant* and the reading for it were the work of his evening's leisure when the day's work was done. He had been trained in writing by an "Essay" Society. He had, however, always been a reader, and was well acquainted, before he began his great work, with standard literature, at least in translations. To this he had been encouraged by the example and precept of his parents, themselves cultured members of the cultured Society of Friends. His literary work added to his happiness, and did not injure his success in business, nor yet drive him to the life of a recluse. His house was singularly hospitable, ever open to those who most needed hospitality, to the young curate or schoolmaster living in lodgings, or any youth who had the happiness to have an introduction to him and whose breeding and tastes made him a welcome companion. We dubbed his house in Beaufort Road the "house of Gaius."

His life then is a proof that a man may successfully cultivate a taste for literature and sound learning

without the advantages of a University education or even of University Extension Lectures, or such social companionship or privileges as a professional career confers. It is a life that is as noble a protest as could be made against the banality and frivolity that are too apt to characterise the lives of the English Middle Classes, against the corruption of taste that cannot discern the demerits of such works as those of Corelli and Hall Caine, and makes Farrar's *Life of Christ* more attractive than the Gospels.

Other striking features in Mr. Shorthouse's character were his reserve and his modesty. He was, I believe, ten years in writing *John Inglesant*. During the whole of that time no one but his wife saw the manuscript, nor did he ever trouble his friends with any mention of the book. I think I supped with him nearly every Sunday evening for ten years, but I was very dimly aware that he was writing a book, and certainly never dreamt it was so big a thing or likely to achieve so high a reputation. After the first edition of a hundred copies was published by Messrs. Cornish at the author's expense and presented to his friends, I remember well one day walking up and down New Street with him and urging him to seek for it a wider circulation. I told him I felt sure it would become a standard work, though it would probably not have numerous readers. I said it would enjoy a reputation with scholars such as Peacock's novels do. He replied, with a modesty which seems ironical now, that he was quite content. The book had been read by a hundred educated people

and he desired no more. I do not think he himself made any great effort to get the book published. Certainly its vogue was in no way due to any encouragement given by the local press. The *Daily Post* did not review the book till long after its fame was ensured. This is an unpleasant fact—very bitter to those who have at heart the honour of the provincial Press. At that time we were probably more provincial than we are now. I do not think the leading men in Birmingham ever quite forgave Shorthouse for attaining a distinction which seemed a blasphemous attack on the pontifical intelligence of the Liberal Party.

It is worth while recalling for a few moments the condition of Birmingham at that time as it struck an onlooking stranger. There could have been very few of its inhabitants who were in sympathy with the Broad Church Sacramentarianism of Mr. Shorthouse. The clergy were for the most part of the old-fashioned Evangelical School, with their one monotonous message. In the *Birmingham Red Book* an asterisk was placed against the name of two churches with the significant note, "These are High Church"! There was a somewhat dry and rigid Unitarian set who regarded themselves as the "Friends of Light," and were probably looked upon by the Evangelicals as outside the pale of Christianity altogether. They had a reasonable claim to the title, but a nice critic might surmise they carried about with them a keen consciousness of the claim that narrowed their capacity for the widest enjoyment of social life. Outside this body,

if you met any Birmingham man who displayed any interest in the "things of the mind," or the humanitarian side of religion, he was usually found to be a disciple of Mr. George Dawson. Mr. Dawson was his prophet. He had probably never heard of F. W. Robertson or F. D. Maurice. All honour to Mr. Dawson, to whom, perhaps more than to any one, Birmingham owes an intellectual awakening! But Mr. Dawson was neither a profound scholar, nor in theology anything more than an amateur. He was a genius as a middleman, bright and sparkling in expression, but it may be doubted if his thoughts were often original. He had never had time or fair opportunity for deep study. He was handicapped, too, by his isolation as a religious teacher. I think the Church of England would have known better how to utilise his rare gifts than did the Baptist community, to which, I believe, he originally belonged. She would not have made him a Bishop or a Dean,—he was far too original for that,—but she would not have cast him out, and contact, inside an organisation, with his intellectual equals would have chastened his somewhat defiant spirit, and by removing prejudices, excited quite as much by his isolation as by his brilliant paradoxes, would have extended an influence that was as wholesome as a purifying wind.

But Dawson suited the temper of Birmingham far better than Shorthouse could do. To adopt the words of the latter, when speaking of the effect of Maurice's arguments upon Mansel, in presence of *John Inglesant*

the average Birmingham citizen "was somewhat in the position of a Weaver Bottom, who, through a troubled dream, is dimly conscious of a world of mystery and glamour, which he could in no way realise."

There was something monstrous to the imagination of the practical common-sense man that he should meet on 'Change a man whose favourite word was "mystic," who seemed no less shrewd in that place than other men, yet seemed to be in some quaint way an onlooker in the game, sometimes seemed to be indulging in quaint soliloquies, and had a Chaucerian twinkle in his eye and a smile on his face which might be kindly or might be sarcastic.

So that neither in politics, nor religion, nor greatly in his habits of life, was the author of *John Inglesant* much in harmony with the majority of his fellow-citizens. The assertion of individual religion they could understand, the opposition to certain phases of other people's religion they could understand, but the blend of freedom of thought with scrupulous attention to religious observances, which was the chief note to outward observers of Shorthouse's character,—that was a thing they could not "reckon up." A man who could not be labelled Low Church or High Church, and was neither a Unitarian nor a Ritualist, was to the average Birmingham citizen in those days an unknown quantity.

Professor Dowden has written an eminently instructive book, termed *Puritan and Anglican*, which has the noble tendency to aid the two to a better understanding with one another, and to a deeper mutual

insight and appreciation among those who at first seem to hold antagonistic opinions.

Now, I think we may regard our late distinguished fellow-townsmen as the chief lay and literary exponent in our days of cultured Anglicanism. Let us use the words of Professor Dowden to aid us in seeing what that implies.

The central idea of Puritanism was this, "that the relation between the invisible spirit of man and the invisible God was immediate rather than mediate. . . . The cardinal error of Puritanism lay in a narrow conception of God as the God of righteousness alone, and not also the God of joy and beauty and intellectual light. Among the Puritans of the seventeenth century few besides Milton, who was more than a Puritan, had that coherent conception of human life and human culture which recognises the Divine Spirit as present and operative in all the higher strivings of man."

Let it be remembered that Shorthouse was originally a member of the Society of Friends, and also that *John Inglesant* is to a large extent a satire, and not altogether a fair one, on the principles and system of the Jesuits, and in this light read Bishop Westcott's summary of the view with which those two religious bodies regarded the relations of the world and religion.

"On the one side the Society of Loyola, recognising the infinite varieties of life and character, of place and circumstance, have endeavoured to win from men as they are a partial or a promised homage to the cause which they held to be divine. On the other side the

Society of Friends have declared open war against the fashion of the world, and called each hearer to acknowledge his own immediate obligation to follow the light of God within him."

After an estimate, liberal, and in no way overstated, of the strength and purity of the type of character formed under the system of Quakerism, the Bishop continues, "It was condemned to failure, like the Order of Francis, because it was essentially incomplete. Francis sacrificed the individual; Fox left wholly out of account the powers of the larger life of the Church and the race. For him the past was a long and dismal night of apostasy and darkness. He had no eye for the many parts and many fashions in which God is pleased to work. He had no sense of the action of the Holy Spirit through the great Body of Christ. He had no thought of the weak and immature, for whom earthly signs are the appropriate support of faith—*no thought for the students of nature, for whom they are the hallowing of all life.*"

Now if we turn to the twenty-eighth chapter of *John Inglesant* we shall find the hero face to face with a noble, pure-minded, and resolute Puritan, who expresses with all the intensity of sincere bigotry the views of asceticism attributed, though with more moderation, to George Fox, and the courteous and polished answer of the hero, which may be regarded as the reasoned conviction of the author himself. I must, of course, abbreviate.

"Standing in a new world," says the Puritan, "and

speaking, as I speak, to men of another language, and of thoughts and habits distinct from mine, I see beneath the tinsel of earthly rank and splendour, and a luxury of life and beauty, the very meaning of which is unknown to me, something of a common feeling which assures me that the voice that I utter will not be entirely strange, coming as it does from the common Father.

.
“Is it a time for chambering and wantonness, for soft raiment and dainty living, for reading of old play-books, such as the one I see on the table, for building houses of cedar, painted with vermilion, and decked with all the loose and fantastic devices which a disordered and debauched intellect could itself conceive, or would borrow from Pagan tombs and haunts of devils, full of uncleanness and dead sins?”

“You speak too harshly of these things,” replied Inglesant; “I see in them nothing but the instinct of humanity, differing in its outward aspect in different ages, but alike in its meaning and audible voice. . . . My imagination follows humanity through all the paths by which it has reached the present moment, and the more memorials I can gather of its devious footsteps, the more enlarged my view becomes of what its trials, its struggles, and its virtues were. All things that ever delighted it were in themselves the good blessings of God—the painter’s and the player’s art, action, apparel, agility, music—without these life would be a desert; and, as it seems to me, these things

softened manners so as to allow Religion to be heard, who otherwise would not have been listened to in a savage world, and among a brutal people destitute of civility. As I trace these things backward for centuries I live far beyond my natural term, and my mind is delighted with the pleasures of nations who were dust ages before I was born."

Do we not here seem to read a justification on the part of the author for the abandonment of his membership of the Society whose Founder had regarded the past as a long and dismal night of apostasy and darkness? In the author's intense delight in art in all its shapes and in all beauty of sound, and colour and form, we see the joyous sense of emancipation from the barren baldness of the average Quaker's life. In the high and (as we see from the last chapter of *Sir Percival*) the somewhat fantastic regard for the sacrament as a vehicle of grace we see the revulsion from the unceremonial Quaker worship. And through all his works I think we see a struggle sometimes almost bordering on vacillation between the Quietist, meditative, ascetic view of religion and the more generous and comprehensive view that regards the Deity as a great Educator, working through many outward forms, as well as varied spiritual influences, on the characters and dispositions of his creatures. The wider view prevailed. Yet, perhaps, it is to the blend of the two elements in the character of the author that we owe the unique fascination of *John Inglesant*. On its loftiest side the result is the spiritualisation, in the main

sentiments of the book, of the whole external Universe. The terms used of Wordsworth by Professor Dowden might, with equal justice, be used of Shorthouse. "In the large sense of the word 'Catholic' we might name Wordsworth in some of his earlier poems a true Catholic, discovering, as he does, the ideal in the real, the divine in the natural, the invisible in the visible." Sometimes, however, we are constrained to say of our author as Dowden says of Keble, that he was "a pseudo-Catholic, applying, occasionally, a factitious or a traditional symbolism to sanctify what, in reality, is sacred in itself." I confess, in this connection, never to have been able to get over a feeling of repulsion at the scene in *Sir Percival* where the hero and the Bishop, by way of receiving the sacrament together, eat three blades of grass; howbeit the ceremony has the authority of the tradition of the Middle Ages. Surely the chivalrous though entirely useless devotion of the young hero was sufficiently sacramental without that visible sign, and the communion of the two lonely and dying Christians was felt sufficiently without the performance of this mediæval ceremony.

John Inglesant has been compared to *Marius the Epicurean*. In both books the hero serves as a vehicle to convey to the reader the thoughts of the author on the opinions current in the times with which they deal, and on the permanent bearing of those opinions on thought. The same is true of two remarkable volumes, recently translated into English, by the Russian, Merejkowski, termed *The Death of the Gods* and *The Forerunner*, in

the former of which the hero is the Emperor Julian, and in the latter Leonardo da Vinci. Did space permit an interesting parallel might, I fancy, be drawn between *John Inglesant* and the latter. For, as in the spirit of Inglesant we see the contest between the ascetic and the humanitarian view of religion, so in Leonardo we see the seemingly incongruous element of the pietistic and the nascent modern spirit. It is as though you had side by side pictures of the Madonna and a Bacchante, the dancing Faun and the crucified Christ.

But attractive as might be such a comparison, a more interesting one would be that of *John Inglesant* with the *Faerie Queen*. Was not Spenser an offshoot from Puritanism as Shorthouse from Quakerism? Were not the souls of both ravished with the contemplation of the saint who was also the gentleman? Is not Little Gidding the child, though but a puny child, of Spenser's "Home of Holiness," the home of Caelia, a matron grave and lore—

Whose only joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched souls, and help the helpless pore ;
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

Is it displaying an exaggerated partiality for my friend's memory to say of him, with due modification, as Dean Church says of Spenser, that few of his time approached him in "feeling the presence of that commanding and mysterious idea, compounded of so many things, yet of which the true secret escapes us

still, to which we give the name of beauty? A beautiful scene, a beautiful person, a mind and character with that combination of charms which, for want of another word, we call by that half-spiritual, half-material word 'beautiful,' at once set his mind at work to respond to and reflect it." And this also is true of all the work of Shorthouse: "Face to face with the Epicurean idea of beauty and pleasure is the counter-charm of purity, truth, and duty."

Some years ago was published a sermon by a famous preacher entitled, if I remember right, "How to make the best of both worlds." This appeal to the mercantile instincts of the uncultured Middle Classes ensured the work large sale and great popularity. Let us now hope it has gone the way of Smiles' *Self-Help* and other such monstrosities. I venture to think the *Faerie Queen*, and in a humble degree *John Inglesant*, show how "to make the best of both worlds" in a nobler and more generous sense. Mr. Shorthouse was neither a professed theologian nor a systematic philosopher. Yet, perhaps, no one in our time more forcibly than he brought home to men's minds the reality of the immanence of God in all the works of His creation, the sacramentarian spirituality of the ordinary facts of life.

PART I

EARLY YEARS AND MARRIAGE

JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE, the author of *John Inglesant*, was born in Great Charles Street, Birmingham, on September 9, 1834. But as his parents removed into Calthorpe Street, Edgbaston, when he was only a year old, the whole of his life may be said to have been spent in various houses in that beautiful suburb.

His great-grandfather, Thomas Shorthouse, was the founder of the chemical works to which his grandfather, William Shorthouse, succeeded. Of his grandfather my husband had only one distinct recollection, as he died while his little grandson was very young.

His grandmother, Rebecca Shorthouse, lived till 1858 in the charming country house which she had occupied for fifty years. My husband had therefore many years of loving, happy inter-

course with her, and her home was the centre of interest and affection to her children and grandchildren, who loved to meet each other there, and whose early memories were so largely influenced by her.

Rebecca Shorthouse's cheerful temperament, real love of good literature, active beneficence, and unfeigned piety were indeed a rich inheritance for her descendants. And I think that it was his recollection of her that made my husband always resent the idea that so-called higher education would make the women of the present generation really nobler or wiser than their ancestors.

His maternal grandparents died before J. Henry Shorthouse was born. Mr. John Hawker, his grandfather, belonged to a Bristol family of that name. He founded the first glass-house in Birmingham. He was very able and enterprising and handsome, but died in middle life. He and Mrs. Hawker, I have heard, were very excellent and lovable people.

Of his father, Joseph Shorthouse, I will let my husband speak himself:—

“IN MEMORIAM, OCTOBER 15, 1880

“It is not always that a son is permitted to enjoy forty-six years' constant intercourse, per-

sonal and almost daily, with a father who was thirty-seven years of age when he was born. It is a long period of human existence to be contained within the mutual correspondence of two lives. My father's tenacious memory and the powerful intellect which he had from a boy brought to the consideration of all objects of interest, made this intercourse more instructive and entertaining than any except those who had enjoyed it could altogether realise. There was scarcely a fact upon which we desired information but he could furnish it, and his recollections and anecdotes of the old English society and habits which are long passed away were full of graphic interest.

"From their earliest childhood he was devoted to the interests of his sons, he was most liberal in providing for them, and, owing in great measure to his own simple and unostentatious wants and habits, he was able, all through life and to the very close, to render to them important aid. They will ever remember his kindness with the warmest gratitude.

"His long experience in business and human life rendered his counsel calm and wise. I used always to tell him anything of interest occurring in my business, and to consult him in any anxiety. 'I have seen many of these ups and downs in my

time,' he used to say; 'it will all come right.' Even since he was taken ill he made a kind suggestion, which showed he had been thinking over a difficulty, and had remembered what had been useful to himself.

"I should think that he was the most modest and least exacting man that ever lived. His kindness to his servants and tenants was notorious. A well-known gentleman said to his son-in-law, who was about to rent a house from him, 'You will have the best landlord in Edgbaston.' The last business act of his life was one, as it seemed to me, of unwise leniency towards a tenant with a large family. His fondness and care for horses was almost excessive. His last act on what proved the morning of his death was to send word to give a shilling to the barber, whom he could not see; and his last words to me when I said I would come in again to see him in the course of the day were the same that he had so often used in happier times—'Oh, do not come if you are busy!'

"During the last nine or ten years my wife and I always travelled with him; indeed we have only once been away for so long a time as a fortnight without him during that period. He was always exceedingly fond of travelling, and especially of

Welsh travel. He had known Wales longer than most men, having first entered it when quite a boy with his Uncle and Aunt Smith at a time when there were few travellers and very rough roads, and it is very difficult to realise the fact that we shall never again see his familiar figure, which we could recognise at almost any distance, standing motionless and silent, contemplating some long-known and admired scene. The last three years we spent the month at Llandudno, the new drive round the Great Orme affording him great enjoyment, with its magnificent views of mountain and sea, which he compared to those from some of the hill roads on the Italian coast. He seemed, living so quietly at home, to be increasingly entertained with watching busy life, talking to the Welsh in the little market-place, and watching the arrival and departure of the little steamers on the pier. The last view of the mountains was always pathetic. This summer, in July, he was not able to enjoy long drives, but he pleased himself with the idea of our party going up to Capel Curig (a very favourite inn of his, where he was well known) for one night, and, on our return, entered feelingly into the disappointment that the weather, though fine, was so misty that Snowdon could not be seen. It was difficult, even for those who

knew him so well as we did, to arrange for his enjoyment, as it was almost impossible to get him to say what he wanted for himself.

“The last night of his life he only slept for half an hour. On awaking he expressed his surprise to his nurse (the same who had nursed my mother, and who had tended him devotedly for seven years) that his sleep had been so short. ‘I dreamt,’ he said, ‘that I was walking in the Leasowes with the Brewins. It was a pleasant dream.’ It was the last pleasant thing that he enjoyed in this life.

“Looking back over his long and singularly conscientious life, it would seem that his Heavenly Father had given him some manifest tokens of His love—the blessing of a long and beneficent life, a calm death, an intense love of nature, and a humble dependence upon nature’s God.”

His mother, *née* Mary Ann Hawker, was a handsome, attractive woman, with a peculiarly genial manner, and a most loving, unselfish nature. My husband has said to me, “I can never remember mamma’s wanting anything for herself.” She was always fond of reading, and was herself a most charming and original letter-writer. Indeed, both parents loved romance,

and had the gift of imagination which their eldest son so largely inherited.

In early life Mrs. Shorthouse entered warmly into the many useful efforts for the good of others connected with the Society of Friends, to which she and her parents belonged, and her devotion to her beloved mother during a long and suffering illness was very great. She became blind only a year after we were married. This affliction she bore with noble patience and complete submission to the will of God.

During the many months of uncertainty and effort to restore the optic nerves to their normal condition she told me, "I have desired to have no will of my own in this matter." All was done that could be done by the best oculists in Birmingham, and an operation by Dr. Bowman in London relaxed the painful tension of the nerves, and quite removed any appearance of blindness from her face, but no sight returned.

So she, who had all her life ministered to the needs of others, had to learn the hard lesson of dependence and withdrawal from the active duties of her home. She said again, "Shall I receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall I not also receive evil?" She set bravely to work at sixty years of age to learn to read the "Moon's

raised type," in which, after much persevering effort, she quite succeeded. She followed the advice of a lady who had large knowledge of the blind, and began fearlessly to move about her house without assistance.

Edmund Shorthouse, her youngest son, arranged a cord with low posts round her garden, and there she might often be seen walking up and down, with her calm, restful face, enjoying the quiet peace of the walks she loved so well.

Within a few years after losing her sight she began to suffer from the form of rheumatism which is now, I believe, called arthritis, and gradually she became unable to walk at all. Still no stranger would have thought that this was the case. She sat erect, her Moon's Bible or *Pilgrim's Progress* on her knee, and, marking her place with a pin, would look up and give a cordial welcome to a friend. But by degrees the fatal malady deprived her of the use of her arms, and for the last three years of her life she lay on a water-bed helpless, blind, and suffering in every joint. But still at times she was able to welcome visitors for a little while, and still she bore her great affliction with true submission to the will of God, and firm reliance upon Him.

She died as she had lived, in unshaken trust

in her Saviour's love, and in His realised presence. And as my husband gazed for the last time upon the face and form which seemed to be transfigured by release from suffering, he said, "He could rejoice to feel that the angel of death had exorcised the demon of pain."

When I was a little girl between six and seven years of age, I remember walking with my mother one day in Edgbaston, when we met a tall lady leading a little boy by the hand. The lady was Mrs. Shorthouse, the little boy her eldest son, Joseph Henry. Both my mother and Mrs. Shorthouse wore the then distinctive dress of the Society of Friends, to which they both belonged. The little boy was about four years old, pale, dark-eyed, and handsome, and was dressed, like most children of his age, in a dark-blue pelisse and cape, and large straw hat. This is my first recollection of my husband.

Not long after this we were at school together for a short time. It was a school kept by Miss

Harris, in Frederick Street, and was attended by perhaps twenty little boys and girls from some of the best families in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Shorthouse was urged, against her own judgment, to send her timid, delicate, clever little boy to this school. I do not think that he or I could remember being harshly treated there ourselves, but we saw children punished, as we thought, severely, and it was a trial to me to be dressed differently, as a little Friend, from the other little girls. This, however, did not matter much. A far graver harm befell Joseph Henry Shorthouse. In his own home he knew only love and tenderness, and he was really too nervous and sensitive to be sent so early amongst strangers.

I have now the old copy of Lindley Murray's spelling book which he used there. His mother saw, to her dismay, when she heard him repeat the few small words of his lesson, that his face worked painfully, and his little nervous fingers had worn away the bottom edges of his book, and that he was beginning to stammer.

So she removed him at once from school, and engaged kind, pleasant ladies as governesses for him and his brothers till he was ten years old. My husband always dwelt lovingly upon the days

of his happy childhood. "No one could have had kinder parents or a happier home," he would say to me in after life. His two brothers, very little younger than himself, were his playmates, and shared the pleasures of this very happy home.

Mrs. Shorthouse read stories to her little sons while they worked in their little gardens, and also while they drove to the farm which their father possessed, and where a boat was provided on the large pool for their amusement. Among the books which charmed his childhood were many of Mrs. Sherwood's stories, her *Infant's Progress*, the *Fairchild Family*, etc. Mary Howitt's verses and stories, especially *My Own Story*, *Peter Parley's Evenings at Home*, and Mrs. Mitford's *History of Greece* are some of those which he not only loved in those early days, but liked to collect and add to his library in later years.

His father once told me that when my husband was only four years old his parents were reading Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* aloud; they were obliged to stop on seeing the intense excitement of their little son, who had been eagerly listening to the wonderful story.

They had, too, a nurse, a homely, faithful woman, who cared for them with entire devotion, and only left them when they were grown up.

And, above all other blessings was their mother's holy, loving, simple teaching of religious truths.

I have heard my husband say that from his earliest childhood he always regarded our Lord Jesus Christ as the most loving and beautiful Being that ever walked this earth. Throughout his life he never seemed to have entertained hard thoughts of God. Every pleasure came direct from Him. And surely not the least of these mercies was the gift of his own sweet, happy temperament. His capacity for enjoyment made every simple pleasure a delight. He would tell me how, when travelling with his parents and brothers in their childhood, he would wake in a fresh room in some hotel or lodging and find intense enjoyment in the fresh pattern of a wall-paper, and, as he lay and watched the clouds fleeting across the sky, realise the deeper joy of the presence of God everywhere.

At eight years of age he had a very severe attack of typhus fever, and his life was almost gone. But, most happily, the old cure of bleeding in such cases of exhaustion had just been exchanged for stimulant and change of air. His excellent physician, Dr. Evans, gave him some port wine, and this restored his sinking pulse,

and then advised that the little invalid should be carried into the country to the house of his kind grandmother, Rebecca Shorthouse. In those days hired carriages for such a purpose were not easy to find, and his father's open phaeton was unsuited for so fragile a patient. So the good doctor went to the chief hotel in Birmingham and engaged an easy carriage, which, to the delight of the children, was driven by a postilion, and Joseph Henry was conveyed to Moseley. Here he was nursed with the utmost care by his mother, and soon his strength began very gradually to return. Of his delight during his convalescence at Moseley it is not easy to speak adequately. He seemed only to retain the most vivid memories of pleasure. For, as yet, this house was really situated in the country, and as he lay in bed in the best spare room with his invalid table covered with books, he could see glimpses of the gardens below and the distant woodlands, and revel in the pure, flower-scented breezes that brought new life into the little wasted frame.

What the wind voices said to him here, and what the reed voices told him at his father's pool at Thimble Mill, he has recorded in his own beautiful language in *A Teacher of the Violin*. It was during the many months of weakness

which followed this long illness that my husband slept in a little bed in his parents' room. He used to say, "I never expected to be like other children—I used to take a great deal of medicine, and I had my breakfast in bed." But this, like every other event of his life, had its side of blessing for him. His father, who could never endure the idea of letting children listen to foolish talk, used to tell his little son, whilst he was himself dressing, of his travels in Italy, and so imbued him very early with the deep interest in that wonderful country which in after years he always recalled with pleasure; and to his father's keen delight, when he read *John Inglesant* he found the scenes of his own travels described with power and accuracy by the son who had lived there only in imagination.

At ten years of age J. H. Shorthouse began to attend a boys' school, kept by an able master, Mr. William Lean, a member of the Society of Friends, who lived within half a mile of his own home, so that he was a day pupil. He enjoyed his school-boy days and his home life very much.

But the painful stammer did not lessen, and threatened to mar much of his enjoyment of life. His kind father, ever anxious to do all in his power for his darling son, took him, when he was

twelve years old, to a doctor in London, who was said to be very successful in curing such cases as this. And now a new and very attractive phase of life opened for the delicate boy. Mr. Bishop, his wife, and her sister were all charmed with their patient, who stayed with them for some months. They treated him with the utmost kindness, and admitted him to the society of their guests, men of much ability and scientific attainment. To the end of his life my husband could recall some of their clever table talk, and of Mr. Bishop he always spoke with pleasure. His rules were excellent, but, as I am told is often the case, they were ineffectual, because, as my husband used to say, "if I could remember to practise the rules, I could remember not to stammer at all." His vivid thoughts craved for immediate utterance, and this effort unhappily resulted in nervous hindrance, making conversation a painful effort instead of a delight. But Mr. Bishop's personal influence was magnetic. When in his presence his patient could not stammer at all. I think that Charles Kingsley's was a somewhat similar experience.

One of the great mercies of his life, which he always recalled with thankfulness, was the recovery of their father from a very dangerous

illness at a time when his three young sons especially needed his care and guidance.

At fifteen J. H. Shorthouse was sent to Tottenham College for a short time. The life was too exciting for him, and only increased his nervous difficulty of speech. But I think that on the whole he liked being there, and quite lately I heard from an entire stranger how kindly my husband had protected him when he was a little timid boy, and would not allow the bigger ones to bully him.

On his return home he had tutors for French, Italian, and drawing, and his own love of books led him to read and study for himself with untiring zeal. At sixteen he began to enter upon business life under the ever-indulgent father, who allowed him to take easy hours, and a day's holiday very often. He had a study of his own, a pony to ride, a pleasant journey every year, mostly now to Scarborough, and life was full of pure enjoyment of many kinds.

But at this early period of his business life his painful stammer was at times a real trial to his sensitive mind. He once said to me, "When I first had to go into other people's offices on business, I used almost to long that the earth would open and swallow me up."

In later years, when Lady Welby had ventured, in the most delicate way, to express her sympathy, as she had noticed how this infirmity impeded his efforts to join in the discussion of religious questions which were the occasion of our visit to her, he wrote the following letter :—

September 11, 1883.

I cannot help writing a few lines even at what I fear is the imminent risk of boring you, to thank you for your very kind letter, and the words you say about me. What you say about infirmities is most true, but I want to say about my own that I can recognise a still clearer *blessing*. I contracted the habit of stammering as a little delicate boy of three at a large day school, to which my dear mother, with the very best intentions, at the request of some meddlesome relation, sent me. This might at first sight seem a terrible misfortune, but I am convinced that I never should have been what I am without it. Of a very excitable and lively disposition, and very much interested in politico-religious matters, I should have been certain to have taken to public speaking, success in which I very much admired. I should have been dragged into the vortex of public meetings and *evening* work, and, if I were alive now, which would be very doubtful, I should never have attained to what I think *now* is at least a much more profitable and useful standing-ground than any that I should have been likely to

have reached in politics, where there are so many men who can do the work.

At any rate *John Inglesant* would never have been written or conceived, and much which is very dear to me in philosophy would have been unknown. So you see that, in spite of the example of St. Paul, I cannot quite look upon my stammering as a "messenger of Satan," whatever my unfortunate friends may be inclined to do. It seems impossible to think of what *would* be if things were different from what the providence of God has ordered that they *should* be.

My wife says that I was four years old when sent to school, and as she was at the same school, where we were equally miserable, I suppose she ought to know.

His parents, simple always in their own life, attire, and language, were ever indulgent to the tastes of their eldest son. The good physician who cared for him during all his childhood and early manhood once said to me, "Any one else would have been spoilt by such excessive kindness, but here he is all excellence."

Joseph Henry Shorthouse was about sixteen years of age when he began to know intimately his cousins Anna Mary, Ellen, Margaret, and Isabel Southall,¹ to their mutual pleasure and his infinite gain. He had no sisters himself, but these four gifted young people adopted him as a brother. He was the junior of the youngest by two or three years. One of these cousins has most kindly given me leave to copy some of her reminiscences of my dear husband during the few years preceding his engagement to me, and these, with some of his early letters to them, will give a vivid picture of him at that time.

The writer had penned some short records of their mutual ancestors and near relatives. Some extracts from these are given :—

“ Our grandfather, William Shorthouse, bought the small estate at Moseley in 1801. I can just remember his tall, large, gaunt figure. He was irascible with his farm-men, very loving to his grandchildren (for whose benefit he carried a store of filberts in his pocket), and very little of a ‘ Friend.’ While his wife sat in the Minister’s gallery as an ‘ Elder,’ he used to retire to a far-off

¹ The daughters of the late Thomas Southall. The three elder became respectively Mrs. Ransom, Mrs. Dymond, and Mrs. W. H. Evans.

extremity of the building, in the most inconspicuous place he could find. He was, I believe, a good man of business, and crossed the Atlantic several times in its pursuit. He died in 1837.

“Our grandmother, Rebecca Shorthouse, survived her husband twenty-two years and lived to the age of ninety-two. The flower-garden at Moseley was her creation, and that of her son, Joseph Shorthouse, who inherited her tastes in this respect. She planted most of the trees and flowers with her own hands. When she was too infirm to be much in her garden, she dwelt, with a tender delight, on the scenery of the sky. She was well read in all subjects which had an interest for her, and had a homely kind of cultivation. She had a strong dislike to the Church of England, the emissaries of which yearly visited her for the purpose of distraining for tithe. When very young, she and her only sister saved their pocket-money to buy the first edition of *Lyrical Ballads*, published in 1798; they also obtained a copy of Wordsworth’s earliest published poems, and these books are both at Woodfield (1883). Professor Knight says of this last work that he knows of the existence of only three copies.¹

¹ Note by J. H. S.—I fear that I was mistaken in the Professor’s meaning. He tells me that it was another edition he was alluding to.

“Our grandmother gathered round her at Moseley much interesting society, and was never more happy than when dispensing her hospitality there. Her conversation was very interesting, especially when describing the events of her early years. She remembered Dr. Johnson’s visit to Sampson Lloyd in the Old Square when the conversation on Baptism took place which is narrated by Boswell. She described the appearance of S. T. Coleridge as he sat in the old meeting house in Bull Street beside young Charles Lloyd the poet. She could remember the time when there was a cherry orchard where Cherry Street now is; the houses in Bull Street with thatched roofs; John Wesley preaching in Birmingham; and being taken to Washwood Heath by her nurse when a little child to see the remains of three miserable men hanging in chains on the Heath. Up to extreme age she delighted to have her children and grandchildren around her, and to encourage our early efforts at literary composition. We spent every Thursday afternoon with her, and it was for her amusement that we wrote what we called ‘Moseley Pieces,’ short compositions either in prose or rhyme. Amongst these are a few written by the author of *John Inglesant*.

“Our grandmother’s only sister, Sarah Robinson, married Samuel Smith of Sheffield, one of the first founders of the ironworks of that place. In 1811 our uncle built Carr Wood, a substantial stone mansion surrounded by woods of its own, and commanding a lovely view to the south. To this charming domain we came twice a year during the holidays. The journey was made by stage-coach, and we started about six in the morning, having breakfast by candle-light, and taking a mid-day meal at Derby or Chesterfield.

“Our uncle and aunt entertained many interesting people at Carr Wood. James Montgomery was a frequent visitor, and our mother remembers meeting Jane Taylor and her sister Ann Gilbert, when a school-girl, at her aunt’s home. J. H. Shorthouse always retained happy memories of his visits to Carr Wood, and of the kindness of our aunt. She was a lovely old lady when we remember her in the days of her widowhood—slender, tall, and graceful.

“The Robinsons were a land-owning family in North Warwickshire in the last year of Queen Elizabeth, and their pedigree is extant up to that date.

“Our earliest ancestor on the Shorthouse side came from the village of Eachingham near Rugeley,



Joseph Shorthouse.

Hannah Shorthouse.

Sarah Shorthouse.

Marianne Shorthouse.

William Shorthouse.

Rebecca Shorthouse.

FAMILY GROUP TAKEN IN 1820

in Staffordshire, about the year 1760, and the name is still frequently to be met with in that county.

“At the date of Thomas Shorthouse’s removal to Birmingham there were no others of the name in the town; but during last century several, unconnected with our family settled there.

“The eldest daughter of William Shorthouse, Sarah, married Thomas Southall; the second, Marianne, married William Fletcher Nicholson of Whitehaven; the third, Hannah, married William Nutter. Of my Aunt Marianne I may, though she is still living, say that she is a person of extraordinary mental vigour and acuteness. My three sisters and myself, our cousin Amelia Nutter, and Henry, generally constituted the younger part of the Moseley party; but during the summer it was often augmented by our Cumberland cousins. Of these there were seven sons and two daughters. Our uncle, W. F. Nicholson, was a splendid specimen of a Cumberland man—active, tall, and well built, and a real lover of his mountain home. He was the inspirer of our love of mountains and especially of the lake country, every pass of which he was familiar with.

“It was into such a circle as this that our

cousin came on leaving school. As to the science and the politics (both which interested us), he would have none of it. It is difficult to say what part of his intellectual being owes anything to those I have described, which of these influences he retains as a part of his own proper self, or which have been used as a stepping-stone to higher things. It is well, however, to record the impression he made on us, and what has been said may perhaps place a clue in the hands of those who identify his creation so entirely with himself; the place conscience holds in this reveals, I think, his spiritual ancestry.

“The old house at Moseley (the home of our grandparents, William and Rebecca Shorthouse) was surrounded by a large extent of garden ground and ample lawns. The gardens were on different levels—the upper was the flower garden. No gardener with his dozens of bedding plants molested that fragrant solitude, but there, unhindered, the narcissus multiplied into sheets of bloom, the little yellow rose embodied the summer sunshine, the white roses climbed into the old apple-trees, or looked out from the depths of the ivy, and we knew the sweetbriar was there, though we saw it not.

“Below, but accessible by stone steps, lay the

low garden, surrounded by brick lichen-covered walls, beyond which rose banks of trees.¹ On these old walls nectarines, peaches, and apricots ripened in the August sun. In the upper part of this walled garden stretched a winding lawn, made in the shape of a letter S, and surrounded on all sides by laurels. This was a complete seclusion. In the broad light of noon, when the lilacs and laburnums and guelder roses were full of bees, and each laurel leaf, as if newly burnished, reflected the glorious sunshine, it was a delicious solitude, where we read, or talked, or thought, to our hearts' content. But as night fell, when 'the laurels' pattering talk was over,' there was a deep solemnity in its dark shadows, and in its stillness and loneliness. Below this lawn was the nut walk, and on the remaining sides spread a wilderness of old fruit-trees, intersected by straight and mossy paths. And round about these gardens, outside their walls, lay the ancestral fields, for the most part sloping to the west and south. The house was old and the back very picturesque, but not so the front, with its large Georgian bow-windows; coming up over the higher lawn from the shrubbery it appeared through the trees, tall,

¹ The "blue door" in this garden wall is introduced in the *Countess Eve*, and another part of the garden in *Sir Percival*.

white, and bare, and out of all keeping with its lovely surroundings, with the Scotch firs on the lawn and the great chestnuts in the drive. Within you would find about twenty old-fashioned rooms, more than that number of commodious closets, and from the roof-leads a view of the hills of Warwickshire, Worcestershire, and Herefordshire.

“ If you lodged in one of the chambers at the top of the house, sole occupant of that weird upper storey, and listened to the winter storm, you heard it first and loudest among the fir-trees, then it would strike the casement, shriek in the chimney, and whistle through the keyhole, till you persuaded yourself that the spirits were all abroad. This old place, whether in its summer or winter aspect, had a great effect on us ; it was within four miles of Birmingham Parish Church, but the desolations of suburban modernism lay yet far off, and whichever way the wind blew it brought its own message with it. The grass of Parnassus was still growing on Moseley Common, the *Osmunda* fern drank the water from the stream in its hollow, the hart’s-tongue clothed the sides of the Cottage Well, the sundew spread its brilliant cups among the short pasture of the Common, and the heather was still a reality on the King’s Heath, when, with the consciousness of a child, I first knew

Moseley. But when we last knew it, the Philistines were about leaving Gath for this land of milk and honey, and all here described is no more. Rather, perhaps, its existence has become part of ourselves, and of none so much as the author of *John Inglesant*.

“ My sisters and I spent much time at Moseley, alternately attending on our grandmother, but it was only on Thursdays that we were all there together, when the carriage, with its old horses, Marcus and Brutus, was sent to fetch us. Henry generally rode his pony over. His father, mother, and brothers occasionally joined us. (Their day was Tuesday.)

“ That which strikes one most in recalling our intercourse with our cousin at this time is that our conversation did not consist of commonplaces ; we talked for hours on literary subjects, or, if persons were under discussion, they were such as had a real interest ; the books we were reading were the chief theme. The low garden was generally the scene of these conversations, and it was here we read and talked all through the long summer afternoons.

“ Our cousin was a great talker on his own chosen subjects. In spite of the impediment in his speech, he would pour forth thought after

thought to congenial listeners, and he liked his companions to tread the pathway of his dreams with him. He soon began to talk about writing a book. 'Henry's book' was a subject of conversation among us more than thirty years ago. We were all members of the 'Friends' Essay Society,' and some of the volumes are half filled with those he contributed. He would talk to us about the subject he had in hand, and would explain his reasons for a particular mode of treatment. There was a regular progression in the subjects which occupied our attention as our tastes expanded, and, as was likely in an age of rapid development, we passed from under the spell of one writer to that of another; but Nathaniel Hawthorne had a perennial charm,—his influence on our cousin was permanent,—and we turned from all other books to Hawthorne's with fresh delight. There is in existence a well-worn copy of the *Twice-told Tales* that was seldom out of our hands.

"When first we passed under the spell of Tennyson, it was by means of the volume of *Poems*, published by Moxon in 1851, and then of *In Memoriam*. The *Lotos-Eaters* was the poem we oftenest read. Henry would read it to us himself in his own dreamy monotone.

“It was in 1850 that he first accompanied our party on a journey. We went into Yorkshire, to Settle, Malham Cove, and Gordale Scar; into Wharfedale, to Bolton Bridge, the Strid, and Barden; to Fountains and Rievaulx Abbeys; thence into Teesdale and to Scarborough and Whitby. Though he was only sixteen, there were the same characteristics which form so marked a personality now. He was a dreamer—one whose imagination acted the part to himself of ‘guide, philosopher, and friend.’ This was the great interpreter of nature, art, life, and of everything else. He was a poet born, idealising everything, and it must be this power that has made him an historian. Certain historical events took complete possession of him at this time, and, though he appeared desultory and to dislike patient study, he had a faculty by which he appropriated every fact, however small, which illustrated the event.

“Thus there was built up in his mind a picture, ideal but true, of the past, and he had a wonderful power of putting this ideal picture into language. He was even then a brilliant conversationalist, very vigorous in argument, and anything but dreamy when stirred up by opposition. He disliked physical science; it was altogether outside his

realm of thought. While we, with our father, were searching the limestone clefts at the top of Malham Cove to find 'Viride,' he lay on the sward beneath, watching the stream, new to the light, issue from the foot of the rock. He would lie in the sunshine, listening to the voice in which Nature spoke to him, eating of her bread, drinking of her cup, and transmuting all to his own purposes. During this journey Rievaulx Abbey made, of all we saw, the deepest impression on him, but we also recall the pleasure with which we read *Rokeby* in 'Greta woods' and by Mortham's tomb.

"Our cousin was at this and all other times very particular about his dress and appearance; it seemed to us then that he assumed a certain exaggeration with regard to them; we did not understand how consistent it all was with his idea of life. It was one of his pleasures to be singular in this respect, because he was carrying out his own ideal; he was surrounded by those who regarded dress chiefly as clothing, not as also an expression of the personality. With such as these he delighted to be singular, to offend their prejudices, to startle and surprise them. We did not understand 'culture' and the 'art of life' as he understood them, and our Puritan birth and

bringing up were too strong in their current to permit our falling down to what I should then have called our cousin's idol. I have said that he disliked our 'radical' ideas; while accepting with us the religious liberalism of such men as Charles Kingsley, its political counterpart found no acceptance with him. It was difficult to see how ideas so closely mated could be divorced, but so it was. Such members of the human family as were capable of arranging themselves, according to their several orders, in picturesque grouping, had a superlative interest for him. The rest were supernumeraries. 'The blatant idols of the market and the forum' were just then appearing above the horizon in all their ghastly reality, and promised seriously to interfere with an ideal scheme of human life. He seemed to forget that it is with men as they are, not as we imagine they ought to be, that our lot is cast, and that it is part of the highest culture to train heart and mind to recognise the worth of those who are antagonistic to ourselves.

"I have a brief record of a journey in Scotland and Cumberland in August and September 1852 in which Henry accompanied us. The first stopping-place was Moffat, where we, a party of seven, had humble rooms in Wells Street. It

was little time that we spent indoors ; we were out early and late on Common Craig. The heather was in bloom on the hills,—at sunset they glowed like a furnace,—and we were in the midst of all kinds of interesting associations. We were on the track of the Covenanters and of Claverhouse and his dragoons, and here was the element of antagonism as well as of enthusiasm. Round such subjects as this we argued, wrangled, and fought, our intercourse being all the more delightful for great variety of opinion.

“ Hogg’s poem on the grave in Airds Moss, where lie the mutilated remains of Richard Cameron, was one of the missiles used on these occasions. To those who know the district, names alone will be sufficient to recall its interest. St. Mary’s Loch, the Loch of the Lowes (Tibbie Shiels in her armchair), Loch Skene, Johnstone’s Tower, Auchen Castle, Frenchland, Dryhope, Lochwood, the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Moffat, the Annan, the Evan, the Nith, the Tweed—it was here we wandered, reading, drawing, talking, discussing. It may serve as a landmark that the Diary often records, ‘ We read Tennyson,’ or ‘ We sit among the barley-sheaves and read Tennyson,’ or, ‘ We go to the Moss House and read Tennyson ’ (at Dalegarth in Eskdale). I

have sketches of many of the places named while Henry was my companion. He drew once—it was at Lochwood.¹ He generally lay on the grass while the drawing proceeded, sometimes silent, sometimes ‘bored,’ always full of thought, and at times bent on communicating it.

“On this journey we went by Edinburgh, Stirling, Tummel Bridge, and the Spittal of Glenshee into Braemar, which district was not to his taste. The time spent in Cumberland was with our uncle, aunt, and cousins at Cartgate, whom we accompanied in various delightful excursions both on foot and horseback. In these parties there were always one or two devout disciples of Wordsworth, but I cannot recall the part Henry took in the conversation on the great poet of our age. He was not at all fond of walking, and it is doubtful if he cared for mountain scenery for its own sake. He responded to the moods of Nature with a sensitiveness that was natural to him, but it was her quiet aspects which most affected him. He was a native of ‘the land where it is always afternoon.’ There were certain scenes on these walks which appealed to the poetic faculty within

¹ One of his cousins has two very characteristic sketches made when he was about eighteen, one of “sweet Anne Page,” the other of Lady Jane Beaufort, the lady-love of James I. of Scotland, as she walked in the quaint old gardens at Windsor.

him, and deeply moved him—the bridge at Eskdale Mill in the August heat, Wastdale Head by moonlight, the valley of the Duddon under a low sun on a hazy afternoon, and the old church at Seathwaite, with its everlasting dream of peace.

“This description of bygone days would be incomplete if no mention were made of the time we spent in the exhibitions of the Society of Artists, then in Temple Row. *We* greeted Pre-Raphaelitism with a reverent enthusiasm, and used Ruskin as an interpreter. Henry interpreted for himself. There are several essays in the bound volumes in the ‘Friends’ Library’ describing the results of our study.

“The scenery of the streets had a great charm for our cousin. To view the stream of human life in this setting was a favourite occupation. The element of picturesqueness was not wholly wanting in Birmingham, and there were many places not far from the town which retained an old-fashioned charm. There are very few persons who know, or who have reconstructed for themselves in thought, the England of past times as Henry, and his father before him, did. Old maps were the delight of both.

“It will be imagined that our cousin did not

attend *closely* to business during the times here described. He appeared to attend to it when he had nothing else to do. Several of his early letters are dated 'the Hole,' by which he meant his father's office in New Market Street.

"In one of the reviews of *John Inglesant* it is taken for granted that the author had not the benefit of early literary training, but that his culture was the fruit of later study. The true state of the case is that from a child his own self-culture had been going on. The love of books was an absorbing passion with him at an age when other children are satisfied with their toys. When eight or nine years old, after he had been ill, it is remembered how he employed his convalescent hours with reading, his invalid table being spread with books.

"The knowledge of history thus early attained was of a very varied and intimate kind. The old chroniclers and all contemporary memoirs were his delight, and a minute acquaintance with detail was built up not so much by study as by the absorbing and assimilating process natural to himself."

LETTERS, 1852-1857

TO HIS COUSIN, MARGARET SOUTHALL

Extract from a Letter of J. H. Shorthouse, 1852

... Oh, if people knew the treasures there are in history, they would not despise it as they do! I have bought, since thou left, Monstrelet, and Michelet's *History of France*, which is only completed up to the reign of Louis XI., but it is a splendid book. There are in it many anecdotes of thy favourite St. Louis—one: "Word was brought him one day that Christ had appeared in the host. 'Let them that doubt it,' he said, 'go and see. For my part I see Him in my heart.'" From the chronicle of G. Villain: "When dying before Tunis, almost his last words were, 'Beau Sire Dieu, have mercy on this people (his army) sojourning here, and grant them a safe return, that they may not fall into their enemies' hands and be forced to deny Thy Holy Name.' Then, causing the covering of the tent towards the east to be drawn aside, and being supported in bed, he murmured in a low voice, 'Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem,' and then he died." He had fought all his life for the Holy Sepulchre, and died with its name on his lips. Surely we who live at this enlightened period of the world may take a lesson from this.

TO THE SAME

LLANDUDNO, 5th day evening, 1853.

. . . I shall not be sorry to get home. The great charm of being at the sea-side is having nothing to do, but I miss my books so much when I am stationary at a place from home; when we are travelling about it is quite a different thing. There is a large family of children next door, with a very pretty governess, who is at this moment playing on the pianoforte. I want papa to get me a governess to teach me spelling, but he won't agree that I should choose one myself, and I tremble at the thought of some into whose clutches I might happen to fall. He says he thinks it would be a very good thing, and, if he'd let me choose, I should be decidedly of that opinion. Oh, my dear Margaret, I have had some collars washed, and thou must imagine, for I cannot describe, the agony I was thrown into when I saw them on their return; they had not a bit of starch in them, and were quite dirty and damp!!!! Not all my experience in Scotland was anything to it!! I thought I should have fainted; as for wearing them, it is perfectly out of the question. . . . I think we are a great deal better since we left Birmingham. . . . Have you ever tried how beautiful Longfellow's "Seaweed" sounds when repeated to the music of the sea? I tried it to-day; the sea made such a splendid accompaniment. I think he must have written it by the sea-side. Conway did not strike me as being so much spoilt as you seem to

think. I think the Suspension Bridge improves the view, and the other has the kindred feature of vastness to claim with the castle.

TO MARGARET SOUTHALL, AT FRANKFORT-SUR-
MAINE

THE HOLE, 2nd day,
Sept. 12, 1853, noon.

. . . I have thought a great deal and had many discussions upon the purpose of travelling, whether we ought to travel for pleasure, or to see places or things. If I could have exactly my own way in travelling on the Continent, I would either go alone, or with one friend—one who never spoke *mal-à-propos*, who never differed from me but when I wanted him to do so, and who never wanted to go on when I wanted to stop, in return for which I would engage always to stop when he wanted, for I am not of the progressive genus at all; with such a companion as this, or even alone, I could dream away weeks, either in France, Spain, Italy, or Germany (those four countries being those I care most for seeing). . . . I think the charm of travelling on the Continent to me would be the beautiful little pictures you come on unawares—France, with its roadside crosses and little chapels, and gay groups of peasants, and bright valleys and chateaux; Flanders, with its straight roads, and poplars, and old towns, and those dear old Dutch painters, which, next to our own Pre-Raphaelites, I think I admire the most;

and Germany, with its rocky castles and students, and Albrecht Durer and the Rhine, and, above all, everywhere the cathedral monuments of a past age which our own boasted material one strives in vain to equal. These are my ideas of Continental beauty; tell me, Meta, if they are correct. I don't believe most Englishmen (like the —— party) enjoy travelling at all, except, perhaps, in the retrospect, but my plan has that pleasure too. When I go on to the Continent, I shall go to enjoy, not to see.—Thy most affectionate brother,

HENRY.

TO HIS COUSIN, MARGARET SOUTHALL

“THE HOLE,” 8/16/1853.

My dear Meta—Thy letter, which arrived this morning, was received with great rejoicing, tho', according to thy request, I have kept the most interesting parts to myself. But as to mine I leave it entirely to thy discretion, of which thou art aware I have so high an opinion, to make them public or not, as I am sure I shall be most happy if anything I have to say can amuse any of you, particularly Uncle and Aunt, who have been so very kind to me on those delightful journeys we have had together.

I see that in endeavouring to be very clear I have committed an error, which, as a lady is concerned in the case, I must make haste to set right. S. did not presume to judge Hawthorne's particular essays, but merely authors who devoted themselves to that style,

which, as she had not read the works of the master of that school, goes for nothing. I only used the words ("like Hawthorne's") to explain what kind of man I meant. I like thy definition of them exceedingly, and if I ever write anything, I intend to make my *début* as one of his disciples. I am sorry you have not got the *House with the Seven Gables*, though the more we read the *Scarlet Letter* the more we like it. I think the "Haunted Mind" in *Twice-told Tales* one of the most perfect things ever written. Has Ellen got beyond the middle of the first vol. of Mrs. Crowe without changing that opinion of hers? If so—I don't know what to say, but I know nobody likes it at first.

I have been reading Michelet's *Life of Luther*. It is exceedingly splendid. There always seems to me something awful and almost wicked in buying such splendid thoughts and words as his and many other men's for money,—and this I got for 9d.!! It seems to me wonderful that it should be so, that men should get the means of providing for the commonest and vulgarest wants of life, and, worse still, for its vilest and most sordid passions, by buying, and selling, and trading, and bargaining over the most sublime thoughts, and feelings, and aspirations of men like him; it seems to be like trafficking in men's souls.

If we can manage to get free from the entanglements of ideas which being used to a thing always surrounds us with, it seems a very strange thing that we are able to transmit such ideas at all, and still more the affection or "rapport," as the clairvoyance people

call it, that springs up between the author and those of his readers who appreciate him, or sometimes, failing that, the friendship which seems to exist, with me at least, between myself and the book itself; it seems to me as if a favourite book knew me, and knew what part in it I wanted, and opened there, when of course it only opened where it had been most often read.

I have written another scribble or essay, which, as you say you are not well supplied with literary productions, I incline to send you, though it will be the height of charity to consider it under that head. . . .

There is an edition of the *Canterbury Tales* come out, with such very nice engravings that I have been so either foolish or wise as to get it in spite of having one already. It is got up in the same way as the *Faerie Queen* illustrations by Corbould.

The essay of Macaulay which is the foolishhest . . . (? of the collection)—is on Lord Nugent's *Life of Hampden*. I expect to have no difficult task in attacking it, as it contradicts itself; the more I read of his works, the more I consider him to be shallow and unworthy of the great reputation he has gained. Can you tell if he is connected with the *Edinburgh Review* now? I have a particular reason for wanting to know. . . .

The fine weather is gone, and it is raining now as hard as possible; perhaps it is so with you, and if so read Mrs. Crowe. I am sure Ellen can't have read it all. What does Aunt think of it?

There is a lecture to-night by Dawson on Daniel Defoe. . . . Miss Georgiana Bennet gives a lecture also at 8.30, called "An Hour with the Poets—Rogers, Byron, Tennyson, Hood, Bryant, Longfellow." I wish it was a man. I don't like ladies lecturing. . . .

When we were at Oxford I don't believe I once thought I was in the loyal city that was like a camp of refuge to Charles I. I can account for this extraordinary blindness, or rather dulness, only by the fact which, however strange it may seem, often occurs to me. I had painted an ideal Oxford of my own, and when I saw the real one, as I did not recognise it, I did not believe, or it did not strike me, that it was the same place. I have noticed such a thing occur to me before. I do not know if you ever have. It is very curious. I wish I had thought more about it when I was there. It seems very strange to think that you are now perhaps in those very places where we enjoyed ourselves so much last year. I should very much like to be with you again. I like to visit places again that I have seen before with exactly the same people; it seems like stealing a march upon time. . . .

I do not think I have any more to say, only to assure you that any news of you will be most acceptable, so with much love to you all, I am, as ever, thy most affectionate

HENRY.

TO THE SAME

LLANDUDNO, 6th day morning, 1853.

. . . Before tea I went up one of the hills, and had a most beautiful view, the only sound being the distant, dreamy dashing of the sea, and when the church clock struck, the effect was exquisite. I would have given all the rest of the journey to have had some of you with me then ; it was very hot, and altogether resembled one of my many dreams. I went up again with John and Edmund before breakfast, but the morning mist hung over the valley and obscured the view. We amused ourselves by supposing ourselves "persecuted families" and hurling down huge rocks upon imaginary sons of Belial below.

We arrived here yesterday at about twelve, after a fine ride (drive) of twelve miles along the coast, and were so fortunate as to secure very comfortable lodgings. It is a most extraordinary place,—scarcely a finished house anywhere, and the bricklayers exceed in number all the rest of the population put together. . . . Last evening we went up the rocks behind the town, which form the Great Orme's Head, and had a splendid view of the whole of Anglesey, Conway Castle, town, and the two bridges over the Straits ; it reminded me exceedingly of some of those panoramas you despise so much, though I suppose you will say this is putting the cart before the horse, to use a vulgarism. . . . I have not finished about the Great Orme's Head. There are many copper mines on the mountain, and about

eight hundred feet above the sea, at the top of the mountain, is a little flat place—for there are many peaks. There is a village with about twenty cottages, with a real road through it, though how they can get anything up it is a marvel, for the road up it is steeper than the roof of a house. When you are in the village you might fancy yourself in a valley, for you cannot see the views at all, being completely shut in by the peaks. Only fancy being there all winter. I think I should like to try. I know this is very badly described, but I am not in the mood for writing, being somewhat bored ; if I only had one of you, or somebody else, I should think the place a paradise, but it is so stupid walking about by oneself. . . . There is a lady in the same house with us with two little dogs, which make a great noise. You have no conception how quiet and sleepy everything is here ; just the place for me to be alone at, you will say—in theory, yes ; in practice, no ; but I should like the place well enough if I had some one to go about with, as I said before. . . . I am going a walk, and if I see anything worth telling about, which is very improbable, I will tell you. As I supposed, I have not seen anything worth telling. John and I have been amusing ourselves by standing on a row of poles which are placed along the shore to keep the sea back. As the wind is rather high and the poles being elevated in a perpendicular position about six feet, and are about three feet apart, it was a feat of considerable magnitude.

TO THE SAME

LLANDUDNO, 2nd day morning, 1853.

It was very kind, my dear Margaret, to answer my wretched letter so soon by one so superior in every respect, and if that letter of mine was deserving of no thanks, seeing that it was a great relief to have something to do, this deserves it still less, for, doubtless as a punishment for my glorying in the fine weather, 6th and 7th days were very dull. On 1st day it rained all day long, and the same to-day—only harder, so that we are reduced to the extremity of distress. The worst of writing to you is that I always feel so ashamed when your answers come, and this time I did so more than ever. The little Welsh girls are some of them very pretty, with splendid eyes. I have made the acquaintance of one of them by throwing stones at her—rather a singular mode of gaining an introduction, thou wilt say, but I have since conciliated her with gingerbreads, and we are very good friends. But it rains so hard we can't go out or do anything. I have read the first volume of Mrs. Crowe, and I am converted!!!!¹ I always had a leaning that way, and now I am entirely a convert. Her idea of our future state is the most splendid I ever heard, though, of course, all such things are only speculation, and perhaps dangerous, and best avoided. In one or two things there is a remarkable coincidence between her and Hitchcock's *Religion of*

¹ This refers to Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, a book published in the fifties.

Geology, and her theory seems to explain several texts of Scripture which have always been difficult. I think you must read it some time, especially Isabel, who was sceptical when we were talking about it. I am very much tempted to quote one or two passages from her book, but am reminded that this is a letter and not an essay, where quotations to any extent are perfectly allowable.

John and I had a very nice ride on ponies on 7th day afternoon to Conway. What a very fine old place it is! Such curious old houses, several 300 years old, and some more—one of them said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, with the initials D. L. (Dudley Leicester) over the door, and the Queen's own cipher in several of the rooms. The view of the castle as you cross the bridge over the river Conway is very fine. I do not know if you have ever been there; the walls are quite perfect all round, and the town has not spread beyond them. Altogether it is a very curious place indeed, and well worth visiting.

Yesterday afternoon I went up alone to the telegraph on the highest point of the Great Orme's Head, to which I had never been yet. It is above a mile beyond the village I told thee of before, and when I got up, there came on the most furious storm of wind that I ever had the felicity of being out in. It was immensely grand. I quite envied the man who lives up there. There seems something so grand, noble, and almost Godlike in living up amongst the elements, and storms, and winds, so far removed from all the ways

and affairs of men. About a mile further on, I came to the real Llandudno, situated on the edge of the cliff, consisting only of a ruinous church, which is disused except sometimes for funerals. After having with great difficulty climbed over the wall of the churchyard, for it was raining as hard as ever I knew it, I got into the church, half of which is unroofed ; there is some curious carving at the other end. But the great charm is its intense loneliness and wildness. The tombs are very old—at least most of them. Some stupid common people had been scrawling their names on the walls. “Les noms de sots sont écrits partout,” as if anybody cared to know that “John Lewis of Abergele and his friends” had been there on the 5th of August 1852. I was so glad it was wet, and that nobody was up there ; it would have destroyed all the charm. It is the true Llandudno, for the place we are in has properly no name, but is called in the Ordnance maps “St. George’s Church.” I am always missing you now, and that dear little, delightful Yorkshire journey too, which seems so long ago, and of which the recollection is so bright, like some half-forgotten dream, like some glimpse of faerie land too bright for this earth, for I have had dreams years ago, of which the remembrance is still very bright, though perhaps half-forgotten. But I am getting quite stupid and melancholy, as I often do after dinner, and, as I have really nothing more to say, I will conclude. I bought *Companions of my Solitude* to read in the train, but I don’t like it. It is not dreamy enough, and too practical to suit me, and I think too much so for

that kind of book. It was not what I expected, at least.
—With love to all, I remain thine, HENRY.

TO HIS COUSINS, MARGARET AND ISABEL
SOUTHALL

W. HUGH'S COFFEE-HOUSE,
May 6, 1854.

My dear Margaret and Isabel—As I this morning performed the unparalleled feat of coming down to breakfast just after Reading,¹ I have a good deal of time before I go out on my important avocations, which I hope to finish to-day, and I am sure I cannot employ it better than by thanking my two sisters for their very kind and interesting letters—a magnificent exchange indeed for my wretched scrawl.

Isabel is quite right about the theatres—the stage generally is allowed on all hands to be on the decline, and the managers are not going the way to help it by the very general introduction of French plays, which, though they lose all the fine wit and liveliness of the original, retain all their coarsest and most revolting features. But the play serves to while away an evening, and I do not know that of themselves they can do much harm; there is more innate goodness in the human mind than some people will allow, or, at least, I hope so. On 5th day evening I went to the opera, and had a very good place in the stalls. It was a grand extra night, and the house was very full; the boxes did not present quite so brilliant a sight

¹ The Friends' form of family worship.

as I expected, but there were some very beautiful ladies. I had the pleasure of sitting by one, and lent her my book. I had a suspicion for a long time that she understood Italian, and was only laughing at me, but I believe she didn't, for I had to find her the places. Her father was with her, who went to sleep between the acts, and didn't wake till the last act was over. The opera was Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and was most wonderful. *Fidelio*, Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli, is, as far as you can judge on the stage, intensely beautiful, with magnificent dark eyes, which she has a way of turning up while singing, most divine! Once or twice she caused a perfect furore of applause, and was recalled three times. I found my Italian lessons very useful. I could easily follow the words, and understand a good deal without the book. I waited in the crush-room to see the company, and was instrumental in getting my friends a cab, as the lady's father was half asleep. I do not know who they were at all.

Yesterday afternoon was most beautiful. I was in the Park, and had a row on the Serpentine. It was as warm as summer. The Queen was not in the Park, having gone to dine somewhere. I could not catch the name. I intend to go up there again this afternoon, and shall most likely see her. I do not know if you will be interested in all this, but I hope you won't take the trouble to read it if you are not. I had a long discussion last night till half-past one with a gentleman here on ghosts.—Your most affectionate brother,

HENRY.

TO HIS COUSIN, MARGARET SOUTHALL

Fragment of a Letter from J. Henry Shorthouse

Undated (? 1854).

. . . As to what thou says about "plain and easy truth, such as a child can understand," no one can agree more fully than I do, and that is what makes me dislike Carlyle and the whole German school so much, who, in trying to find out some creed they think grand, and to escape from that humility which I believe must always be the groundwork of our reformation, overlook those truths which they think too simple for them, talking of "the mysteries of our existence," when it is by their overlooking those very truths which they despise that they are unable to penetrate this mystery, if so it can be called, and arrive at the end which they profess to be so anxious to attain to. I remember a passage in one of Hawthorne's books in which he says, I think, for I have not got the book here, "Seeing that through this grace the most illiterate soul is saved, he should not blame himself much if he was to say that all written theological dispute, and almost all volumes of sermons, were so much wastepaper." How far this is true you must judge, but there must be "some perplexity and doubt" or there will be no discoveries. Thou asks what Mrs. Crowe's creed is? I hope that some day you will read her book, but I will only say for the present that she believes in "Ghosts," and by this I mean all kinds of what we call supernatural

appearances, dreams, warnings, second sight, clairvoyance, etc., and in all these things I believe. So far from a future generation laughing these things to scorn as thou says, I believe they will laugh *us* to scorn for our obstinate and prejudiced unbelief. We believe a man in everything until he tells us he has seen a ghost, and then we think him mad. We hardly believe our own senses. Yet in most of the cases that are brought home to us and which fall under our notice we are obliged to believe. J. Proctor's, for instance. And though Mrs. Crowe avoids putting any case in her book which has before appeared in print, both her volumes are full of cases, all of them quite as well authenticated as his is, and remember that it was simple minds who believed all this, and it is those very philosophers whom thou so properly attacks that have so positively asserted that there cannot be such things.

That we cannot understand them now, and that they seem supernatural, is only because we are not in possession of one, or perhaps more, of the links which bind nature together, and by following out our discoveries in clairvoyance, magnetism, electro-biology, etc., all this which seems so absurd may be as plain to a "future generation" as steam-engines and railways are to us. The watchword of the present day is "Progress," and is it more likely that we have reached perfection in science than in anything else? I cannot think it is. God has given us faculties to occupy, and why should we not do so? Is it likely He should allow us to proceed to a certain point and no further?

With regard to Mrs. Crowe's creed as to our future state, I must leave it till you will read her book ; it is too solemn a subject, and too splendidly treated by her for me to copy here. And I must apologise for inflicting all this upon thee, which I have put at the end of the letter, that thou mayst, if thou likst, keep it to thyself, and not needlessly inflict it upon others, who have nothing to do with the dispute. And so, hoping thou wilt forgive me for taking up so much of thy valuable time with what I have no doubt thou wilt call "great stuff," I remain as ever, thy most affectionate brother,

H.

TO MRS. W. H. EVANS

24 ESPLANADE, SCARBOROUGH,
4th day morning, *July* 1855.

My dear Margaret—. . . It was very kind of both of you to curtail the enjoyment of a really summer's day at Moseley, of which we have so few, to write to me, and the least I can do is to express my thanks. I always seem to miss the summer days at Moseley, and can indeed only recall two or three perfect ones spent there with you, and they are not lately. There is a longing always in one's mind for some more perfect summer than we have ever known, which makes the brightest days, when they do come, seem dim and cold ; but I have a suspicion that the want lies more in myself than in Nature. I should think, however, from Isabel's description, that Fifth day would have satisfied

even me, discontented wretch that I am. We have had no weather at all like it here; several days have been quite dull, though we have had some splendid mornings; last evening was so wet that the first concert of the Spa had to be postponed, and the few who had ventured down had their tickets returned to them; they will try again this evening. The band commenced playing mornings and evenings last Second day. It is not the old one under Koehler, but a new one conducted by a man named Wilson. They do not play well at present, or at least not as well as they might, but they may improve; they must have time to get used to each other; as it is, the raps of the conductor's baton are in frequent requisition. We have also several wandering bands, who play abominably, and a harp and fiddle, that play better than all put together, so we have no lack of that music which "hath power to charm the savage breast" (that quotation is wrong, but it is of no consequence). Isabel wishes to have a description of Miss Hollinshead's appearance. Alas! that I should have to draw upon memory to satisfy her. The lady in question, with her friend, Miss Fowler, departed at the end of last week in the same train as that Aunt Lawrence went home by. I accompanied them as far as York, and saw them fairly started, but it was of no use, for Aunt has lost a very valuable trunk, after all; she would go home, though we told her she ought not to travel alone.

I have been preparing myself with quotations from the poets (from memory) for the description, and here

it is—no one would look at her without saying she was pretty, very pretty, though perhaps after all they would be wrong, for she is more what would be called *fine-looking* than pretty. The reason for this paradox is this, that while her height (she is nearly, if not quite, as tall as I am ; don't let Ellen laugh ; I should be tall for a lady) and her features (she is something in the style of the Empress Eugenie—oval face, slightly aquiline nose, and almond-shaped eyes) make her what is called fine, yet her expression was so open and pleasant as to make people think of “pretty” when they see or describe her, for I hold beauty to belong to form, but prettiness to expression. Don't think from all this that I am at all smitten—I only write this to fill up a letter. I am not so fickle as you think. For the rest, she is literary, as far as reading quite an astonishing (for a lady not a Friend) quantity of the current and modern literature goes, very fond of poetry—Tennyson, Longfellow, Tupper (I fortunately had Tennyson here, and read the “Lotos-Eaters” and one or two others with her down on the rocks)—and she astonished me very much by recommending Trench's *Proverbs* and *Notes on the Parables*. I do not know if those are the right titles, but you will know ; we had them in the Book Society, but I did not read them. This is a very poor description, but it is the best I have to offer ; that I have known her even for so short an acquaintance will form one of those pleasant recollections which make the past so sweet.

Last 2nd day I went a ride alone to Hackness, and

went all over the grounds, etc., which I think we only drove through in 1850; the gardens are very well worth seeing, in the old style, the church very old, the Johnstone's pew curious carved oak. In the churchyard is a tomb with a rude verse, the first two lines of which are good:—

The world's a city, full of crooked streets,
Death is the market-place, where all men meets.

Some wise man in later times has discovered that the last word is not grammatical, and has cut out the "s," so that it does not rhyme. . . . I have written a very long, stupid letter, and have, I think, come to the end of my intellect, and will therefore stop. I am much obliged to Ellen for her kind remembrance. I hope her wanderings in Cupid's kingdom agree with her as well as when I saw her last at Moseley, when I was delighted to see the effect the breezes of that sweet country had produced. Please to give my love to her and to all those who, though not seen, are still present with me. (I think I have got out of any allusion to "circle," "dear friends," "beloved ones," "relations," "cousins," "aunts," "uncles," etc., etc., very well there.)

And so poor Lord Raglan is gone; he has joined the noble army who have given their lives so devotedly in their Sovereign's cause. Who shall say now that the age of chivalry is past? I am, thy ever affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Miss Southall and I were schoolfellows for some time, and my intimacy with her and her sisters has been one of the great blessings of my life. A brother of mine was a friend of Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, so that we were not strangers to one another; and six months before he came of age he requested my father to allow him to pay his addresses to me. His character and position made him a worthy suitor in every way, but my father's high sense of honour made him hesitate to allow so young a man to take so important a step, without more mature deliberation, and rather more experience of life. He therefore asked Mr. Shorthouse to withdraw his proposals for a year, and in the meantime to feel quite free to renew them or not. But, as he wrote during this time of suspense to his cousin, "I am not so fickle as you think." In the April of 1856 he wrote to me, and we were engaged with the full consent and approval of his parents and mine.

"Where hearts are of each other sure" even a long engagement ceases to be a trial, and we were able to see each other almost every day, till in the early cold months of 1857 my health broke down, and I had to spend March, April, and

May at Church Stretton. Either my mother or one of my sisters shared with me the sweet little rooms, which commanded one of the finest views in Shropshire, and quite near was another little lodging which Mr. Shorthouse occupied when he came to see me. A mile away Miss Sarah Smith (Hesba Stretton) was living with a younger sister, and she was a most kind and fascinating companion. She was then only *thinking* of writing as a profession.

It was after parting from me in this time of weakness that the letter was written from which I give an extract. I do this to show how, in these bright days of early manhood, the buoyant spirit, and devotion to literature, and love of beautiful apparel which made some of his saucy friends call him "the Marquis," were hallowed by true and deep religious feeling. He had been won by love, and the "Love which casts out fear" was his to the end.

April 10, 1857.

. . . It felt almost as if I was yet with you, or might be the next moment, but now [this last visit] really does not seem much nearer than our first happy stay there; they are both alike gone from us into the irrevocable past. We prate about these things very often, but we feel them only now and then. But I

know in my better judgment that it is far best that these things should be as they are. I do not think any one who thought rightly about it would change the immeasurable glory of the drama of God in which we are actors, for a state of happiness, however perfect, which he had done nothing to gain, for a heaven which he had not won, for a bliss which no Saviour had died to purchase for him. Who would willingly renounce that glorious belief which Hugh Miller so beautifully illustrates, that a good man labouring amid this world's trials and wickedness is a fellow-worker with God? Surely such a fellowship is worth a little suffering here below! If we had no grief at parting we should have no pleasure in meeting, and it is the loss of our earthly treasures that makes us long for the treasure in the heavens that fadeth not.

To-day has been fine, and it is a most splendid night. John is gone down the river from Bewdley with a boat's crew. It will be very lovely for them. It is past ten, and I suppose you are about going to bed. There was one beautiful moonlight night while I was with you—3rd day night, I think. I lingered on my way to Lewis's to look at the hills; it was that night thou wast so tired and poorly, and I felt the calm influence of the lovely night to be very comforting. I do certainly believe that Nature, pure and undefiled, has this power of Good, that it brings us into the presence of God.

I felt this peculiarly so at Hope Bowdler. Who could sit in that little churchyard and look at the

graves about, and the hills around, and the blue sky overhead, and not think of immortality, not think of that God who had made that beautiful earth, as a part of His wonderful scheme of which man is the object, not think of that Saviour who had died upon the earth His Father had made, and in whose faith so many lay there asleep in expectation of the final waking? When I have been in such a place as this, with such thoughts as these for company, I think I feel something like the women of old at the sepulchre, as if I "also had seen a vision of angels, *which said that He was alive.*"

I began this letter very sadly, but I do not end it so. I feel very calm and happy. . . .

Joseph Henry Shorthouse, eldest son of Joseph and Mary Ann Shorthouse, married Sarah, eldest daughter of John and Elizabeth Scott, Wellington Road, Edgbaston, August 19, 1857.

We were married in the little Friends' Meeting-house at Warwick.

The kindness of his father enabled my husband to marry just before he was three and twenty. We had, as I have said, known each other well, and shared the same social pleasures for some time, and we were members of the same Essay Meeting. Our pleasant honeymoon was divided

between Matlock and Scarborough, and at the end of a month we came home. That day of our return from Scarborough lives in my memory as one of intense delight. My husband was overjoyed at the possession of a dear little home of his own, and in that day the lower end of Francis Street was really pretty, and the view at the back of the house quite open and extensive.

Here we entered upon the duties of a young married couple. My husband was no dreamer now. He went regularly to business at nine o'clock, came home to dinner in the middle of the day, and returned to town till nearly seven in the evening, when in those days we had a simple high tea. Then, and ever afterwards, he made it a duty to entertain me with his charming conversation during the meal, and for perhaps half an hour after it, and then set to work, either to steady reading, or, at times, to writing the essays which gave such pleasure at our meetings, and this plan continued through all the years when he was working at his published books.

But this was hard work at the end of a business day, and we did not often spend our evenings away from home. Mr. Shorthouse was



THE CEDAR ON THE LAWN, MOSELEY

studying Greek, reading classics and divinity, and, as ever, was fascinated and engrossed by seventeenth-century literature. And from time to time friends would come to spend quiet evenings with us, and to discuss questions of religion and letters with eager interest.

During that first year of our married life his grandmother was still living, and on Tuesdays we several times went over to Moseley with Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse. My husband showed me all the rooms and walks that were so dear to him from childhood. The spare room, where his days of happy convalescence had been spent, was especially dear to him. We walked together down the moss-grown walks of the lower garden, under the old apple-trees, so like a picture in the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, and through the many attics of the upper storey of the house he led me in the twilight of an early autumn evening, and we came down into an apple room above the kitchen, having half persuaded ourselves that we were in a haunted house. The dear aged grandmother welcomed me very kindly, and during our last visit, on a winter's afternoon, when she was in her drawing-room upstairs, she repeated lines from Cowper, which she had learned as a very young girl, and wished

that some of the wild snowdrops, with which all the plantation was thickly carpeted, should be kept for me. She was then ninety-four.

Another home most dear to me from my early childhood was ready to receive us in the first few years of our married life. My aunt, Mrs. Sarah Ruckley, lived at Coalbrookdale, in a cottage of her own surrounded by a large flower garden. I have seen no place like it before or since. It had a great charm for my husband, for my aunt was beautiful, dignified, and gentle, and everything around her was kept in most exquisite order. A wood rose immediately behind her cottage, and, though the Coalbrookdale iron works filled the valley, rich woods rose again on the opposite side. The windings of the stately Severn from Coalbrookdale to Buildwas Abbey were bordered by meadow slopes, and its margin fringed by a wealth of low bushes, overhung in summer by trails of wild rose and bindweed, and on its opposite side rose the steep woods of Benthall Edge. On summer mornings you might wander there for hours without meeting a single soul, and over all there brooded a deep peace, which always seemed to me like a perpetual Sabbath.

The little colony of "Friends" in the Dale

was also interesting. In many of their quaint courtesies and quiet ways they often reminded me of Cranford. Their meeting-house stood on the crest of a steep, hilly road, and behind it rose the little graveyard. My husband was fascinated with it, and wrote some lines for the next Essay Meeting which will be found in the Collection at the end of this Memoir. We paid several happy visits here.

Only a year after our marriage we were staying at Church Stretton early in June. There were then no horses for hire, but it was possible to borrow a pony sometimes. This my husband did, and owing to an unfortunate incident the little animal took fright, reared suddenly, and flung his rider to the ground. The fall was broken in some degree by his umbrella, which he had incautiously taken with him; he returned the pony to its owner, walked home to me, told of the accident, and assured me that he was quite unhurt. I found very soon, however, that he was ill, and sent for a doctor, who said that he must rest entirely for a day or two, as there was a slight concussion of the brain. He was apparently quite well in a few days, and we were called home to attend the funeral of his grandmother. I remember hearing two of our uncles speak

gravely of this accident, which we always thought did have very serious results a few years afterwards.

And now I must allude to the all-important step which in 1861 decided the future current of our lives.

Though by *birth* a member of the Society of Friends, their special tenets and their peculiarities of dress and language had never been adopted by my husband, from his own conviction. His tastes and sympathies made much that was of value to others uncongenial to him. His wide reading, especially of the older English divines, made the idea of an historic and national church peculiarly attractive to him.

As I have said already, I was ill for some months previous to our marriage, and I stayed at Church Stretton, where Mr. Shorthouse came to see me. The little church which nestles under the hills was within easy reach of my lodgings, and of those which we occupied together afterwards; the service was simple, hearty, and reverent, and my husband felt that it met and satisfied his own ideal of worship.

At home we were very near to St. John's Church, Ladywood, of which the Rev. Francis Morse was then incumbent. The church was

close at hand, the Friends' Meeting-house a mile and a half away, and in the heart of the town, and very much that has given life and interest to the present condition of the Society was absent then.

More and more my husband felt that he could only be happy as a baptized member of the Church of England. A letter written at this crisis of his life to a lady who was distressed at this decision, will best express his own convictions at this time.

TO ———, AT WESTON

I am very sorry that thou shouldest be so much troubled about the church on my account, and I would do anything I could to prevent it, but it is not my doing. I cannot alter the whole course and constitution of nature and religion, nor can I help myself, nor would it be desirable if I could, from appreciating and attaching myself as far as I can to that plan and system of religion which I cannot doubt God has appointed for the world.

I grant that Friends, at their commencement, held with a strong hand perhaps the most important truth of this system, the indwelling of the Divine Word ; but this, at the best, can only be a portion of the *whole* glorious system, the whole of which is to be found in the Church of England, and "Friends" themselves, in

common with all other *so-called* Evangelical Christians, have so much misunderstood and limited this great truth that no man who really holds it can ever be satisfied with this faith. It is not my fault that I *see* and *know* this (and much more which I have neither time nor words to explain). It is not my fault that all the sacraments and ordinances of the Christian religion, *as it is addressed to men*, and not only to spirits, all the helps and means of grace, all that which brings *men as men* absolutely into communion with God, in worship, in common prayer, in common praise, are all on one side, and nothing of it (in the sense I mean) on the other.

It is not my fault that Christians in all ages have agreed in the means and way of worship and communion with God which I desire to partake in, and that this worship has been the means of comfort and grace to millions of Christian people in England in all ages, and is now, and that, on the other hand, *primitive Quakerism* as a distinct sect is dead, *in which all agree*, and we are asked to join a new and untried sect simply because it *is* a sect, and not a *national*, if you will not call it the *true* church.

If we were bound to stay by the first Friends, what ground can they have to claim us for this? Is schism, which has been prayed against and dreaded in all ages of Christianity, suddenly become so admirable a thing that we are to embrace it only for its own sake? The things which are seen are the symbols of the things which are not seen. The outward kingdom of God in

nature and humanity is the symbol of the invisible kingdom of God in reason, and we believe that it would have been more in accordance with the Divine will that there should be an outward visible and *united* Church of Christ on earth, as a symbol of the Church of Christ in heaven, and though for, and through its sins, the visible church is distracted and torn with divisions of many kinds, yet still it is the duty of all Christians, as far as in them lies, to forward the time when the whole body of Christians shall be united, not only in a spiritual, but also, which has more to do with *this* life, in an outward and visible body of Christ.

The great comfort and help of Christianity is its bodily form—that is, its sympathy with, and applicability to *men* ; and as the body of Christ on earth was one, open and visible, so His Church should be *one*, open and visible too.

We live in a constitution ordained by God which includes all visible things, and everything on earth, belonging to the original creation, both of the world and humanity, is divine and belonging to God. The Prayer-book in this country is the only human ordinance (if it can be called a human ordinance, being nothing but the religion of the Bible arranged as a manual for daily use) that acknowledges this. As Maurice has often so clearly shown, it has preserved over and over again the most vital truths, which were entirely overlooked and forgotten even by those who professed to believe in, and to use it. I have seen Maurice's late book, *What is Revelation ?* in answer to

Mr. Mansel's lectures. I should like thee to read it. It is, I think, more beautiful than any of his books, and very clear and plain—different from some of his writings. Mr. Mansel's doctrine is that the finite cannot comprehend the Infinite, and that therefore it is impossible for men to know God at all, and therefore we have no *revelation*, properly speaking ; all we know is a regulative code of laws, the reasons of which we cannot understand, of course doing away with the Spirit of Christ.

In August 1861 we were baptized together by the Rev. F. Morse, at St. John's, Ladywood. Such a step could not be taken without much thought and prayer on our part, and much anxiety on the part of our nearest relations, who naturally wished us to remain with them, and could not be expected to share our feelings in the matter.

All this, combined with over-study, and probably not altogether uninfluenced by the fall from his pony four years before, produced a terrible result.

With no warning, whilst reading Max Müller's *Science of Language* one evening in January 1862, he had a severe attack of epilepsy. To his sensitive nature a greater shock could hardly be imagined. After twenty minutes of utter unconsciousness he woke to find Dr. Evans and myself, with my brother and sister, who happily

were with us that evening, all standing round him in distress and anxiety, to be told that he was seriously ill and must rest at once, and to feel in a little time as if he had been "beaten from head to foot," as he expressed it. This seizure threatened at once to alter the whole tenor of his life; and, but for the unfailing kindness of his father and brother, Mr. John William Shorthouse, his intellect must have been irreparably weakened by a recurrence of these attacks, and most certainly none of his books could have been written. Their willingness to release him absolutely from all business cares enabled him to take the advice of his good physician and rest for six months.

As soon as he was well enough to travel, his father took us down to Torquay, where, as we had delightful rooms, and had only one acquaintance in the place, and a faithful maid-servant of our own to help us in case of need, we had entire and delicious rest. I believe that "Enderlie" in St. Luke's Road—then a new villa, well and handsomely furnished—was the very house which Keble occupied in after years, and where he died. Those who saw my husband on our first arrival in Torquay thought from his appearance that he was far gone in a decline.

But this delightful quiet soon began to tell

upon his shattered nerves and enfeebled frame. Fresh air, short walks, and light reading, long hours of sleep, and, as it grew warmer, charming drives, were all restorative.

At the end of three months his father came down again, and helped us to move on to the little old-fashioned inn on the banks of the Erme at Ivybridge. Here we found a most hospitable host and hostess. The landlady, seeing my husband's fragile looks, at once requested that she "might send the gentleman a glass of new milk to his dressing-room every morning," and this kind offer was accepted, and the practice continued for many years, though I need not say that the milk of that rich South Devon country was not equalled by any other. Here, too, we found that excellent horses were kept and an easy waggonette, and these were at our service every day when we needed them, at a very moderate charge, and Peter, the quaint old Wesleyan driver, found himself directed by a stranger to all the neighbouring villages and churches, many of which were new to him. Ugborough delighted us very much, and long years afterwards it was introduced into the story of *Blanche, Lady Falaise*.

From Ivybridge we went to the Ruby, Malvern

Wells, and spent the remainder of our holiday there. On our return home my husband entered, with all his usual energy, into his business life. But this only lasted till September, when another epileptic attack shattered his health again, and made further rest imperative. Again his father and brother released him entirely from care. He very gradually renewed his strength at Llandudno and Leamington, and he returned to work at the end of six weeks.

We now began to fear that these attacks might recur with frequency, and as we were told that any anxiety or over-fatigue, or even a slight chill, might produce one, we removed to a more roomy house, No. 6 Beaufort Road, Edgbaston, and when the next attack occurred, which seemed to be due to the unsettlement of moving, we stayed quietly at home, and he took a month's rest there. This plan answered, and, by the great mercy of God, he never lost consciousness again to the end of his life, though once more, after an interval of two years and a half, he had an "attempt at an attack" which weakened him for quite six weeks. This time we joined Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse at Rhyll, where they had taken rooms for us in the house where they were staying. But it was a mistake. For the first and *only* time in his life

my husband felt that the loss of nerve-power was too great to be endured. He said that he was sure he could never bear the strain of business or the hurry and noise of a great town any more, that we must give up our Edgbaston home and live in a cottage and only rest! This, I felt sure, was due to the glare and unrest of Rhyll, and we removed to the Essington Hotel at Malvern Wells, where he began at once to recover.

This malady, alarming as it was, was to him a blessing in disguise. It made a quiet home life an imperative necessity, and allowed him to devote to literary work time which might otherwise have been more actively spent. It gave him also those experiences which, in *John Inglesant*, are attributed to the effects of a sword-cut in battle.

His old disease, in fact, never *entirely* left him. He walked often as in a dream, and, when the fit came upon him, could never discern the real and the unreal. He knew that terrible feeling when the world and all its objects are slipping away, when the brain reels, and seems only to be kept fixed and steady by a violent exertion of the will, and the mind is confused and perplexed with thoughts which it cannot grasp, and is full of fancies, of vague duties and acts which it cannot perform, though it is convinced that they are all-important to be done (*John Inglesant*, chap. xxxi.)

That he was not left to face this trial alone, his own words will also tell :—

For the appearance, amid the chaos of life, of a guiding Divine hand, delightful as it is to any man, must be unspeakably so to him who, to the difficulties, sufficiently great, which ordinarily beset a man in his path through life, adds this overwhelming one—the imminent chance, at any moment, of losing consciousness altogether, with the power of thought and choice, of seeing objects rightly, and of self-control and self-command. How eagerly one to whom life is complicated in such sort as this must welcome a Divine guidance may easily be seen—one who, otherwise, is wandering among a phantasmagoria of objects, among which he must, so far as his wavering consciousness allows him, and for the moment that consciousness may remain his own, shape his course so as to avoid ruin. . . . As Inglesant knelt upon the marble, an overpowering sense of helplessness filled his soul ; so worthless and fragile he seemed to himself before the Eternal Existence that the idea of punishment and penitence was lost in the sense of utter nothingness. Ah, Lord God, he thought, shattered in mind and brain, I throw myself on Thee ; without Thee I am lost in the vortex of the Universe, my intellect is lost, except it steadies itself upon the idea of Thee. Without Thee it has no existence. How canst Thou be angry with that which is not ? (*John Inglesant*, chap. xxxii.)

In 1862 Beaufort Road was little built upon. Those who do not know Edgbaston may be interested in hearing that it lies behind Hagley Road, which is one of the main entrances to Birmingham from the country, and our house was within a stone's throw of the Oratory, where, at that time, and to the end of his life, Cardinal Newman resided.

The house was commodious, and in many respects pleasant, though very near to the road. It was near to St. John's, Ladywood, and also to Calthorpe Road, where Mrs. Shorthouse's blindness made our frequent visits very needful for her. The dining-room at the front of the house was a well-proportioned room, and its two windows let in the morning sun. We made it our library and our living room. Here for fourteen years was spent a very strenuous life, and in this library, and *not* at sunny, peaceful Lansdowne, *John Inglesant* was written.

It was always a pleasure to us to feel that while Mr. Morse welcomed us with warm affection on our becoming members of his congregation, our leaving the Society of Friends never caused the least alienation from our personal friends who

retained their membership. I think I may say that both parties held the "truth in love."

We had a very short experience at St. John's of the preaching and personal influence which had so strongly attracted my husband to Mr. Morse. We had to be away from home a great deal in 1862-3-4, and at the end of 1864, to the intense regret of his congregation and friends, Mr. Morse became Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham. This did not sever the tie between us and him and his loving family. St. Mary's Vicarage became a centre of attraction to us, and we for many years exchanged most happy visits, and Mrs. Morse and her children are my dear friends still. No one whose happiness it was to enjoy the hospitality of St. Mary's Vicarage, Nottingham, could ever forget its charm.

His many friends among the clergy of the Church of England and the masters of King Edward's School, Birmingham, were a great pleasure to my husband. He threw himself with ardour into the interests of St. John's Parish, and for nine years acted as people's warden, and sadly overtaxed his strength. For, at the same time, he was quite regular in his attendance at his own works, and his evenings, though subject to many interruptions from social and parochial

claims, were still steadily devoted to literature and study.

He would often say, half playfully to me, "I should so like to write a book; if it was only quite a little book which nobody read, I should like to write one." Then, when he felt that he had collected materials for a work, he said, "I am quite ready to begin a book, only I want a plot." By and by he found just what he wanted—the story of a knight who, on returning from a crusade, met and forgave the murderer of his brother. Round this one incident was woven the story of *John Inglesant*.

For about ten years he worked at intervals at his self-chosen task, always reading to me each paragraph or page as it was written, but rarely mentioning the matter to any of his friends. Once, for a period of almost two years, he left off writing, said that he was tired, that it was of no use to go on, for he would not be able to afford its publication himself, and he was certain that no publisher would ever take it. Happily he did read one striking passage to his friend Mr. William Peveril Turnbull, who realised its worth, and begged my husband to go on and finish his romance, promising to subscribe £10 towards its publication, and this timely encouragement led him to persevere.

I may add that this generous offer was renewed when the private edition was printed, though its acceptance was not then needed by the author. The book was finished at Llandudno, 1876.

It was, I believe, at the beginning of 1873, after a Mission held in the Parish of St. John's, Ladywood, by the Rev. Francis Morse and his friend Mr. William Jary, a Norfolk squire, that a few ladies began to meet at each other's houses for the study of the Bible and prayer. The idea commended itself to my husband and several of his friends, and they resolved to start a Greek Testament Society. Their meetings were held in an evening at each other's houses. The ladies always met in the morning. For various reasons both meetings were held most frequently at 6 Beaufort Road. These Greek Testament meetings were a great source of enjoyment to Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, and they continued during many years, and were given up solely because many of the members left Birmingham, and others found it difficult to spare the time from more pressing engagements.

Miss Southall tells me that she introduced the *Christian Year* to my husband in the early days of his intimacy with her and her sisters. To the end of his life this book was his abiding friend

and comforter. He used always to read to me the hymn for the day on Sundays, mostly before morning service, and during his last illness a favourite copy was constantly at his side.

He always intended to begin a careful study of Wordsworth at the age of forty, for he considered him to be essentially the poet for middle life. But I happened to express a wish to know more of Wordsworth when Mr. Turnbull was staying in the house, and he not only lent me a splendid edition (a Trinity College prize), but made a careful list for me of the most attractive poems. I chanced one day to read to my husband the "Kitten and the Falling Leaves," and it so caught his fancy, that he entered upon the study of Wordsworth sooner than he intended.

Wordsworth became to him a constant companion, consoler, and friend. I have a well-worn cheap edition which for many years he carried with him on our journeys, as it contained all the poems, and was small enough to be placed in his satchel without adding much to its weight. Little wayside flowers, gathered in pleasant places, were not seldom pressed between the leaves of a favourite book, although he never liked to wear flowers in his buttonhole, because he said, "I cannot bear to have a beautiful thing die upon

me." Tiny yellow pansies from the road to the Devil's Bridge, sprays of cranesbill from the back of the Great Orme, scarlet and yellow pimpernel from Malvern or Wales, a rare yellow flower which we found in a storm of rain on the walls of Harlech Castle, with many a marginal pencil note and record of the years in which he read the *Excursion*, often twice over in the same holiday, make this copy especially precious to me. He took pains to collect other and rarer editions from time to time. His own letters to Professor Knight, and his published paper on the "Platonism of Wordsworth" will show the depth and ardour of his devotion to the poet.

It will be seen that to a man of such fragile constitution as Mr. Shorthouse the frequent attendance of a medical man must be a necessity. Dr. Evans, to whom we owed so much, became more of a consulting physician, and our friends at St. John's Vicarage introduced us soon after we became intimate with them to their own doctor and friend, Dr. Robert Coane Jordan. Dr. Evans appreciated him very highly, and so did Cardinal Newman and the Brethren of the Oratory. He was their most constant attendant. To us his friendship, no less than his wisdom and skill, became one of the great blessings of our

lives. His wide culture, great kindness, and delicate humour made his visits a refreshment in days of health, and a wonderful comfort in times of sickness. His own life was a brave battle against broken health, and he could realise the needs of his delicate patients. My husband used to say that "it was a temptation to be ill, because then he could enjoy a long talk with Dr. Jordan."

Amongst the many claims which must be met by a people's churchwarden who tries to do his duty in a large town parish, there are also, at times, pleasant duties which have to be fulfilled. It was our happiness on June 14, 1874, to entertain Dr. Philpot, the then venerable and beloved Bishop of Worcester, who held a confirmation at St. John's, Ladywood, on that day. For various reasons it was more convenient for him to spend the day with us than at the Vicarage. He did not leave us till eight o'clock in the evening, and his conversation was delightful. I remember how his eyes filled with tears as he spoke of the Prince Consort, whom he had known intimately when the Prince was Chancellor of Cambridge and the Bishop was at St. Catherine's College. "People thought him proud," he said, "but he was only shy, and," he added earnestly, "England

does not know, and she never will know, what she owes to him in moulding the character of the Queen."

In 1875 the Bishop of St. Andrews, Dr. Charles Wordsworth, kindly agreed to preach at St. John's for our national schools, on Whitsunday, May 16. Again it was agreed that we should have the pleasure of entertaining him in Beaufort Road. He came to us on Saturday and stayed till the following Tuesday. Kingly in person, courtly in manner, of high scholarship and exalted position in the Church, he was a most affable and kindly guest. He soon found a very congenial topic of conversation with his host, for Mr. Shorthouse had always taken a keen interest in the "Icon Basilike" of Charles I., and the Master of Trinity, the Bishop's father, had written exhaustively on the subject. The Bishop offered to give all these papers to my husband, and did send some of them to him. He declined to accept them all. They are now in the library of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, by the permission of Miss Wordsworth. At parting, the Bishop thanked Mr. Shorthouse warmly for the pleasure of his conversation. His own had been a great treat to us, and he read Wordsworth to us in the evening, and told us of the visit he paid, when a

young man, with his uncle, the poet, to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford.

So when our private edition of *John Inglesant* was printed, we sent a copy both to the Bishop of Worcester and the Bishop of St. Andrews. The Bishop of Worcester accepted the gift most willingly, and said he should read it aloud to Mrs. Philpot. When he saw me next, Messrs. Macmillan had agreed to publish it, and he said he was very glad to hear it. "It is a most remarkable book, and contains a great deal of very unusual information ; it will be very widely read."

The Bishop of St. Andrews wrote after reading it carefully, "I can now not only thank you cordially for your gift from a knowledge of its worth, but can assure you that I do not know that I ever read a book of the kind which has *struck* me or *interested* me more. Your mastery over the scenes and events of the time and places, greatly varied as these are, which your romance represents, is, so far as I can judge, nothing less than *marvellous*, and can only have been acquired by very careful and very extensive study and observation, combined with talents of no ordinary kind."

LETTERS, 1871-1875

TO MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD¹12 BEAUFORT ROAD, EDGECASTON,
October 23, 1871.

My dear Mr. Arnold—You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, and I do not know that you will think it worth while to read it; but since I had what was to me the great pleasure of hearing your lecture, and still more of meeting you at Mr. Kekewich's, I have thought of little else than of the scope and possibilities which seem to me to lie within the power of that philosophy, and of that wonderful instrument of language, which you expound and which you possess. What I wish to say will seem to you crude and commonplace, but this is the very reason that it is written. It is because I wish the truth (or the want or desire of truth), which I believe lies underneath these crudities and these truisms, to be inspired with life and power beneath your genius, that I am trying to explain to you what I have long thought of.

Hellenism *v.* Hebraism—Literature *v.* Dogma—while they will (especially the first) be immortal by reason of the exquisite clearness with which they have formulated truths, eternally interesting to the race, seem to me to be leading up to a third formula, by which this truth is to be brought home to our very

¹ This letter and Mr. Arnold's reply are referred to in letters to Mr. Arthur Galton which are printed later in this volume.

doors and streets ; this formula I will not call Revelation *v.* Humour, because what I want is the *synthesis* of Revelation (on the divine principle) with Humour, *not their opposition.*

All history is nothing but the relation of this great effort—the struggle of the divine principle to enter into human life. The effort of this principle, represented in us, in this age, by our love of the person of Christ, and in the enthusiasm of our sacramental hours, is at work in every one of us, constantly endeavouring to permeate our daily life ; but the contrast between this divine love and these sacramental hours and the everyday life of ourselves and others is so appalling, and the distance of ourselves and others from “the *restitution of all things*,” or even from the “*righteousness that leadeth to life*,” is so great, that the question that seems forced upon us is, “Is the Christ we have sufficient for these things, or do we look for another ?”

The divine principle, whenever, under whichever of the many forms it has adopted, it has succeeded in entering afresh into human life, has come visibly with power. It has walked the streets, it has cured the sick, it has raised the dead. In the case in which it was manifested in the most intellectual, and as I take it in the, scientifically speaking, most *spiritual* form it ever chose, that of the teaching of the Platonic Socrates—when it did none of these things—it failed sooner and more completely than it did in most other cases. Can the Christ we have be made again to us so much a reality, not only on Sundays in church, but in *theatres*,

and *streets*, and *markets*, that He shall do this again—that He shall heal the sick and raise the dead?

There is an instinct in men, a latent chord which never fails to answer to the master's touch, which I have called Humour, but Humour in the very highest sense in which the word can be understood—a sense beyond, perhaps, that in which it ever has been understood, but which, it may be, it is reserved to *you* to reveal to men; of all the masters of Humour two seem to have approached nearest to it—Cervantes and Jean Paul Richter.

It is the cultivation in the hearts of men, which are never sterile to such cultivation, of a feeling which I should call the enthusiasm of humanity if Professor Seeley had not used that term to describe something very different. He says in *Ecce Homo* that he understands by this term the love of the *man* in every individual apart from his circumstances; whether this passion is attainable or not, it is at any rate different from the enthusiasm of which I speak. This is an interest and attraction in man *as studied in the circumstances of his existence*, and indeed *because* of such circumstances, by which the various fortunes, sorrows, failings, and littlenesses of mankind constitute an infinitely varied drama of absorbing interest. This enthusiasm is excited, not by what man *might be* but by what he *is*, and is therefore essentially different from that feeling which Seeley attributes to Christ and to some other great reformers, for the student of human life is so far from wishing to *alter* its circumstances that

he would scarcely wish it *improved*; but on the other hand, guided by this enthusiasm, the contentions of mankind appear so needless, that religious animosity, or indeed any rancorous feeling, becomes impossible, and even personal slights and injuries lose their power to wound; viewed from the heights of this enthusiasm human nature appears at once in its essence too noble, and in the circumstances of its individual daily life too paltry, to excite any feeling than that of compassion. It is moral in its effect, though given to the study of vice. It has one other remarkable effect. We perceive at last that mankind, whether we see them in old Rome in the pages of Terence, or in Athens in those of Aristophanes, or in the streets of that Jerusalem over which the Saviour wept, are not only the very same as the men in our own streets, but that, to an unimagined extent, *their very circumstances* are the same in effect; that whether under cloudless skies, and amid a faultless architecture, or under smoke canopies, and amid hideous houses, the results are much the same; and nature finds capabilities and assistance in expanding itself in the one case as in the other, so that the interest of the observer, after the first boyish love of spectacle is past, is equally excited in either case.

All the writers who have appealed to this sentiment have succeeded in arousing it. A few truthful words are ever enough; nothing that belongs to humanity is indifferent to them, but with one exception they have all been contented with this (in some of them) almost infinite understanding of human life, without recog-

nising the divine principle which, distinct in essence from all else in human life, is perpetually striving to enter into it. Jean Paul should, in some of his works, *perhaps* be excepted, but the one positive exception is the *Quixote* of Cervantes.

This, as it seems to me, masterpiece of philosophic humour is, as I understand it, nothing but a representation (I am at a loss whether to call it allegorical or not) of the struggles of the divine principle to enter into the everyday details of human life; and the master work of it appears in this, that in it we have nothing but what *is* real life, and the divine is represented to us under no clumsy "*machina*" of preaching or of author's comments, but so far otherwise that the reader himself is made to enter into the struggle, and in most cases sides, as he does in life, with the commonplace and the material against the enthusiastic and the divine; and, so magnificently unfaltering is the genius of Cervantes, this is carried to the grave itself; before which, talked down by commonplaces, and crushed by worldly good sense, Quixote acknowledges his madness, and confesses his life to have been a mistake; this is unspeakably sad, but it is true.

Cervantes, indeed, would be all that could be wished, but that his view, perfect as it is, is of the *failure* of the divine principle alone, whereas it does not *always* fail, nor is its votary *always* accounted mad.

Milton in his *Areopagitica* has this sentence:—"Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholler Dionysius . . .

and may be excused if holy Chrysostome, as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author, and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the still of a rousing sermon."

This is what I want you to do *at least so far as to point out the possibilities* of such a synthesis of Revelation and Humour, by which men may be at once aroused to a sympathetic perception of their daily life, and at the same time perceive on such perception, as on a stage, the divine excellence at work. Theologians have endeavoured the reverse of this ; they have *started* with revelation, and tried to drag mankind "neck and crop" into it, with how little purpose we need not stop to inquire.

Who can do this so well as you can, so exquisite a *poet*, in the acknowledgment of *poets*, such a disciple of Christ as I fancy Plato would have been could he have known Him. Ah ! he says in the *Euthydemus*, "we are all ignorant, one not more than another, of that science that can make us God-inspired." Is it so ?

Into all these things, says Agathon in the *Symposium*, prophetically of that gracious Presence, which, with such "sweet reasonableness," you have once more revealed to man, "*into festivals and dances and sacrifices* He enters, bringing mildness and peace ; the friendly giver of good-will to men, gracious to the good, admired by the wise and of the gods, sought after by the poor and needy ; the giver of a happy life, of tenderness, of grace, of longing, and of regret (*πόθον*) ; in labour, in

fear, in regret, in speech, the pilot, the warrior, the bystander and comrade, *the* Saviour, the flower of the divine and human race; a leader the most beautiful and the best, whom all men should follow, chanting hymns in his praise, and sharing in that sweet song by which he charms to rest the minds of gods and men."

This "sweet song," coming down through the generations, is repeated by you; do not let it die away till you have made its full diapason sound within the hearts of men.—I am, with admiration and with hope,
yours sincerely, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Matthew Arnold, Esq., LL.D., etc., etc., etc.

TO MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE

November 3, 1871.

My dear Sir—If I have not sooner answered your letter it is not that I have not read it attentively and been much interested by it, but my work as a school inspector brings me so much writing just now, in addition to work that I have set myself to do within certain limits of time, and am anxious not to let exceed them, that I have little time for letters. I recognise in what you say notions and aims that in some shape or other have long been present to me, and which I should rejoice to satisfy; but one does what one can, rather than what one will, and the passing day and what it develops raise up for me work which I had never intended for myself, but which

I cannot help doing. Of what I am capable of doing, you judge far too favourably and speak much too warmly ; but it is a great pleasure to me to find what I have done meeting with so much sympathy and understanding from you. To any one who labours to change the current modes of thinking which he finds around him, the task he has set himself must often seem hopeless.

I shall keep your letter, and shall from time to time revert to it as a reminder and signal.—Believe me, with sincere good-will, dear sir, truly yours,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

J. Henry Shorthouse, Esq.

TO AN AGNOSTIC

(*No date.*)

I have no doubt but that I misunderstand you, for some of your assertions seem contradictory to me. You say man can learn some fixed points of truth, but that these are not contained in the Bible ; and in the next sentence you say that certain parts of the Bible contain the highest truths.

I should like to know exactly what we are disputing about, whether Christ or the Bible—if the latter, I have nothing to say. The Old Testament is merely the sacred book of the Hebrews, a people favoured with very clear views of the unity and providence of God, but very much in the dark on some other

important truths. The New Testament is simply the text-book and historical record of the life and teaching of Jesus of Nazareth and of the early days of Christianity, and is liable, like any other history, to error and mistake. The excessive prominence given to the teaching and influence of St. Paul will probably always be regarded as fortunate in the opinion of some, unfortunate in that of others. I do not advocate belief in the Bible, I advocate belief in Christ.

I am a disciple of Jesus of Nazareth, and the fundamental principle of His teaching was belief in Himself as God. This seems to be the only explanation of the difference in effect of His teaching and that of Socrates. In many respects the life and teaching (tone of thought) of the Platonic Socrates was, and is, more adapted to human acceptance than that of Jesus—but what has been the result? With every conceivable advantage—advantages too numerous to mention here—none. The teaching of the Platonic Socrates failed, that of Jesus triumphed over the whole intellect of Hellenism, and penetrating through every grade and rank of life and culture, has dominated the highest intellects and been the crowning glory of the ruling race of the world.

A profound study of Greek Paganism, conducted in the most partial and favourable spirit, cannot fail to lead to this conclusion, that it absolutely failed as a controlling power over the life of the masses—failed to raise them from the merely animal life to the cultivation of the mental and rational; and that, on the

contrary, the influence of Jesus, penetrating into ranks of life which the highest Pagans acknowledged to be beyond hope of influence, has raised the poorest and most debased and ignorant to a contemplation of the Divine Nature and Essence, and to a belief in the unseen and the future, and has changed the whole aspect of the life of man.

If this is true, and I imagine that no one will deny it, it would seem incumbent upon all reasonable men to study the life and teaching of this great Master, and to test the reality of that personal communion with Him which He promised to His followers during all time, and which thousands of the living and the dead unite in asserting to be a fact. Tested by actual experience, all the results of modern science, all the systems of Buckle, Huxley, Colenso, etc., cannot shake this position in the very least ; nay, a disbelief in the Incarnation and Resurrection need not shake it, for Christ may have been Divine though He entered human life in the ordinary way, and never rose from human death. Once convinced by personal intercourse that Jesus lives and is Divine, it is a matter of complete indifference in exactly what way the revelation of His Person and character was originally made to, and is at present understood and received among, men. No infinite truth can be adequately conceived and expressed by human ideas and words ; so that the truth is grasped more or less by some in one manner, by others in some different aspect, the great end is attained.

But we come now to a more serious disagreement.

As I understand you, you disallow the influence of the unseen, you go in absolutely for materialism. This is that "great gulf fixed" over which there is no bridge—but in this you break altogether with Huxley, who absolutely rejects materialism. If there is no worship but work, if man's faculties are equal to every emergency, if sin is nothing but idleness, if we are to live by sight—then indeed the noblest aspirations of mankind in all ages have been but a delusion; then, then indeed, Plato and the great heathen divines—the old Jewish seers and the noblest intellects of Christendom, orthodox and unorthodox, Servetus as well as Calvin—have been the sport of dreams.

"As seeing Him who is invisible," "Dwelling in the unapproachable Light"—this has been the motive-power of thought and action in the noblest minds; and what do you offer in place of this—the discovery of flint axes, and the study of protoplasm!

By saying that work is prayer¹ you seem to be merely using words in an unusual sense; by prayer is generally meant intercourse and communion—*work* can never mean this. Sin is manifestly and scientifically the following of the *present* instead of the *distant* and *superior* good. The boy who steals an apple pursues the present good by gratifying his appetite instead of pursuing the higher good of training his will and co-operating with the will of God in creation which has arranged that property is conducive to the good of the

¹ It would seem as if his correspondent had quoted the well-known phrase "*Laborare est orare.*"

human race. This is evidently a much juster definition, as it appears to me, of sin, than that it is idleness, and it is a mere deduction of analogy from this that the hereafter and the unseen present the highest motive principle of the rational man.

How then does this conception of sin, if we admit it to be consistent with scientific inquiry, agree with orthodox teaching? It is evident that this tendency to choose the present before the future good will be much strengthened by the habit of the race—that when the progenitors of mankind adopted or habitually followed this tendency, all their successors were born (independently of the obvious probability of the animal nature preferring the present and the sensual to the unseen and the ideal) with an increased and increasing aptitude to such a choice. This is plain from observation of ordinary human life.

It is true that this might not take us further than Pelagianism, but there is nothing in such observation irreconcilable with the orthodox doctrine that there is in the race a mysterious *spiritual* aptitude towards the lower and animal choice, and there is much in a study of human nature to strengthen such a belief. And if this seem too gloomy a view to be admissible, let us console ourselves by reflecting that, if we admit this spiritual deteriorating influence, it becomes an almost certainty from analogy that there is a spiritual, opposing, and recuperative agency working for good; for the analogy of nature teaches us that, if wherever there is a sower there is a destroyer, so, on the other

hand, wherever there is decay and death there is also a vital revivifying principle at work ; and experience and the history of mankind must show us that such is the case, for if it were not so, the lower and animal nature must long ere this have completely triumphed over the whole human race : and if this spiritual activity is working, it must in the end triumph, for it is inconceivable but that the lasting and the ideal must finally triumph over the transient and the sensual.

This is why mankind has always recognised a Nemesis, and required a mediator, and modern belief in the unalterableness of law only makes this mediator, this atoner, still more necessary. A man leaves this present state of life and goes into another with his intellect debased and brutalised by long habits of sensual indulgence ; by what law of modern science or experience can you expect any change or improvement in this nature if left to itself ; but if the divine intellect has so arranged the eternal laws of existence as to allow a restorative influence to be exerted hereafter, in consequence of the life and death in humanity of the divine principle in Jesus Christ, we see at once the realisation of the dreams of the God-inspired of all creeds and ages, and the first streaks of the glorious dawn of God's day of universal redemption from the slavery of sorrow, sin, and death.

Vide Butler's *Analogy*, Part II., Chap. V.

The *Analogy* does not seem to me to be chiefly

valuable as a proof of the Christian religion, but as a guide to the right consideration and study of human life in its connection with revelation. It must be taken as a guide to the *outset* of this study, not as exhaustive or complete ; but it is founded on such true principles, and starts from such sure premises, that it will be useful and valued in every age and every phase of opinion and every condition of human thought.

TO MR. RAWDON LEVETT

CASTLE HOTEL, BRECON,
September 8, 1875.

My dear Levett—I am much obliged for your letter, which is very interesting. I begin a letter here, but do not intend to finish it. We are unfortunate in the sudden change of weather (it has rained heavily all day), but we have very comfortable quarters here, and hope for a finer day to-morrow, as my wife is set on driving to Crickhowell to see the Balls. The drive here, past Hay, must be very pretty in fine weather ; even to-day we saw some very pretty bends of the river, especially at Glassbury. . : .

Thursday evening, September 9.

I am disposed to finish this letter and send it off. To-day has been very fine, with only two heavy showers. We are very much pleased with the view from this hotel in the morning. In the very early morning, at five o'clock, when I looked out, the effect

over the hills was lovely—the atmosphere after the rain being transcendently clear. My father preferred staying quietly here, so my wife and I drove to Crickhowell to Mr. Price's farm. The drive to Crickhowell was very fine, but the hill afterwards rather astonished us ; and as we did not know the distance, our driver had not provided any corn for the horses, and as the farmers *never* keep any, we might have been very badly off if we had not had a most good-tempered driver, who turned out to be an old soldier, which accounted for his good qualities. We consoled this man with sherry, and his horses with oatmeal (provided for the Ball babies, I believe). We were sorry to find Mr. Ball in bed, but the rest of the family *robust* (as the *liberals* say).

They return to-morrow, and (*like us in Beaufort Road last Sunday*) had eaten up most of their provisions. They provided lunch, however, plentifully. The driver informed Mrs. Ball that he *never wished* for a better dinner (which, as in terror of his possible behaviour, she had given him about half a bottle of sherry, is not perhaps to be wondered at), and we returned, very comfortably in spite of a violent storm, to dinner, greatly to my father's astonishment, who had given us till seven o'clock at least. As the weather is broken we think we shall go on by rail at once by Builth to Carnarvon to-morrow, and thence to Tenby.

We shall be sorry to miss Dynevor Park and Golden Grove, but shall perhaps see them another

time. We admire the country here very much ; the Beacons are very fine ; the precipices are seen very well from the road to Crickhowell. There has been a fair here to-day, and the town full of cattle. We met the country people *going* home, but whether they got home I should doubt. Their conduct was erratic, and their "ways," like those of the "Chinee," apparently "vain."
—Yours, etc. J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

CHARLTON HOUSE, TENBY,
September 21, 1875.

My dear Levett—We have found Tenby very pleasant. The weather was delightful until the end of last week. Thursday was very close, with heavy rain at times. We have had some pleasant drives to the ruins in the neighbourhood, some of which are really very fine,—Lampley Palace and Carew Castle, especially the latter, reminding one of the finer (later) parts of Kenilworth, the Elizabethan hall and drawing-room being in beautiful preservation. Lampley would make a splendid house if restored, as it stands in a lovely valley. Carew has no park, but stands in a field ; a little expense would make it a noble residence. Pembroke Castle is, of course, very fine, but we saw it in a tropical sun which very nearly knocked me down.

The most striking thing I have seen was the aspect of Lydstep Caves as we saw them. These can only be seen properly at low spring-tides, and should then be seen on a fine day *at noon*, in the *season*, when

the visitors are about. If you will then fancy the most beautiful representation of a scene in the *Tempest* that could possibly be placed upon the stage—fantastic rocks of great height, deep winding caves, natural arches, brilliant yellow sands, and a blue sea, with groups of people standing about in picturesque seaside apparel, the men with bare legs and nautical caps, and the women in brilliant colours, consorting with little “Ariels” and “Pucks,” of children running in and out of the sea, and pulling tangles of seaweed from the rock—in short, if you can imagine the *Tempest* not in a theatre, but in its natural birthplace, you will have some idea of the prettiest scene I think I ever saw.

Tenby is excellently provided with natural aquaria in the shape of rock pools full of seaweed and sea creatures. The rocks abound with sea anemones, and the pursuit of feeding these latter with cheese is a most entertaining one. Influenced, I suppose, by extreme delight, they then assume very fantastic forms and sometimes display very beautiful colours. For a casual amusement during a leisure hour I can also recommend trying to make an old crab eat cheese; the attempt hitherto has proved a complete failure, but the rage and spite which he manifests during the interview are very comical. Prawn also possesses qualities dangerous to his own safety, but affording great amusement to observers; he is either actuated by great courage or extreme curiosity, which keeps him constantly in sight. I should suppose that the seaweeds

would interest people who understood them very much, as there seems to be (what people foolishly call) an *infinite* variety. I do not, however, know anything of them.

I am not able to refute your learned opinion upon "duodecimo in fours," so must leave that till my return. Please remember us most kindly to Hunter and his brother. I hope that New Street wears a tolerably bearable aspect to you all. My wife desires her kindest regards.—I am, as ever, yours very affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.



Emory Walker Ph.D.

Garden Front of Lansdowne, Edgbaston.

PART II

‘JOHN INGLESANT’ AND NEW FRIENDSHIPS

MR. SHORTHOUSE purchased Lansdowne in 1876. By that time a different life had become an absolute necessity. Our two physicians told me that my husband was twenty years older in constitution than in actual age, and that, unless he gave himself more leisure, he could not live. *John Inglesant* was finished, as I said, at Llandudno, in 1876. Dr. Jordan found us a lady copyist who made a beautifully clear copy, and Mr. Turnbull gave us an introduction to one or more publishers. But, as my husband was an unknown author, and his own very modest description of his book did not commend it to them, it was not accepted by either. And, just then, we found that to make Lansdowne habitable, it must be enlarged, altered, and repaired at such an expense that Mr. Shorthouse did not feel justified in publishing at his own risk, and so, with rare patience, the precious manuscript was

allowed to lie in the drawer of a favourite cabinet for four years ; and often I longed to see it in print before any harm could befall it.

Compared with Beaufort Road and its rows of houses on either side, the part of Wellington Road in which we came to reside was like the genuine country. Its detached houses have large gardens, and some of them extensive grounds. Our own home, though modest in size, has a well-planned garden sloping to the south, and the climate is many degrees warmer than the north side of Edgbaston, which we were very glad to leave. And the beautiful old parish church of Edgbaston became our pleasant place of worship ; and after St. John's, with its incessant claims upon Mr. Shorthouse's efforts and sympathies, a very haven of rest. The vicar, the Rev. Isaac Spooner, though then an elderly man, was fully able to conduct the affairs of his parish. He was a most beautiful reader, and his sermons were thoughtful and instructive. He and his clever, gifted wife became our valued and intimate friends, and Sundays were free for rest and worship.

But while *John Inglesant* was yet unpublished, the pen of the author was not idle. He was busy writing some of his smaller tales.

At the beginning of 1880, Mr. Shorthouse resolved to print his book at his own expense. He had been recommended to Mr. Rickman King, a member of the Society of Friends, and on Ash Wednesday, February 11 of this year, I find this note in his journal—

“Took my first pages of tale to Mr. King. To church at St. Philip’s.” I may mention in passing, that short mid-day services, intended chiefly for men of business, were held in Lent on Wednesdays and Fridays at St. Philip’s Church, its central position making it a fitting place for this purpose. My husband greatly valued these services, and, as long as his health permitted, attended them regularly—often, he would say, to his help and comfort.

On July 1, 1880, the first completed volume reached the author, who was well pleased with its clear, beautiful type and delicate white binding. We started for Llandudno the next day. It was his father’s last visit, and the book was ready for him to read. It was a great pleasure to my husband to hear his comments as he read the story. The style delighted him. The death of Mary Collet surprised him by its tender pathos. “How *could* Henry write it?” he exclaimed. He was distressed by the death of Eustace Inglesant,

and long afterwards, by that of Laurretta. But the Italian scenes astonished him by their accuracy. "How often I have climbed that hill, and seen the mists rise above Siena, just as he has described it!"

Twelve more copies came to us at Llandudno, and we began at once to present them to our near relations and intimate friends. Their reception of the gift was followed in most cases by such warm expressions of surprised delight, that the author could not be quite unconscious of the real merit of his work. He printed one hundred copies of this, his own edition, and gave them away freely as they came from the press.

It is not easy now to obtain even a second-hand copy of this edition, but as twenty-five were sold by Cornish Brothers, Birmingham, some of them have at intervals been sold for five guineas each, and much more has, I know, been offered privately to those who possess a copy. The original price of each volume was one guinea.

A copy was sent to the *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, and one to *The Guardian*, and both were favourably reviewed. Many good judges among his personal friends urged my husband to allow *John Inglesant* to be given to the general

public. He was in no way anxious for this, and at first declined to make any effort to promote its publication. He did, however, send a copy to Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., inviting them to publish it. But it was returned on the plea that it was not the kind of book which it suited them to print. This rejection disquieted Mr. Short-house very little. He was pleased with the private reception of his book. Fame he had never either sought or coveted; money was sufficiently supplied by his own business for his always moderate way of living. He had written from the pure pleasure of expressing his own deep thoughts and convictions, and of portraying the character of one who should above all things be a Christian *gentleman*. Naturally, those who knew him best could hardly acquiesce in this very modest estimate of his work, and Mr. A. Jamson Smith, then an assistant master in King Edward's School, Birmingham, asked Mr. Short-house to send a copy to Mr. Arthur Johnson, at Oxford. In this way it fell into the hands of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who took it with her on a visit to Mr. Alexander Macmillan, at Upper Tooting. The book was attractive in form, and Mr. Macmillan, like its author, was a lover of Plato. He had already seen it favourably

reviewed in *The Guardian*, and its contents were approved by himself.

To the author's intense surprise and *great* pleasure, he, on February 21, 1881, received from Mr. Macmillan a request to be allowed to publish it at his own expense. As may be supposed, this offer was at once most gratefully accepted, Mr. Shorthouse making only one condition, that it should be published exactly as it had been written. His happy intercourse with Mr. Macmillan and his partners will be shown in the letters which follow. From the first, this correspondence was so satisfactory that when, in 1882, Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan invited us to make their acquaintance in their own beautiful home at Upper Tooting, we felt that we should hardly meet as strangers, and the very cordial welcome that awaited us made us feel at once that we were received as friends. Then, and ever after, the wealth of hospitality and affection which they lavished upon us cannot be too warmly acknowledged by me, it added so greatly to the pleasure of Mr. Shorthouse's literary success.

But our first visit to Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan did not take place till May 1882. The first proofs for revision were given to the author on

March 17, 1881, and completed on May 24 of that year.

Mr. Macmillan wrote to my husband at this time :—

I am glad that my old friends the Bishop of Worcester and Canon Westcott like the book. May the Bishop prove a true prophet as to the sale. Its worth I am convinced of, but the English public is a wayward creature.

January 27, 1882, Mr. Macmillan wrote :—

I sent a copy to the Archbishop of Dublin. I must give you what he says. "Many thanks for the book. I have heard it spoken of very highly indeed. Lady Cowper (our Lady Lieutenant) told me the other day that she had already read it twice, and was preparing to read it a third time. A hasty glance is all which I have had for it yet, but that has made plain that it is written in rarely good English." So far His Grace, and his words about your English cannot but be pleasant from such an authority as Dr. Trench.

All such words of encouragement were of special benefit to Mr. Shorthouse when they came, for the winter of 1880-81 had been shadowed by the death of his beloved father on October 12, 1880.

But the event which he valued more than any

other was the purchase, in 1881, of The Woodlands, the villa next to our own, by his brother, Mr. John William Shorthouse. A little trellis gate gives admittance to his really romantic garden, which adjoins our own, and the comfort and support of his brother's nearness to him was a blessing for which we could not be too thankful, then and ever after.

We had intended to stay for a little time at Buxton in September of 1881, but the terrible weather made us change our minds and go instead to Bath. The journal notes of this visit to Bath recall my husband's keen delight in finding the house unchanged where his father had been sent to school as a little boy of nine; and the streets and terraces, especially Milsom Street, which has been made classic by the memory of Anne Elliot, his favourite heroine, in Miss Austen's *Persuasion*, were full of attraction for him. He was reading *Persuasion* to me in the evenings at our hotel. He did not often enter notes upon sacred themes in his journals. But at Bath, on September 9, he wrote: "My birthday, 47 years of age. Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

A flower show at Bath was a sight to remember; the fuchsias were the finest we had ever

seen, and a few days' visit to some friends who resided there gave us an insight into the social life of Bath which was refreshing. The view of a large, *smokeless* city on a bright late autumn day, from a hill above, was as unique as it was beautiful.

John Inglesant was now given to the public, and its reception amazed its very modest and retiring author. Numberless reviews, most of them very appreciative, and letters from unknown admirers to request that they might make his acquaintance, made him realise that his book had won its way into very general acceptance. Mr. Gladstone's warm admiration of *John Inglesant* was conveyed in a message to my husband through Mr. Macmillan, who had sent him a copy of the book, and, as he not only read it himself, but spoke of it freely to his friends, the sale of the book was no doubt increased by this means. But it had already made its way, as I have said, through other sources.

One result of this success to the author was, as may be supposed, a great addition to his correspondence, and some of it, of course, was very tiresome. Requests for autographs, some of them frankly expressed, others thinly veiled by plausible desires for information upon some point contained in the romance, are now, I suppose, the common sequence of a successful book of any kind, and Mr. Shorthouse had his share of both.

Demands, for they can hardly be called requests, from interviewers, he invariably refused. He said he could never see why a man should cease to retain the privacy of his home because he had written a good book, and he, more than most men, needed home quiet because of his delicate health and daily business duties.

Among the gratifying letters from entire strangers was one from Lord Houghton, who was then in Greece, requesting "the honour of Mr. Shorthouse's acquaintance" on his return. Another came from Sir Charles Wood (Lord Halifax), and another from Dr. Talbot, then Warden of Keble, inviting us both to his house, so that Mr. Shorthouse might see "the inside of Oxford life." This was a proposal which appealed most strongly to his tastes and sympathies. The outside of Oxford had become familiar to him by several

visits, but then he had always stayed at hotels ; the introduction to its inner life was offered to him now by Dr. Talbot, and, as will be seen by the letters addressed to him from year to year, a most real and cherished friendship, which sweetened the very close of his life, was the result. A correspondence with Professor Knight originated in 1880, and I think that a mutual love of Wordsworth was the chief bond of union. Mr. F. (now Sir F.) Pollock's *Life of Spinoza* had been warmly admired by my husband, and now *John Inglesant* in its turn attracted Mr. Pollock. *The Platonism of Wordsworth*, sent by my husband to Mr. Gladstone, led to a correspondence with him, and we were glad that Mr. Rickman King should hear of his kind words about the printing, which he said " was worthy of Mr. Baskerville."

Our first visit to Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan took place on May 2, 1882. Mr. Gladstone had some time before requested my husband to breakfast with him when he came to London, and the morning of May 4 had been fixed upon as convenient to them both. But we found that an invitation awaited us to a reception at Downing Street on the evening of May 3, including our kind host and hostess. So that Wednesday was

a very full one. In the afternoon there was a meeting of the Wordsworth Society in Lincoln's Inn. It was a very interesting one. Lord Coleridge presided, and we saw Canon Ainger, Mr. Hutton, Matthew Arnold, Professor Knight, and many other lovers of the great poet. Mr. Craik, Mr. Macmillan's partner, took us to that meeting, but after rest and dinner we had again to go into London, as Lord Coleridge gave a reception to all the members of the Wordsworth Society that evening at nine o'clock, and happily Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan were invited too. But for their escort I do not know how we should have survived the day, for we had to be at Downing Street at 10 P.M. This we were unable to do, for the reception at Lord Coleridge's was not one that we could desert in a hurry, and long afterwards Sir Spencer Walpole told me that many of the guests had come on purpose to see the author of *John Inglesant*. It was a pleasant evening. The rooms were beautiful and the company very attractive, and Lord Coleridge most courteous and friendly in his welcome. But we had to keep our engagement with Mr. Gladstone, and we felt his kindness deeply in giving us the pleasure of meeting him together in such an attractive way. It was a

most brilliant assembly, for the Prince of Wales and the Crown Prince of Denmark and other distinguished guests had dined with the Premier, and were present at the reception. We threaded our way through the crowd, following Mr. Macmillan, until he found Mr. Gladstone, and then I never saw a more delighted expression upon a face than that which beamed upon his as he bowed and greeted my husband. Mr. Short-house was rarely, if ever, in sympathy with Mr. Gladstone upon political matters, but the warm admiration of so enthusiastic a scholar, and the welcome of so influential a statesman, could not be accepted without sincere gratitude, and the visit was memorable to us in many ways. I believe it was on that night that Lord Frederick Cavendish crossed to Ireland. Lady F. Cavendish was at the reception. We reached Tooting at 2 A.M. on Thursday morning.

At ten o'clock the same morning Mr. Macmillan drove my husband to Downing Street again. The breakfast party consisted of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Mary Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, Lady Derby, Lady Galloway, Mr. Hutton of *The Spectator*, Mr. Macmillan, and Mr. Short-house. The conversation was brilliant and incessant. Mr. Gladstone conversed upon the

most varied topics; the business life of great cities, the government of North Italy, the policy of Rome, and her treatment of converts who venture to speak their minds too freely, etc., no word of which would lead you to imagine that the next fourteen hours were to be spent in the House, and that the condition of Ireland, upon which Mr. W. E. Forster was about to give his judgment, was a most critical one. My husband differed upon several points from the opinions of Mr. Gladstone, but this he did not appear to resent, and indeed he was a much more patient listener than he was often represented to be.

On the evening of that Thursday we had the pleasure of meeting Major (now General) and Mrs. Maurice, Mr. George Grove, and Mrs. Craik. Major Maurice was engaged in writing the Memoir of his father, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, whose writings had always been very deeply valued by my husband, and he was urgently requested by Major Maurice to review his book in the *Nineteenth Century* when it was published. This he did two years later, in 1884.

It was a great pleasure to us to meet Mrs. Craik. She invited us to spend a night at her house before we left London.

Our host and hostess lavished hospitality upon us, taking us pleasant drives, and introducing us to many of their friends. The dinner-party on Saturday evening brought Professor Huxley, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Palgrave, Canon Ainger, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. Professor Huxley spoke to me with deep admiration of some of the scenes in *John Inglesant*. The love-story of Mary Collett seemed to have surprised him by its rare delicacy, and he said that though he could not agree with men like the Ferrars, "God knows how I admire and appreciate them."

Sunday morning brought the terrible news of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish. It completely unnerved Mr. Macmillan. He knew him well, and felt all the horror of it intensely.

On Monday this very happy visit ended, and we moved on to Lancaster Gate, to the house of our friends Colonel and Mrs. Ratcliffe, who had lived till quite recently in Edgbaston.

Amongst the many friends who were invited to meet us there, was Canon Boyd Carpenter (now Bishop of Ripon), then vicar of the large church in Lancaster Gate, and Canon of Windsor. It was my good fortune to sit by him through a long dinner-party, and our friendship with him dates from that May evening. Lady Havelock

and her daughter also were present, and poor Colonel Burnaby in full strength and high spirits. So soon after, he died in Egypt, slain in war !

The story of Mary Collett and the Ferrars of Little Gidding seemed to charm all readers of *John Inglesant*. A lineal descendant of the Ferrar family, Mrs. (now Lady) Leonard Lyell, wrote to my husband on the subject, and a most interesting exchange of letters ensued. Mrs. L. Lyell asked us to lunch with her in Onslow Gardens, and see the Jansen portraits of the Ferrars. This kind invitation we accepted, while staying in Lancaster Gate. I shall never forget that visit.

Mrs. Lyell had told us that an autograph letter of Charles I. was in her grandmother's possession, and that she used to give it to her mother to kiss when she was a little girl. She said, too, "I have Nicholas Ferrar and his wife (the father and mother of John and Nicholas), John, Nicholas, Mrs. Collett and one of her children, and Mr. Collett." Now we were in the presence of these beautiful portraits on the walls of a large drawing-room, and the living group in its centre, ready to welcome us, included Mrs. and Miss Stirling, Mrs. Lyell's mother and sister, Miss Millais, and Mr. Russell Lowell,

who had found time for this luncheon in the midst of his numberless engagements. And after luncheon in the drawing-room, when a little boy of six in cavalier costume, and two lovely little girls of three and four in Sir Joshua Reynold's simple dainty dresses, arranged for Sir J. Millais to paint, came to complete the party, we found ourselves, as it were, in the presence of four generations of that holy, learned family, upon whom persecution and exile had been visited as unjustly as it was upon the Port Royalists of France, "of whom the world was not worthy."

As may be imagined, this visit had a most special interest for the author of *John Inglesant*, for, while we were told that numbers of people were visiting Little Gidding, we ourselves *never saw it*. We often thought of going there, but it never seemed to fall in with our other journeys, and we must have made a pilgrimage on purpose. Some friends were there a few years ago, and one of them sent roses and vine-leaves which she had gathered on the spot. These were placed in the little cabinet which my husband loved, and to whose stores many of his intimate friends liked to contribute.

Mr. F. Pollock had invited us, when we came to London, to dine with him and Mrs. Pollock in

Great Cumberland Street, and to prolong our stay after dinner so as to meet "some of your innumerable admirers." We accepted this invitation on Wednesday, May 10. At dinner Lord Houghton and my husband had some good conversation, and afterwards exchanged books of each other's writing. A great many literary men and women attended the reception, more of course than we could speak to, but it was most gratifying to meet them in this way. Indeed then, and ever after, wherever we went, only the utmost readiness to greet Mr. Shorthouse awaited us; every one seemed to wish to show their gratitude for his writings by paying him all possible attentions, and introducing him to whatever they possessed which would be likely to interest him. He used to say to some of his admirers, "It is a great mistake to want to know an author—he can't be equal to his books." Canon Ainger agreed with him in this, for he said that "a man puts his best into his books"; but in his case, no less than in my husband's, both the books and the lives were noble and holy. The one might safely be compared with the other.

We had a pleasant call upon Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward on Friday the 11th, and on that afternoon went with Mr. Craik to his house at

Bromley, where we spent a delightful evening with Mr. and Mrs. Craik and Mr. and Mrs. Holman Hunt. That "Corner House"—built, Mrs. Craik told us, by the proceeds of her own literary work—was very beautiful. Books bedded in the recesses of the drawing-room, good paintings on the walls, and a sweet garden, planned and planted by our hostess, made a very fascinating picture, and Mrs. Craik herself, in her simple dignified costume, reminded one of a Lady Abbess, only that the delicate lace which she always wore as a head-dress was not severe enough for convent life.

On Saturday we went to the Deanery at Salisbury. The Dean, the Rev. G. Boyle, who had lived for many years in Birmingham, had been one of the first generous correspondents to tell Mr. Shorthouse of the way in which he said "*John Inglesant* had taken London by storm." And now he welcomed us to his beautiful house at Salisbury, where he said that two things which he had always longed for were now his own, a river and a yew hedge. The Sunday was beautiful, and the cathedral, which we had known before, was filled with a regiment of yeomanry as well as sunshine. Salisbury had a great fascination for Mr. Shorthouse. Some years before

we had visited the three cathedrals—Wells, Salisbury, and Winchester; and Bemerton and Hursley naturally attracted us. And the double close at Salisbury, with its old houses, charmed him greatly.

The next five days were spent at Rosehill, Appleshaw, the pleasant home of our cousins the Rev. George and Mrs. Engleheart. Appleshaw is a beautiful village, approached by an avenue of walnut-trees, and the country has striking features peculiarly its own. We drove on the billowy downs, saw old houses with great walled gardens, and breathed the pure air of a very thinly-peopled district. Indeed, from the little church of Chute you could see for miles no human habitation, only low hills, thick woods, and pasture lands. Mr. Engleheart is now, I believe, a European authority upon daffodils and narcissi. On Monday the 21st of May we went to Keble Lodge, Oxford. We were quite prepared to postpone this visit, as after the terrible shock of Lord Frederick Cavendish's murder we could not suppose that Dr. and Mrs. Talbot would like to receive strangers; but we were welcomed with all the cordiality due to old friends, and nothing could exceed the efforts of our host and hostess to give us what they had proposed, "the inside of Oxford." I think that my husband's letters to Dr. Talbot

will be better understood if I reprint a paper on "The Agnostic at Church"¹ which had just appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. It excited much discussion at the time, and Dr. Liddon and Canon Scott Holland, who met us on that first evening at dinner, had some interesting talk on the subject with the Warden. At first I do not think that they were disposed to accept my husband's views upon the subject.

The next morning at breakfast we met Dr. Acland. He sent his carriage to drive us to his house, and showed us what he called "an old man's workshop," those rooms so full of treasures and of sacred memories, took us to the University Galleries, and introduced us to the Curator, in order that Mr. Shorthouse might see the splendid collection of Dürer etchings there. Our visit was in every way delightful, and our friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Talbot was ever after most deeply valued by us both.

TO MRS. EVANS

11 CRAIG Y DON, LLANDUDNO,
July 17, 1880.

My dear Margaret—I have to-day sent by rail a copy of my Romance for your acceptance. The publi-

¹ See below, p. 150.

cation has been, it is true, long delayed ; but I am glad not so long as you feared, as we are none of us, I hope, too old to take an interest in some of the subjects which are very inadequately touched upon. I have left the book to tell its own tale and read its own lesson to every one according to their own liking, but I may tell *you* that my *own* reading of the book is that God prefers culture to fanaticism.

Several small matters might be altered for the better, should another edition ever be printed, but I preferred publishing the book exactly as I wrote it to accepting many kind offers of revision. The best way to obtain exactness is undoubtedly to get some friend to revise the proofs, as he detects inaccuracies which are very likely to escape the author. No one except Sarah and the lady who copied the MS. saw the book before it was in print. Sarah sends best love, and with the same to William Henry and Gertrude, I am, your very affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
August 28, 1880.

My dear Margaret—I intended the last chapter to represent John Inglesant as having attained to an atmosphere of complete mental rest and peace. If this is not done my object is not attained.

One of the principal objects of the book is to show

that to the children of God, *i.e.* to those who have listened to the heavenly call, "for existence commences with a response to the Divine Voice," there is no temptation without a way of escape, and that so far from God tempting any man, "the supreme effort of the Divine mercy is that which shapes the faltering and unconscious actions of man into a beneficent and everlasting work" (p. 523). Inglesant was saved at Umbria by the Divine Providence overruling the *stupidity* of evil.

Pure evil, or what we call such, is the stupidest thing in existence—it is only when it allies itself with what is supremely good (as in the Romanist Church) that it becomes really dangerous to the child of God.

The book is a protest on behalf of culture of every kind against fanaticism and superstition in every form. It is, in fact, totally opposed to the popular ideas of religion (or the popular religions of the day); had I sympathised with the popular religions of the day it would never have been written.—I am, yours very affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. ABBOTT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
November 1880.

My dear Sir—Hunter Smith has given me your letter respecting *John Inglesant* to read, and I am very much pleased that the book has given you at least some entertainment.

Your review has interested me very much because I

fancy I trace in it a truer insight than I have yet met with. In one sense it is the object of the book to show "nothing done." Perhaps the chief object is to promote culture at the expense of fanaticism, including *the fanaticism of work*; to exalt the unpopular doctrine that the end of existence is not the good of one's neighbour, but one's own culture. But surely in a wider sense, a man who has successfully cultivated himself, and is living a life of culture, having conquered and secured for himself peace of mind and a solution of the difficulties which have perplexed his life, cannot be said to do nothing, although he may not give himself to coffee-houses, or Sunday Schools, or Liberal organisations (all very good things in their way). One of my best friends, himself a most cultivated man, complains with you that Inglesant is not active enough. I can see that so far as is compatible with perfect culture he was active, even to the close.

I thoroughly enjoyed your description of the author's "pulling himself up, and repressing the interest of his reader"; but I fear it is too complimentary; the effect you notice was, I think, obtained—at any rate chiefly—in a much less original and more prosaic way. The leading thought I had in my mind when I first conceived the idea of the book was, that ordinary life in past ages was itself so full of interest that nothing is needful but to recover the minutiae to make history as interesting as romance. Human life has never presented itself to me as divided into well-defined and elaborate plots and "unities," but as jogging along in

haphazard fashion, making an acquaintance and a friend here, an enemy there, forgetting them, losing sight of them, and very often finding nothing come of the most promising events. Through all these, doubtless, runs a chain of circumstance which gives unity to the whole, but it is often very difficult to perceive, even when the whole clue is in your hands. Something of this will be found, I think, in the older romances, which I have endeavoured to take as my model, and I think you will find such a chain in *John Inglesant*. The Jesuit is a man of the world, and not a mere tool of his Order. He sacrifices Johnny to his purpose, as he would have sacrificed his own life, but in return he trains his pupil to a broad perception of life and men, which developed, step by step, into a perfect toleration of and indifference to all creeds and opinions, as alike the outcome of a central light, which, to his own satisfaction at least, was sufficient to illuminate the dark puzzles of his life. Whether such a Jesuit is true to nature or not is another question. I have had a very interesting correspondence with a Benedictine monk upon this point. He condemns Father St. Clare as a monster of atheism and villainy, impossible in the Society of Jesus, but out of that fairyland (I will not say fools' paradise) in which modern Catholics live, I should be sorry to think so poorly of their Church as to suppose all its members mere machines, and machines, too, with no intelligent guidance, for, where all are machines, intelligence has no place.

I do not think that Laretta ever occupied the place

of Mary Collet in Inglesant's heart—the one was the affection of the spirit, the other of the flesh—at first I thought she was rather shadowy and unreal, but I begin to have a high opinion of her, every one hates her so much.

The book is a philosophical romance. The examples of this kind of literature are very few (should you call your own *Philo-Christus* one?) They have seemed to me to err in giving such a quantity of philosophy and such a little romance. I have endeavoured to avoid this fault; the characters are therefore all introduced with a philosophical purpose, and not as mere representatives of life. Inglesant was loyal to an *idea*. I do not think he can be said to have been loyal even to the Jesuit—it was the idea of devotion with which the Jesuit had inspired him. Much less could he be said to be loyal to the King, for whom personally he probably cared little; the *τὸ καλόν* of his master Plato enabled him to be loyal to apparently opposite interests—as you say, he was loyal to the Jesuitical Order and to the cause of *religious freedom*. He was not loyal even to his lady-love, for he deserted her at the call of the dominating instinct. What this instinct was is not very easy to put into a few words. He had been taught to prefer ideas to men, to believe that all men were actuated more or less by good and noble ideas; that the noblest of such ideas was self-sacrifice and obedience; that therefore, whatever came, he supposed self-devotion and obedience were most becoming. Added to this, doubtless, was an intense desire to approve

himself in the eyes of his teacher, Father St. Clare ; but this idea was subordinated to the other higher one, as is proved by his attempt to exchange the Jesuit influence for that of the Benedictine.

Altogether I should say that Inglesant's life was one gallant struggle for freedom. The struggle of a being handicapped in every way,—by constitutional heredity, by circumstance, by accident of training, by course of events,—but a struggle triumphant to the end, and bringing satisfaction to himself. His instinct reminds us a little of Socrates' demon—"a kind of voice which from childhood always diverts me from what I am about to do, *but never urgès me on.*"

I should not say that the respective intercourse with Mary Collet and Lauretta shows a falling-off in Inglesant—in the one he is a mere child, led and guided by his friend, in the other he is the leader conquering himself and leading her aright. That he *once* was permitted to know and love such a one as Mary Collet is enough, surely, even for a romance. It could scarcely be expected that another should be provided for him at every turn.—Yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

LANSDOWNE, *December 1, 1880.*

My dear Sir—The very pleasant evening I spent in your company on Monday last has made me wish to request your acceptance of a volume of philosophical

Romance, of which work I have printed a few copies, mostly for private circulation. I enclose a review which has appeared in *The Athenæum*, by which you will see that the reviewer was rather oppressed by the work (a single copy was sent by the provincial bookseller, with no introduction), and my only hesitation in sending it to you arises from the knowledge I have that your time must be so fully occupied, that I doubt whether the book is of sufficient interest to justify your spending time over it. If, however, you would at all like to glance at it, I shall have great pleasure in sending it.

Professor Meiklejohn of your University was kind enough to take some interest in what I told him of the book before it was published, and he might like to look at it.

I purchased the first edition of the *Excursion* you told me of; it is a nice clean copy in the original boards. Are the lines in the Preface part of the unpublished MS. which exists of the Recluse? If there are more like them the sooner the manuscript is given to the public the better.

If I can at any time get any ideas put upon paper concerning Wordsworth's Platonism I will do so, *but it is no child's play*. It will be necessary to concentrate the essence of Wordsworth's teaching (in the whole of his works) as regards the effects of material Law (Nature) upon intellectual Existence, by which it appears he conceived of absolute Being, but which as a system he has, I *think*, left somewhat vague; and, on

the other hand, it will be necessary to formulate Platonism, which has never yet been satisfactorily done, and the requisites of which "Jowett" has utterly failed even to perceive, at least *as it seems to me*. Grote was like a blind man writing upon colour, but admirable so far as his perception went.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

LANSDOWNE, *December 7, 1880.*

My dear Sir — Many thanks for your letter. I have forwarded the book to *you* by rail to-day. If you like to place it in the University Library I shall feel honoured. You will find many misprints in it, as I revised all the proofs myself. Indeed I consider this edition in the light of a *proof* itself. I am reading Pollock's *Spinoza* with great interest, and thank you for introducing me to the book. I have not got far in the philosophical part, but what I have read is very lucid and charming. I shall look out for your book eagerly.

Your suggestion with regard to an Essay on Wordsworth's Platonism is a very tempting one, but I cannot think myself equal to such an undertaking. I will see what I can do, and if I find myself getting on at all I will let you know.

The edition of the Poems I mention as in the possession of my Aunt is that of 1807, in two small volumes bound in one.

I hope we may, as you kindly say, have an
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opportunity of meeting again. We shall be very glad to see you at this house, should you be in the neighbourhood at any time.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—The main intent of my book is to exalt culture against fanaticism of every kind. But I flatter myself that I have not unduly intruded the moral, as few readers have perceived it without my pointing it out.

TO MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

January 20, 1881.

Dear Sir—Mr. A. H. Johnson, of All Souls College, Oxford, tells me that Mrs. T. H. Ward, of Oxford, has spoken to you about a philosophical romance of which I have printed one hundred copies for private distribution, and that you have kindly expressed a wish to see the book. I have told Messrs. Cornish of Birmingham to send you the last copy they have (I have only two or three left myself), which I hope you will receive safely.

My chief desire is to get the book published *as it is*. I have not adopted the form and manner of the work without consideration, and the book as it stands, with all its peculiarities, is just what I intended it to be! To alter it, therefore, and to turn it into something quite different (such as an ordinary romance), would be to render useless all the labour I have expended upon

it, and would deprive it of its sole claim to public notice.

Of course there are several passages, especially in the earlier part, which might be altered to advantage, but even there the peculiarities are not without intention.—I am, Sir, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

February 8, 1881.

My dear Sir—I send by this post a paper upon Wordsworth's Platonism for you to look at. I do not know whether it is anything like what you think the subject requires—whether it is too long or too short—whether there is too much quotation or too little. It would be easy, of course, to say much more upon Platonism, but this does not seem to me to be what is wanted; if more could be said upon the subject as seen by Wordsworth, it would be much more desirable. It might be possible to trace somewhat of Platonic meaning in the lyric poems, but the success would, I think, be rather that of ingenuity than that of reality. The question, Was Wordsworth a Christian? will perhaps some day be asked and answered with useful results: at present, and at least before the Wordsworth Society, it could not be a suitable inquiry. The unexpected attack he makes upon Voltaire has always struck me as worth notice. It can scarcely be explained by considering it as merely in accordance with the

"Wanderer's" character. Apropos of Mr. Frederick Pollock's suggestion of traces of Spinoza's influence, I should suggest some of the last lines I quote as a motto for Spinoza :—

Unswerving shall we move, as if impelled
By strict necessity along the path
Of order and of good.

—Yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MISS SOUTHALL

LANSDOWNE, *March 29, 1881.*

My dear Isabel—Many thanks for your letter. Most of the errata have already been noticed, but some I have marked for alteration from your list. Where is Justice Hale (or Hales) mentioned? I do not remember.

It is very likely that the passage you mention in the last chapter is not exactly in accordance with the spirit of the time in which the letter is supposed to have been written. The concluding pages certainly are *not*; but you must remember that the book is a "philosophical romance," not a mere transcript of any particular age. It is, in fact, a kind of allegory, and the characters are not expected to speak solely as ordinary men, but with some regard to the philosophical tendency of the book.

I had the Berringtons' house, Little Malvern Court, in my mind when I wrote the description of Lydiard, but as I was never *inside* that house I cannot say how far the description is exact.

The concluding passage of your letter is naturally most gratifying and assuring to me ; some time—at an entirely suitable opportunity—it would be very interesting to me to know from you the precise way in which the book has appeared to you capable of conveying “ spiritual blessing.”—Your very affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. EVANS

LANSDOWNE, *July 11, 1881.*

My dear Margaret—I send you the *St. James' Gazette* for Monday. It is a paper I do not suppose that you see, and contains a notice of *John Inglesant*. I send it you because you surprised me once by saying that people compared the style to Lord Beaconsfield's. I have not read his novels for many years, but it seems that the comparison has occurred to others, not, however, in this case to his lordship's advantage.

There is a beautifully written review in last week's *Saturday Review*—I presume by Mrs. T. H. Ward. She only partially understands the book, and some of her assertions I venture to dispute, but it is very flattering and beautifully written. I do not know if you take the *Review* at your Working Men's Club. If not, I will send you one.

With best love from us both to William Henry and Gertrude.—I am, your affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

July 15, 1881.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Many thanks for your note, and for Mr. Greenwood's enclosed. I did not trouble you about the *Saturdays*, as I could get them easily here. I shall be much obliged by your calling attention to other reviews.

I presume the review in the *Saturday* is by Mrs. Ward: it is beautifully written, and a man must be hard to please who is not satisfied with it; where she differs from the author, *of course* she is wrong!

The book makes no pretension to comparison with *Esmond*: it should rather be compared with such books as William Smith's *Thorndale*, being avowedly a "philosophical romance."

I am very pleased that the notice in the *St. James' Gazette* was spontaneous: it is a higher testimony to the book than I could possibly have expected.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Alexander Macmillan, Esq.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

August 5, 1881.

. . . I have been thinking a good deal upon the subject of my paper, as I have commenced my annual study of "The Excursion," and I am more and more

impressed with the possibilities which a perfect analysis of the poem would open in the direction of Platonic thought. I *sincerely* think little of my paper, which, in fact, consists mostly of quotations, but the least thing may set people thinking upon a subject, and I should be very pleased to elicit the opinion of competent thinkers on the lines laid down in the paper—the synthesis of *matter* and *thought* as such has been suggested to Wordsworth's mind. . . . The simple desire I have to elucidate the teaching of Wordsworth is my only excuse for troubling you. The suggestion of the subject in your own book makes it the more fit that you should take it up.—Yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
August 14, 1881.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—At the request of Professor Knight of St. Andrews I wrote a paper in the winter on "The Platonism of Wordsworth," which was read at the meeting of the Wordsworth Society at Grasmere on July 19 last.

The paper consists, chiefly, of quotations from "The Excursion," but the line of thought is distinctly marked out in it; and the subject itself is, I think, of very great interest, so that I am desirous of calling more general attention to it.

I do not know whether you would think such a

paper suitable for publication in your magazine. If you thought it might, I should be glad to send you a copy for perusal. Professor Knight says (on June 5), "I have read your paper with increasing interest. . . . I should not be surprised if some of those present, whose opinion is most worth, think it the most interesting of all the papers read at our meeting." "You have struck into a fine line in this paper, for which students of Wordsworth will be most thankful." And again, August 10th, he says, "I think it would be very interesting to have it published in a magazine."

If you think the subject not suitable for *Macmillan*, perhaps you could suggest a magazine which you think would publish it.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I had a very kind letter the other day from the Hon. Charles L. Wood,¹ (who is a perfect stranger to me except by name), expressing his delight in reading *John Inglesant*.

TO THE SAME

VICTORIA LIBRARY, THE SQUARE,
BOURNEMOUTH, *October 14, 1881.*

Dear Mr. Macmillan—I am much obliged by your letter, which has been forwarded to me here. I am extremely pleased to learn Mrs. Macmillan's opinion, and shall be very grateful to her for any corrections

¹ Now Lord Halifax.

I know there are one or two things which would strike a *modern* traveller in Italy as mistakes, which are correct as relating to the seventeenth century.

We are staying here till about *Wednesday week next*. Have you sent any proofs to Edgbaston? I gave strict orders to forward everything direct to me.

Mr. Rawdon Levett met a man in London who knew nothing of me, who told him that the author of *John Inglesant* would *never* write another book. It seems to me to be a striking compliment.

We very seldom come to London; when I do I shall certainly, in the first place, do myself the pleasure of calling upon you, to thank you for all your great kindness. I hate photographs.

I have written a short preface with which I am tolerably satisfied; you will see what you think of it.

I have a few short tales which I should like to publish *some* time. My wife says they are very inferior to *John Inglesant*. The best that can be said of them, I fancy, is that they are graceful tales, and would make a pretty Christmas book.—Yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

December 2, 1881.

My dear Sir—I think I have to thank you for sending me the *Oxford University Herald*, containing a review of *John Inglesant*. We are very much obliged to you, especially as we have exceedingly enjoyed the

sermon of the President of Trinity. The concluding part, I think, is wonderfully beautiful.

I see that the reviewer questions the propriety of Inglesant's being told by the Jesuit that he would be given up if their scheme failed. This is a matter between the Jesuit and himself, part of the Jesuit's manner of dealing with him, and has nothing to do with the historical part of the book.

I do not understand the reviewer to question the fact that the king denied any knowledge of Lord Glamorgan's negotiations. But surely it does not imply treachery to tell the agent that he would be given up. Inglesant had nothing to complain of. He accepted the mission with his eyes open.

I am in hopes that Mr. Gardiner (the historian) will go into details on this subject of the Irish negotiations, when he gets so far. He is, of all men, the most competent.

We are looking forward with great pleasure to accepting your very kind invitation some time after Easter.—Yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

December 6, 1881.

Dear Professor Knight—I have to thank you very much for your letter, and for your kindness in telling me so much of the way *John Inglesant* has been received among your friends. It is, as you well

say, delightful to learn that anything that you have written has been a help to such as you describe. I can only suppose that it is that I have been so happy as to become for a moment the mouthpiece of one or other of those eternal truths of that sweet song which, coming down through the generations, as Plato says, from the heart of Divine love, is caught up now and again by one and another, who is but the string upon which the notes are played. It is enough, surely, for any man to have carried on, even for an instant and in the feeblest way, such wonderful songs. One of the most pleasing things about the book is, I think, the way it seems to have appealed to such different conditions of mind. The persons of whom you speak, Mr. Gladstone, Professor Huxley, and Mr. Fred. Pollock on the one hand, and on the other, boys, of no hitherto suspected taste for literature, who have read the book with an eagerness which has surprised their friends. . . .

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
January 3, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Thanks for your letter. I am very pleased that the new edition has gone off so well. I like the form of the book very much, and the volumes are so small and portable. I will send one or two corrections to Clark's.

What did you think of the Wordsworth paper? Nearly all the copies have gone to the members of the

Society. Do you think there would be any sale for it in London? I should like to bring the subject of it before the public, as it is one I am greatly interested in. If you were inclined to publish it you would do so in any shape or form you liked.

Mr. Gladstone has been most kind and indefatigable in recommending *John Inglesant*; I had a letter the other day from Lord Houghton, who read it by the Premier's recommendation. Mr. Gladstone wishes me to breakfast with him, some Thursday after Easter, and, to increase the kindness, says he hopes I shall accompany *you* there. If you will let me know, nearer the time, what week will suit you, I will arrange to be in London—I hope with my wife—at that time.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I hear that Mr. James Martineau likes the book very much; also I had a letter from Mr. Frederick Pollock, author of the admirable book on *Spinoza*. To-day I have a long letter from Mr. Gardiner, the historian.

TO LADY LYELL

Jan. 4, 1882.

My dear Madam—I am very much interested in your most obliging letter. I have to apologise for having introduced your ancestors into a work of fiction. At the time I wrote that part I was ignorant that any direct descendants existed. I am, however, glad to

know that the description of their beautiful lives has given great pleasure and instruction to many who were entirely ignorant of them ; many of the nicest people have thanked me for introducing them to such a beautiful phase of seventeenth century life.

It was Mr. Bass Mullinger who told me about the memoir, and its being bought up by the family ; I never saw it or heard of it but through him. He may be mistaken, or I may have misunderstood him ; he is so intimately acquainted with seventeenth century literature that I never hesitated to accept his statement. I have written to him, and if I hear anything will let you know.

I expect to be in London with my wife some time after Easter, and should like to call and see the portraits very much.—I am, my dear Madam, with many thanks, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

I am very much interested with what you tell me about *Mary* Collet. I do not recollect seeing any of the young ladies' names, and, as far as I remember, chose the name at hazard.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
January 6, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I am much obliged by your letter, and will follow your suggestions with regard to Mr. Gladstone's breakfast. Thank you for

your kind wish to see us at Tooting, which we shall quite hope to be able to do.

I am, of course, interested to hear of Cardinal Manning reading the book. It is curious that he should prefer the first volume; most Roman Catholics object exceedingly to the character of the Jesuit in it, which they say is an impossibility. I never reason with Roman Catholics: they live in a fairyland of their own.

A friend of mine who was in Leeds the other day, found a very fine photo of Mr. Gladstone taken when he was there, with the second volume of *John Inglesant* on his knee—the title of the book is quite plain. You may suppose we were very much pleased with this unpremeditated compliment! I have sent for some copies. If you care to have one I will gladly send you one.—I am, with kind regards to yourself and Mrs. Macmillan, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY LYELL

Jan. 11, 1882.

My dear Madam—On the other side I send you copy of a letter from Professor Mayor of St. John's College, Cambridge, describing his book. Perhaps you may recognise it as one you have already seen. I should much like to see it.—I am, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

(Copy)

ST. JOHN'S, *Jan.* 7, 1882.

... I printed Baker's extracts from the original MSS. of John Ferrar, also (from Dr. Jebb's transcript) Bishop Turner's Life, a good number of the Ferrar and Collet letters, and some papers from a MS. of Sir Thomas Phillips (part of an intended publication by Peck, the antiquary). I was told at the time that Pickard's materials were *not* in Magdalen College Library. But I have since learnt that they *are* there, and if ever I find time to publish a new edition, it will be taken straight from the original papers. I have once or twice picked up my book second-hand, but only 500 copies were printed, and it seldom turns up.

Ferrar was a man of rare capacity and attainments, and also of saintly purity. If all landed proprietors in Ireland had done as much for their poor neighbours as the Gidding family did, we should have no troubles there.—I am, etc.

(Signed)

JOHN E. B. MAYOR.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Feb. 15, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Many thanks for the Cardinal's letter, which is very interesting. I will take great care of it, and return it as you wish. Have you seen the review in the *Tablet* of last Saturday? They let me off very easy.

I continue to receive the most gratifying expressions about the book ; everybody seems to be reading it everywhere. Professor Mahaffy has been here for some days. He mentioned it publicly in his first lecture, and told me of its reception in Dublin.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

Mar. 18, 1882.

Dear Professor Knight—I received a letter this morning from Dr. Jordan, enclosing one from Father Neville, saying that “the Cardinal will be very glad to see you if you call. . . .” I do not know whether Sunday afternoon would be a suitable time ; I thought I would leave this for you at the Hotel, as you might like to know before going up to the Oratory on Sunday morning. . . .

March 27, 1882.

. . . I am very sorry that you cannot find the book. I know how miserable it makes me when I am in a similar trouble. Very often they turn up in a wonderful manner, so that you cannot imagine where they can have been. Sometimes, however, they never turn up ! Then the consolation is, that you have been over all your books, refreshed your memory of them, found out where they all are, and perhaps discovered something that may be of use immediately, which otherwise you would have missed. This is the only

consolation I can offer; I *never lend* certain books under any pretence.

I do not think that I agree with your plan of keeping the Church Collects separate from the others. I think the combination gives life and interest, and if the others are good, does not jar. Any little books like yours, with short prayers, are a blessing after the dreadful old-fashioned things we formerly had.

. . . The paper Miss Beale alludes to is one called "An Apologue" in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a little *jeu d'esprit*, which I think contains the germ of a good deal of stiff writing. I shall read Dr. Martineau's *Spinoza* with great interest. . . . I am very ignorant about "Peter Bell," and want enlightening, as I understand there are three Peter Bells—Wordsworth's, a skit which was published before (? or immediately after) the poet's, and Shelley's. Does the verse about the

party in the parlour,
All silent and all damned,

occur in the first edition of Wordsworth's poems, or is it in the parody? There is a mention of the parody in Talfourd's *Charles Lamb*. I asked Mrs. Ower why she omitted the last verse on Death in the elegiac stanzas to Sir George Beaumont on the death of his sister-in-law. This has led to an extremely interesting question as to the meaning of the verse—whether the

hope relates to a future state or to the result of death upon our own feelings.—Yours very sincerely,

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

April 3, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I am very glad to hear from Mr. George Macmillan that Mrs. Macmillan and yourself have returned safely, and are better for your journey. I am sorry to find that the plates for the stereotyped edition are already made, as, a few days ago, I received a letter from Colonel Gillim of East Barnet, enclosing a list of corrections. Colonel Gillim is well acquainted with ancient Italian literature, and has, most kindly, given himself some trouble in the British Museum, and has found Molinos' book in Italian, which I have never seen, and so verifies the exact title. I send you a list of his corrections, and if any of them can be altered in the plates it would be much better. It is very unfortunate I did not get them a few weeks ago. Some of them it was very careless of me to pass, such as the *e* in Giorgio, but I have forgotten most of the Italian I once knew.

My wife is writing to Mrs. Macmillan respecting your kind invitation. I have promised Prof. Knight to attend the meeting of the Wordsworth Society on 3rd May, so that we thought of going up on the 2nd.

I will write to Mr. Gladstone as soon as Parliament

is up, and see whether Thursday the 4th or 11th will suit him for us to breakfast with him.

I suppose you saw the article in the *Spectator*, 25th March, on the moral purpose in fiction? The allusion to *John Inglesant* was more gratifying to me than any public notice I have seen yet.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MISS SOUTHALL

LANSDOWNE, *April 7, 1882.*

My dear Isabel—I think Sarah told you how very much I was gratified by reading your paper on *John Inglesant*. It expresses in almost every line the feelings I should wish the book to excite. I was particularly struck with the sentence comparing the churches as seen from the Romish side in the seventeenth century. This is perfectly true, and it would, indeed, be a desirable effect of the book were it to enable some of the so-called Liberals to take a wider and more cultured view of the Church.

I was very much struck months ago by your pointing out the contrast between the last chapters in Rome and the final one in England. I saw at once that it was so, though I was unconscious of intending it. This is not wonderful. I described both, as I believe, absolutely from life, and the result could not fail to be lifelike.

The description of the Renaissance buildings is, I fancy, the result more of accident than of the deeper

reason you imagine. I described them because they came naturally in John Inglesant's way, and because their character pointed the lesson I was desirous of inculcating, and emphasised the influence which it was necessary that events should exert upon him ; but had it been otherwise I should have felt as much at home in the Gothic. Indeed there is some evidence of this. The passage, "The builder's art and the musician's melted into one, in tier after tier of carved masonry, wave after wave of mystic sound," was composed during service in Wells Cathedral, and is, I think, more appropriate to that building than to the Santa Chiara at Naples. Do not make the fact public (in print, I mean) ; there is no necessity to assist critics to detect flaws.

I should like to see your paper in print somewhere where it would be read. It would effectively assist the intelligent understanding of the book.

Sarah has written to Margaret about our plans, so I need not tell them all over again. I hope we shall survive.

I am expecting the great Roman Catholic attack in the *Dublin Review* every day. I am quite prepared to meet it. I have been too lenient if I have erred at all.

I was told to-day of a review in a United States periodical. It will be curious to see if the book is attractive there.—With best love, your affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

April 14, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Mr. Gladstone has fixed May 4th for me to breakfast with him in Downing Street at ten o'clock.

I received the other day a letter from the assistant editor of the *Pioneer Press* published at St. Paul, Minnesota, and a copy of the Paper containing a review of *John Inglesant*, which I think is without exception the *best I have yet seen*. He mentions the book having been noticed in the American "dailies" and magazines. I should take a great interest in seeing any American notices I could. I hear there is one in the *Christian Union* of March 16, but I have not been able to obtain a copy. Any information you may receive from America will be very interesting to me. The book, I should have thought, is so foreign to the American tone of thought, that it is possible that it might *take* in that country more than others by mere force of contrast. At any rate the reception of such a book in America cannot fail to be full of interest.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

April 30, 1882.

My dear Sir—It is very kind of you to remember your wish to see us at Oxford this term.

We go to London on Tuesday for a fortnight, and

on Saturday week (May 13th) we go down to Salisbury to spend the Sunday at the Deanery ; then we expect to spend a few days with some very nice young cousins, the Vicar of Chute, nr. Andover, and his wife.

As you will be from home on the next Sunday, May 21st, we might stay in Wiltshire over the day, and then come to you for a couple of days or so before we return home. I fear this is our only chance, for when we get home we shall have some friends staying with us, and I could not well leave my business again so soon.

I hope we may be allowed to express our pleasure at Mrs. Talbot's recovery, which I hope will be uninterrupted ; if anything happens to make our visit inconvenient to her, we trust to you to let us know at once.

I hope you have seen, or will see, the review of *John Inglesant* in the *Church Quarterly*. I have no idea who is the author, but I am exceedingly gratified with the tone of the article, and especially with the latter part, referring to the Sacrament as an Eirenicon.

With kindest regards, and many thanks from us both.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE AGNOSTIC AT CHURCH

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April 1882.

I should like to say a few words upon one passage of the article by Mr. Louis Greg, in the January

number of this Review, on the propriety of an Agnostic's frequenting his parish church. With the tone of the article, and with the general conclusion at which Mr. Greg arrives, I fully sympathise; but upon the one point to which I refer I should go farther than he does.

Mr. Greg says: "It is not suggested that he (the Agnostic) should repeat the Creeds, still less offer himself as a communicant." I will endeavour to show why I think an Agnostic should certainly offer himself as a communicant.

I do not ask him to accept Mr. Matthew Arnold's conclusion that there is a power *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness; of this he knows nothing: but this he knows, that there is a power *within ourselves* which makes for righteousness, and which may be cultivated. He knows that, not only in himself, but in all men, there are impulses and tendencies which, if followed, lead to the happiness of self-surrender, to the blessedness of benefaction, to the finding oneself the centre of life and love. It is admitted that in church he finds himself in a mental atmosphere which has a tendency to promote the following of these impulses, but he is not in harmony with much of a formal and dogmatic character which he hears. He sympathises with the object: he doubts the means. There is, however, one principle which underlies all church worship with which he cannot fail to sympathise, with which he cannot fail to be in harmony—the sacramental principle. For this is the great underlying principle of life by which the commonest and dullest

incidents, the most unattractive sights, the crowded streets and unlovely masses of people, become instinct with a delicate purity, a radiant beauty, become the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Everything may be a sacrament to the pure in heart. "Our delight," says George Eliot, in one of the finest passages she ever wrote,— "our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love."

This sunshine upon the grass, then, is a sacrament of remembrance and of love.

This principle, which underlies all things, is concentrated in the supreme act of church worship, in a touching ceremony, where the most perfect and beneficent creatures of nature, bread and wine, are set forth as the representatives of what it is agreed to take as the type of a perfect and beneficent life, whether really existent or not is, in this aspect of the question, of no importance. Round this ceremony the holiest affections of his fellow-men have grouped themselves for centuries. Sacred and awful in their thoughts, it cannot be wholly without a sanctifying effect in his. Kneeling in company with his fellows, even if all recollection of a far-away past, with its childhood's faith and fancies, has faded from his mind, it is impossible but that some effect of sympathy, some magic chord and thrill of sweetness, should mollify and refresh his heart blessing

with a sweet humility that consciousness of intellect which, natural and laudable in itself, may perhaps be felt by him at moments to be his greatest snare. Strengthened, chastened, purified by this communion, he will find his loins girded to run the daily race that is set before him, the course plainer beneath his feet, the guiding light clearer upon the desired goal.

It may be objected that, by so doing, the Agnostic is supporting a superstitious system against which his conscience rebels; but this system he has already condoned by coming to church; he will hear more superstition from the pulpit than he will ever meet with in the ritual of the sacrament. But in truth he cannot avoid superstition unless he severs himself entirely from his fellow-men. It is deeply engraven in the race.

Even if it be granted that there is no hereafter for the individual consciousness, worship, as no Comtist will deny, still remains the most becoming attitude of man, and if so, where can he worship, with so little to jar his taste, as in this simple touching rite?

There is another side to the question which Mr. Greg has also alluded to: How is the Agnostic likely to be received? The man who comes to the sacrament in the spirit I have described is not likely, at other times, coarsely and unnecessarily to outrage the feelings of his neighbour, and such a man few clergymen would do otherwise than rejoice to see present himself. If there be any clergy who think otherwise, I would commend their attention to the following words of Henry

More, the Platonist, applied to an Agnostic of his day. Our Agnostic will pardon some expressions for the sake of the beauty of the whole :—

Sophron.—In my mind it is a sign of a great deal of natural integrity and inbred nobleness of spirit, that maugre the heaviness of his complexion that thus strongly bears him down from apprehending so concerning metaphysical truths, yet he retains so vivid resentments of the more solid morality.

Philotheus.—That will redound to his greater joy and happiness whenever it shall please God to recover his soul into a clearer knowledge of Himself. For even moral honesty itself is part of the law of God and an adumbration of the Divine life. So that when regeneration has more thoroughly illuminated his understanding, I doubt not but that he will fall into that pious admiration and speech of the ancient patriarch, “Verily God was in this place and I knew it not.” Wherefore those that are true lovers of God must be friendly and lovingly disposed towards all His appearances, and bid a kind welcome to the first dawns of that diviner Light,¹

Looking into the future I sometimes think I see a glorious Church, which, without faltering in the announcement of what she conceives to be truth, gives her blessing with a kingly munificence, asking for nothing in return, and leaving the result to the decision of the final assize, bestows her sacraments and benediction, like the Divine gift of sunshine, upon all mankind alike. The Romish Church has never risen to the

¹ *Divine Dialogues*, vol. i. p. 6, 1668.

“height of this great argument,” and if our own has approached nearer to it, it has been, I fear, often the result of the accident of its legal position. May she be able more nearly to achieve it in the future! otherwise the outlook, both for her and for the Agnostic, I fear, is dark.

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. LYELL

26 LANCASTER GATE, HYDE PARK, W.
May 10, 1882.

Dear Mrs. Lyell—The following extract is from a letter received this morning from my friend the Rector of Ford, Lady Waterford’s place in Northumberland; I thought it might amuse you. I know nothing about the Rooper part of the relation; you will know all about that, doubtless.

“I hear that since the publication of your book, ‘Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire’ has been visited by a great number of tourists who never frequented the place before.” This comes from our School Inspector, Mr. Rooper, whose uncle, I believe, owns the place.

I cannot tell you how much we enjoyed our lunch with you; it will be long indeed before we forget your drawing-room, the kindness of its present possessors, the grave Ferrars looking down upon us, and the fairy beings who came down out of Sir Joshua’s canvas to entertain and delight us.—I am, dear Mrs. Lyell, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

May 10, 1882.

Mr. Macmillan, with whom I have been staying for a few days with my wife, has most kindly given me your beautiful letter, and I venture to write a line to express to you the pleasure it has given me. It is an unspeakable gratification to me that good women of the highest culture have been so pleased with *John Inglesant*. No higher honour can be obtained by any writer, and no so certain test can be applied to any book. Mr. Macmillan has also given me a copy of your book, *Links and Clues*, which I, of course, knew of from the reviews in the *Spectator* and elsewhere, but had not time to read before leaving home. I shall take advantage of my first leisure hours, and such a book requires quiet hours, to read it.

Your kind letter encourages me to hope that you will forgive this intrusion.

June 11, 1882.

Your request that I should write to you after reading *Links and Clues* imposes upon me a very serious task. The recollection is full of such solemn and fervent thoughts, not presented to us in their ordinary commonplace guise, rendered stale and unprofitable by repetition, but looking us sharply and full in the face, with the power of an original and vital reality, that to say anything adequate is well-nigh impossible, and to say what is inadequate is felt to be unspeakably

paltry and shameful. I think, therefore, my only way will be to mention in very few words one or two of the passages which struck me most. And first of all I was extremely delighted with the chapter, "The Two Realities," because it expresses the truth which I have been endeavouring for years to work out for myself, and which I believe would be found by all men to be a solution of much that perplexes and troubles now. That the *idea* is the *reality*, the fact nothing but its outward garb and voice, which may vary according to need and circumstance; that the ideal and not the material is the province of faith; and that the source of faith so defined is free thought (and has ever been so, notably in the case of the Christ himself),—is what has long seemed to me a certainty of supreme value, but which, until I read your book, I have never seen expressed in modern language. That it is the purest Platonism is to say nothing, but what is important is, as I venture to think, that this consideration leads us to expect in Platonism a philosophic system of mathematical certainty which will afford a basis upon which Christian faith may rest secure. This fact does away at once with the imputation of fraud; so far from a mythos being false, *it is impossible to start a false myth*. A man cannot sit down in a back parlour and make a myth. No mythos ever yet grew up except from the needs and aspirations of the people among whom it flourished, and to whom it brought spiritual nourishment and help. I venture to think that I can see traces (as in the distinction you so clearly see in time and eternity,

and the folly of "time-words") of this golden thread through the whole of *Links and Clues*—nay, that it is itself the link and clue by which you have been enabled to bring the long-estranged to look one another in the eyes with friendly glance. I have myself received several letters since my article in the *Nineteenth Century*, entreating me to continue to labour after this "Gospel of Reconciliation." I am convinced that it is in the direction in which you are leading that this Eirenicon will be found. Thus in your beautiful parable of the material and spiritual in prayer (p. 126), "after a true heart agony of prayer for light, no lifeless soul has ever been brought in." Why? because it has been lifted to the ideal, and cannot die.

I have written so much that I have no space left for what I would say more; but it is of little moment, for to say all I must write a book as long as yours itself. "The Two Heavens" is intensely beautiful. I read it aloud to my wife with deep emotion. I have just read it over again, but I cannot say a word upon it: I should as soon think of enlarging upon Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." Could the writer of the "Pilgrim in the Unseen World" in the May *Macmillan* have seen your chapter?

If, in order to prove my entire sincerity, I venture to say where I should be inclined to part a little from your leading, I should say that, as I understand some passages, I feel as though you hardly value human nature enough—as though you under-estimated the standing of self-sacrifice and devotion to which human

nature constantly attains. You may say that these are all traces of the footsteps of the Son of Man. I have sometimes felt that, in drawing this distinction, some have risked losing sight of such footsteps, and of wronging the sonship of that humanity which surely had some share in both producing and accepting the idea of Christ. I hope you will not regret the encouragement you gave me to write so much. . . .

June 25, 1882.

I have greatly enjoyed reading the papers you sent me. The one I feel most about is the one beginning, "Do we not need to recognise and realise more fully that the answers to some of the things which most baffle us, etc., etc., are contained . . . not directly in words, but in Himself . . . that . . . the Incarnate Word is the Revelation." Am I wrong in supposing that this paper is your own? I have kept this paper, which I extremely admire all through; but if you wish it I will return it at once; the others I return, as you may want them for others.

I am particularly interested in the reply to the candidate for holy orders, as it shows that others have felt the same leading in *Links and Clues* that I did; what some will, naturally, shrink from is to me the most valuable teaching in the book.

With regard to the "girls'" objection to *John Inglesant*, it is what we should expect from the enthusiasm of youth. Youth always expects and *wants so much*. John Inglesant is *understated* all through. But I think

he had not much to complain of at last ; his instrumentality for good to the enemies of his life is acknowledged by Heaven ; and the frame of mind in which he is last seen is one in which many of us are content to rest while hoping for " more light." I undertook this impossible task, to produce a character which was to be despised by the one-sided, fanatic, enthusiastic portion of the world, and at the same time to show these people by the simple working out of the character, without preaching it, that he was right and they were wrong. I doubt whether the most superhuman genius could perform such a feat. . . . I fear Pilate was a poor creature, though it may be that, owing to the recent riot on the bringing in the Roman eagles to Jerusalem, the orders to the deputies were unusually strict. Still Gallio or Festus would have behaved differently.

July 20, 1882.

I write at once to thank you for your letter and the enclosed little book, and to say how sorry we are that we cannot accept Mr. Corbet's kind wish to see us at his Rectory. It would have given us the greatest pleasure to meet him and his friends, but we, my wife and I, are going to the Lakes on a visit at the beginning of August, and I have more engagements of different kinds than I can well fulfil. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gurney at Malvern many years ago. I always had a great respect for his character.

Pray forgive me for my blundering use of "enthu-

siasm." We all feel how inadequate words are, and how easy it is to make a mistake, especially in hasty letter-writing. The distinction between *enthusiasm* and *fanaticism* no doubt is very important, but unfortunately all fanatics shelter themselves under the plea of enthusiasm.

But I must not run on now. I only wish to ask forgiveness both for this and for my other criticism, which I do not doubt arose also from a misunderstanding of certain words. I am reading Seeley's book¹ also with very great interest. It is very striking.

July 23, 1882.

I was glad to receive your second letter, if for nothing else because it gives me an opportunity of rectifying a piece of forgetfulness on my part in not thanking you for your kind mention of "The Marquis." I have been rather nervous about these two tales, which I let the *Magazine* have because Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Grove wished it.

I take the first tale to illustrate the culture which comes from *rank*; the second, in August, that which comes from *intellect*.

I was very glad to see Mr. Farquhar's letter. With you I think that love is GOD does not mean precisely the same as GOD is love. Righteousness is GOD, power is GOD. We want the synthesis. Everything that is good is GOD, which shows the absurdity

¹ *Natural Religion.*

of the assertion that there is no GOD. My wife and I were both very much struck with the chapter, "The Blessed Motherhood." We have read it again.

We shall both very much appreciate the opportunity of seeing you; but at present, like yourself, we have many engagements. Our triennial Musical Festival takes place at the end of next month, and we go on a visit to the Lakes in the meantime for a few days. . . .

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
May 29, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—It was very pleasant to see your handwriting again, reminding me of so much pleasure!

We finished our delightful round of visits with three days at Keble College, which, I need not say, were as delightful as any, and came home on Thursday last.

Mrs. Talbot told me of Lord Acton writing about *John Inglesant*, and I am greatly obliged by a sight of his letter; his admissions respecting the Jesuits and Romanists are very candid and valuable. He seems to misunderstand the character of the book, and to have read it, as he says, hastily.¹ His assertion as to confusion of dates is not denied—it was intentional.

¹ Lord Acton's detailed criticism on *John Inglesant* will now be found in *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone* (George Allen, 1904), pp. 127 and following.

I return his letter, also Miss Gladstone's, as you may want to see the former before sending it back. I have written to Miss Gladstone, to clear the book of some misunderstanding in *her* estimate of it.

The introductory essay on *George Herbert* is in type, and I like it very much.

I have not the least objection to Lord Acton, or anyone else, printing anything about *John Inglesant*, indeed I had much rather they *did* print what they have to say, as in that case I am not bound to answer them. Most of Lord Acton's objections are in direct variance with Dr. Barry and the Jesuit in the *Monthly*.

The gentleman whose letter I showed you from New York is Mr. Bigelow. I have received his "Monograph" on *Molinos the Quietist*; it is very full and interesting, fully bears out the view I take, and is very curious as coming out almost at the same moment independently. He quotes three pages of *John Inglesant* (the last three), beginning thus: "Since the preceding pages were in type the author's attention has been directed to a recent English publication of rare interest entitled *John Inglesant, a Romance*, in which Molinos, doubtless for the first time, figures as a part of the machinery of a work of fiction. *John Inglesant* is a philosophical romance. . . Of Molinos and his martyrdom the author takes, substantially, the same view that is presented in these pages." The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1882.

I must write and thank Mr. Bigelow as soon as I have time.

We have often been talking of you and Mrs. Macmillan, and all your kindness. We lunched one day at Oxford with the daughters of the Archbishop of Dublin. They said their father always expressed the highest opinion of and regard for you. You may be well aware of this, but it is not unpleasant to hear such things, incidentally, through strangers.

Pray give our kindest regards to Mrs. Macmillan and to all your circle; *all* remain, most pleasantly, in our memory.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. EVANS

LANSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,
3rd June 1882.

My dear Margaret—As you expect I have no time nor opportunity for joining institutions in London. I very seldom do anything of the kind even at home.

I have been sitting at Thrupp's for a portrait at their request, as they want to sell them. My portraits are always failures: if any of them are tolerable I shall be glad to send one to *you*. I cannot promise them to strangers.

I am afraid I was rather warm about Birmingham culture the other evening. Nothing irritates me so

much as the continual ridiculous self-laudation of the dominant Birmingham party. It is in itself a complete exposure of their claims to culture, and it is not pleasant to find your town, which was a cultured place in its degree years before these people were ever heard of, made ridiculous all over England.—I am, my dear Margaret, yours very affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANDSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

June 22, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I am very glad you think you shall get out the tenth thousand—it looks such a fine even number! Many thanks for the book; I am quite ashamed to think how many books you have given me. We have been much interested in *Links and Clues*, and I have had some very charming letters and papers from Lady Welby. I shall expect that she will make a still greater impression in religious thought. I hope to send Mrs. Macmillan a copy of the *George Herbert* reprint in a post or two. It is a pretty little book, though some people will not agree with the preface; I hardly think you will.—With kindest regards, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 6, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I have not read Mozley's book yet. We are reading *Democracy*, and are much entertained by it; also I am getting your brother's Memoir.

I was told, the other day, a delightful bit of *undesigned coincidence* in *John Inglesant*. Mr. Nathan Bodington, who was a Wadham man, and is one of our Mason College Professors, tells me that the Founders of Wadham College debated whether they should found a Jesuit College *abroad*, or a *College at Oxford*, and decided on the latter! He thought I knew the fact, and had sent *John Inglesant* there accordingly. I knew nothing of it.—With kindest regards from my wife, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I have also received the twelve copies of the Tauchnitz. It is a very pretty little book.

The new edition has just arrived. It is a magnificent book. I like it immensely.

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 15, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Thank you very much for your very good advice respecting the "Frenchman"; I will act upon it at once.

A gentleman here has sent me a *San Francisco* paper containing a most enthusiastic commendation of

John Inglesant, which, he says, is superior to the greatest efforts of modern fiction! It recommends your edition. It is very curious that the book should be so successful under such very different conditions of life.—With kindest regards, yours as ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 28, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the *Memoir of Mr. Daniel Macmillan*. I had already ordered it, and have been expecting it daily. I shall value it still more now, as coming from you, and as reminding me of all you told me about him, and of the impression left on my mind by what you told me during our visit at Knapdale. The book looks full of the deepest interest, and must ever remain a memorial of the affection and superiority of two remarkable brothers.

I have been asked to mention to you, that a college friend of a very intimate friend of mine, a Rev. George Sarson, Vicar of Orlestone, Kent, has written a MS. on the Sacrament, considered in connection with modern thought and opinion. I have not seen the MS., but this is, I believe, its tendency. Mr. Sarson is a man of considerable power. He was curate for some years of St. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, and had a great deal to do with working men, Socialistic and Free-thinking Clubs, and, I believe, was not without influence among them. I cannot say, especially as I

have not seen the MS., whether it would be likely to interest you personally or not—perhaps not, but I should be much obliged if you could tell me, some time, if you thought there would be any chance of Mr. Sarson's getting such a book published, or whether you would care to see the MS.?¹

My friend, through whom I know Mr. Sarson, is one of the principal masters in King Edward's School here, and is a man of thought and reading, and he has a very high opinion of his friend's intellect.—With many thanks for the book, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I have promised Mr. Sandys to commence the sittings on Monday the 14th August, when we expect to be back from the Lakes. We go to Amble-side on Tuesday next.

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Sept. 23, 1882.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—I have been waiting to hear that you had returned from France to write to you. We have been so pleased with the Tauchnitz edition, that we had a few bound in vellum as presents, and we thought you might like to have one of them. It makes a very pretty and unique little book. I shall have great pleasure in sending it to you.

We are curious to know what you thought of Mr. Sandys' portrait. We thought it a most beautiful

¹ Mr. Sarson's book, *The Holy Eucharist and Common Life*, was published by Thos. Hibberd, London, in 1896.

work of art, but rather too large, and, as Mr. Grove says, too "important." I was very much entertained with Mr. Sandys' conversation and company.

I wrote you my feeling on finishing your brother's *Memoir*, as you wished me to do. I do not know when we have been so pleased with a book. You must have been from home, but I hope you got the letter.

You will not forget, I hope, that Mrs. Macmillan and yourself are promised to us for a day or two in November.

The last we heard about *John Inglesant* is from an officer in Egypt, who was sent on a message to the Duke of Connaught, and found him lying on his back, and reading the book!—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

October 22, 1882.

It was very kind to write to me again, as I fear I owe you a letter already. It would give us great pleasure to see you were it possible at some future time, when perhaps it may be quite suitable for both. We have just given up the idea of a quiet fortnight in South Devon alone, as we felt we were better at home.

I read Mr. Kegan Paul's article with much interest, and felt that, had I time, I should have liked to reply to it. There is an article, however, in yesterday's

Spectator, evidently by Mr. Hutton, which very much supplies the necessary reply ; though of course we should probably have, each of us, framed the answer in a different way.

Two points suggest themselves to me. One, which I think is identical with your own, that the assertion that there is no medium between perfect acquiescence and absolute negation is unphilosophical and absurd. The other is the regret, which I feel most acutely, at the tendency so often manifested among the most intelligent advocates of freedom of thought to compliment and to pander to the Church of Rome.

The very perfection of freedom which these men enjoy makes them forget the struggle by which it was won, and the slough of stupid ignorance to which this Church system would have condemned the whole human race. For the last 300 years, but for the Protestant princes of Germany (a country which then for the second time regenerated the world), the grotesque pantomime which the Roman Church calls history, and the sterile waste which she calls Catholic literature, would have been the sole heritage and possession of these favoured men who can now scarcely find phrases complimentary enough for this, as Bishop Latimer well calls it, "tyrannical See of Rome."

The charge against the Roman Church is not that her doctrines do not contain the germs of truth, but that having based her system upon the profoundest truths, she has succeeded in making truth itself a lie.

But I am sure that I need not trouble you with such

obvious truisms. It only surprises me that I have so often to insist upon them to the most educated men.

If I can find time I want to write a paper upon Jane Austen's novels. . . .

I fancy that your remark, "We do not really exalt the higher by depreciating the lower," would supply the explanation of much of the unreal feeling which marks sermons in the present day.

December 22, 1882.

It seems rather hard upon me that my impertinent criticism on your beautiful book should be put in a permanent form. It was written really more to avoid an appearance of stupid, indiscriminating praise. Not but what I feel the point of what I had in my mind very acutely, but it is a subject of such infinite delicacy that it is most difficult if not impossible to avoid error in stating it.

However, I had better leave you to do just what you like in the matter every way.

I like your Apologue very much; it seems to put the distinction very clearly, which is a most difficult thing to do to ordinary minds; indeed, what struck me most in *Links and Clues* was the wonderful clearness with which the real and the phenomenal were discriminated. It really seemed to me unique. . . . It would be a wonderful step if we could really get others to see, and see ourselves, that time is not part of eternity, but altogether a different thing.

December 28, 1882.

My wife wishes me to thank you very much for the beautiful paper you sent her. She is very much struck with and pleased with it, and says it is "a noble paper." I have not yet had time to read it carefully. The part about bad literature both among the upper and lower classes is very timely. I return the slip, and shall like to see it in the appendix ; it is very striking. You are quite at liberty to make any use of me or my remarks you wish. . . . I have always endeavoured in my writing to promote purity of life among gentlemen, and I shall hope always to do so.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

October 31, 1882.

My dear Warden—I suppose you have seen Kegan Paul's paper in the *Nineteenth Century*, and the answer to it in the *Spectator*, and now Frederick Myers' article in the *Fortnightly*. I confess I had a kind of hope when I saw Myers' title in the advertisement that he had seen Mr. Holland's¹ article, and that the "New Eirenicon" was the Sacrament ; and I fancied how the Frederick Myers of the "St. Paul," and of the splendid prose of the paper upon Virgil, might work the idea out. But his paper is very disappointing. There is, I fear, no doubt that he has fallen away as much as Seeley himself.

¹ Now Canon Scott Holland.

But it seems to me that we might almost fancy that we are standing in the pale light of an approaching dawn—there seems such a general agitation ; out of the midst of such strife and confusion there seem to be so many voices, so many seekers, and they all seem to speak of reconciliation and peace. I want to know what you and Mr. Holland think of it, and whether he is prepared to follow up the thought he indicated in his article.

I have thought over some lines by which the idea might be followed up, but I do not feel equal to the effort, especially as my time for such work is so much cut up.

Of course I know that there are differences between us, but we are agreed upon this, at least, that in all the world's story there is no form of comfort and consolation to the masses of the people, suffering and sinning, like that of Jesus of Nazareth ; that no revelation of the Divine has ever spoken with any force beside this revelation ; and that in the sacrament, the nearest approach is given us to this unique Consoler, apart from all the mistakes and misrenderings, and misapprehensions which, some of us think, have darkened His mission from the moment He left the earth. I do not think that it is a wild idea that the sacrament may yet be a basis of reconciliation between the Agnostic and ourselves. The power that won the world must still have some force.

It is Mr. Holland's idea ; what does he think may be done ?

The *Church Eclectic* (New York) compares *John Inglesant* to *Parcival*, and objects to both.—Yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 17, 1882.

My dear Warden—Many thanks for your letter. You need not feel the least “anxiety” that anything short of absolute necessity should affect, so far as my part is concerned, what you are so kind as to call “our friendship.” I value it too much. I scarcely expected a reply to my letter, certainly not an immediate one, and I took the paper as an acknowledgment.

The President of Trinity’s sermon does not address itself to me as the former did, but it is very good. I think, perhaps, the time is scarcely ripe for what I feel will come some time. It is too solemn a subject for me to undertake. I do not, altogether, realise your position. The sacrament and Christ feel to me as one and the same. At least, the sacrament seems to me the means by which God reveals Himself to us, through the medium of that, as I call it, “idea of Christ”—the forces that *are* Christ, not *were*, as somebody (Simcox, I think) says of that unique life and death which has commended itself to mankind more than any other, and should therefore, it seems to me, be accepted by mankind as Divine. This acceptance on the part of the Agnostic puts no limits to the direction in which the extent of the influence may

possibly lead. I do not wish, however, at present to press the question.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Talbot and yourself from us both, and hoping that you will have a most delightful trip to Florence, and find all well on your return, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

PART III

1883-1887

LATER BOOKS—‘LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER,’ ‘SIR PERCIVAL,’ ETC.

OTHER visits and new friendships marked the summer months of 1882. We were welcomed at the Deanery, Worcester, by the Dean and Lady Alwyne Compton, whom we met at the house of an old and honoured friend, Mrs. Wodehouse, at Ham Hill, Powick, and our intercourse with them, and subsequently with Dr. and Mrs. Gott, was always most helpful and happy. In August of 1882, while spending some days with Mrs. Fletcher, at Croft, Ambleside, we lunched with Miss F. Arnold at Fox How, and she showed us manuscripts in her father's handwriting, and the beautiful views from her house, which were so dear to him. And Hawkshead School, where Wordsworth spent his boyhood, was of course interesting to my husband. Mrs. Harrison,

then a very beautiful old lady with snowy hair, was one of Wordsworth's "Doras," and she liked to dwell upon those early days when visitors were brought to see her.

One of our next engagements on returning home was that with Mr. Sandys, to which allusion is made in some of the preceding letters. His work is exquisite, and the upper part of the face perfect in likeness and expression, but, unhappily, the face is made too long—a defect which has characterised some other portraits by this gifted artist.

The visits which I have mentioned, and which were the outcome of *John Inglesant's* success, were only the interludes in a life of active business and of literary work. *The Little Schoolmaster Mark* was published in 1885. It had been previously printed in two small volumes. The first part in March 1884, the second part by Christmas of that year, and then it was issued in one volume. It was very greatly admired, and Canon Ainger in the Temple, and Dr. Paget at Christchurch, preached eloquently upon the lessons it was meant to teach.¹ Able critics have commented upon the beauty of Mr. Shorthouse's style. I may be allowed to say that if genius is

¹ See below, p. 204.

the capacity for taking infinite pains, then my husband might fairly claim to be its possessor. He never wrote carelessly as to the manner of his work, nor without most conscientious and often prayerful anxiety as to its matter. And he very often had the consolation of knowing that his words had met the needs of many wayfarers, who, like himself, were seeking to "tread the King's highway of the Holy Cross."

Sir Percival was published in 1886. It was said, or supposed, at the time, that Mr. Short-house knew Bishop Hannington—even that he must have had letters from him. He not only never knew the Bishop, but had never heard of his name till the sad news of his martyrdom reached this country. He happened simply to read in a newspaper that there was an outbreak of war in Africa, and that an English Bishop was in danger, and this fact no doubt influenced the course of his own fictitious story. In *Sir Percival* there could be no mistake as to the religion of the author of *John Inglesant*, and while I believe that this work, more than any other of his writings, has comforted and helped the religion of others at the time of its publication, on this very account it met with much adverse criticism from those who disliked its tendencies.

It was in 1882 that Mr. Macmillan introduced Mr. Shorthouse to *Links and Clues*, by Lady Welby, and that she read *John Inglesant*. The very full and interesting correspondence between the authors, of which samples have already been given, was the result. In September 1883 we accepted Lady Welby's invitation to spend a few days at Denton Manor, to meet some of her friends who shared her religious opinions and her wonderful grasp of spiritual realities. It was a most inspiring visit, and Denton Manor, then newly built, an extremely beautiful home. Sir William and Lady Welby were most hospitable, and there it was our pleasure and privilege to meet Mrs. Russell Gurney, whose friendship was ours to enjoy to the end of her saintly life.

Early in that year we spent a delightful weekend at Windsor with Canon and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter. Mr. Shorthouse had not seen Windsor before, and had hardly realised its grandeur and its supreme attractions. All was bright and peaceful, and the anthem "God is a Spirit" in the morning service almost overcame him by its exquisite beauty, and our intercourse with Dr.¹ and Mrs. Davidson, and with Mr. and Mrs.

¹ Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

Cornish at Eton, was pleasant at the time, and continued to be so long afterwards. It was hard to realise that so very soon afterwards the death of the Duke of Albany turned all the sunshine into gloom, and the wail of the funeral march told that a beloved member of the Royal family had ended a life of culture and of suffering. The Bishop of Ripon has kindly sent me some of the letters from my husband written in rather later years.

In 1884 Mr. Shorthouse was invited to attend the Royal Academy dinner—an honour which he very greatly appreciated. We stayed at the Inns of Court Hotel, and saw a good deal of Canon Ainger, as the letters will explain. At the private view we met Dr. Benson, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who had lately been in Birmingham. He asked us to lunch with him at Lambeth. Mr. Robert Browning and Dr. Liddon were also at the banquet. Our lunch at Lambeth was one of great enjoyment. The Archbishop showed us all that was most interesting in the Palace, and especially in the library and chapel, pouring out stores of information of the most varied kind, and then took us to the top of the Lollards' Tower, he himself making a most striking picture as he merrily seated himself on the sentinel's box, and

talked and spoke of the days when the Church had been the upholder of the rights of the people.

The Academy dinner charmed my husband. He met many whom he knew well enough to converse with—Professor Huxley, Lord Houghton, Sir Andrew Clark, the Archbishop, Canon Farrar, and Sir George Grove.

After a few days in London we always needed rest, and Freshwater was recommended to us as the most quiet and most healthful part of the Isle of Wight. Besides it was new to us, and we had seen the other side of the island. We found a hotel which was all that we could desire, and decided to stay there for ten days. But here a new and very great pleasure was ours, as Mr. Macmillan told the Tennysons of our coming, and they most courteously invited us to tea at Farringford. It was a magnificent day in May, and a large horse-chestnut by the entrance gate was in full bloom. A little farther on a glowing bush of crimson rhododendron with a carpet of blue forget-me-not at its feet made the approach to the house very beautiful. A warm welcome from Lord and Lady Tennyson awaited us, and we were made at once to feel at home. Her fair little grandsons at the foot of her couch made a charming picture, as sweet, ethereal-looking Lady

Tennyson rose to meet us. Lord Tennyson asked us to come into the garden, and pointed out its varied beauties in a way that showed how intimately he knew every flower and shrub that grew there. And he told me how he had been the first to introduce the forget-me-not into the gardens of the island. "I gave a shilling for the plant I bought," he said, "when we came here first, and now it is everywhere." He took us up into his library and chatted freely there, but when I asked him to let my husband hear him read, he absolutely declined. "No! you must come to dinner, and then I will read to you after it." This we told him we did not wish to do, for Lady Tennyson was a great invalid, and we said we could easily come in after dinner if he would allow us to do so. But he wished us to dine, and, needless to say, it was an honour not to be rejected. Nothing could exceed the kindness of our host and hostess, and of Mr. Hallam Tennyson, and to our great surprise Lady Tennyson came in to dinner—a great effort for her. It seemed rather like a dream to be sitting by the great poet at his own hospitable table, listening to his racy talk and receiving his most polite attentions. It was the custom there—I believe on Lady Tennyson's account—to remove to the drawing-

room for dessert, after which we separated for a time. Then the moon rose, and through the great cedar on the lawn we saw its light approach and fill the room, and when the gentlemen came in, and Lady Tennyson returned to her sofa, we had the great pleasure of hearing Lord Tennyson read three of his favourite poems—the “Ode to the Duke of Wellington,” “Blow, Bugles, Blow,” and “Maud.” Only the candles by his side lit up the book of poems from which he read; the rest of the room was flooded by moonlight. During our stay at Freshwater we were invited to make free use of the gardens, and Mr. Short-house had some pleasant, quiet walks and talks with Lord Tennyson. He said that it reminded him very much of his intercourse with his own father. Miss Weld, who was also with us a great deal, has given a charming picture of the neighbours at Farringford, several of whom we met; and our visit to Mrs. Weld, who was then living at Hawk Crest, was very delightful.

Many of Lord Tennyson's visitors have described his reading of poetry, varying, of course, with their own tastes and sympathies. To me, as we sat in the moonlight listening to the words we loved, I seemed to realise the scenes of very olden days when the bards improvised their own

lays in great baronial halls to enraptured listeners. Dignity, simplicity, and unfeigned kindness marked all our intercourse with the Tennysons at Farringford.

Mr. Shorthouse was much gratified by the invitation which was sent to him in 1892 to be one of the pall-bearers at Lord Tennyson's funeral, and greatly regretted that he was not feeling well enough at the time to accept it.

In 1883 a correspondence began with Mr. Edmund Gosse, whose poems were greatly admired by Mr. Shorthouse. Mr. Gosse has furnished me with some of these letters during the years 1883-93. They are as purely literary as those to Lady Welby may be said to be purely spiritual. When Mr. Gosse lectured at the Midland Institute at the close of 1885, he was, as on several later occasions, our very pleasant guest. Our intercourse with him was always most cordial, and his affection for my beloved husband truly sincere.

In July 1884 the Rev. Isaac Spooner, Vicar

of Edgbaston, died. Mr. Shorthouse loved and respected him, and wrote a short memorial of him for the *Guardian*, which was afterwards printed with some alterations in the form of a booklet for Mrs. Spooner to give to her friends. To one who always valued the services of the Church, a change of vicar could never be a matter of indifference, and it was an untold comfort to him, and to all the congregation, when the Rev. Cresswell Strange accepted the living and became the beloved and respected vicar of an ever-growing congregation, and our kind and valued friend. Sunday was "a day of rest and gladness" always now to Mr. Shorthouse, and I never knew him miss a service, unless prevented by illness, during the whole of his life. He liked to go twice, when possible, but in later years the effort was too much for him. The old church was added to and beautified in every way soon after Canon Strange became Vicar of Edgbaston, and this added greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the congregation.

In the autumn of 1884 we spent a fortnight at Exmouth, and before returning home we accepted Mr. Kekewich's invitation to spend an evening at Peamore. This led to our introduction to Canon Cook in Exeter, and to his niece, Miss

Montgomery, whose sketch of a Sunday at Lansdowne I am allowed to reprint from *Temple Bar*.¹

Exeter Cathedral, its precincts, and the friendships which followed upon this first visit to Canon and Mrs. Cook, were amongst the choicest pleasures of my husband's later years. And at Nutwell Court, a few miles nearer to Exmouth, Lady Drake entertained us hospitably at lunch and showed us all the Drake treasures, which carry you back to Elizabethan days. The green silk scarf and its jewelled pin, which the great Queen fastened herself on the breast of Sir Francis Drake when she knighted him, and a wonderful cup of carved cocoanut surmounted with the gold model of a ship, and her own monogram in small jewels at its base, are heirlooms of rare value and beauty.

It must not be supposed that while steadily attending to business, and filling up his evenings with literary work and occasional social claims, Mr. Shorthouse was altogether indifferent to the municipal interests of Birmingham, his native town. He *felt* strongly, though he could not enter the arena of political strife and effort. And upon one subject—religious education in the Board Schools—he expressed his opinions very forcibly

¹ See p. 397.

in our daily press, and even allowed his name to stand as a candidate for the "Bible Eight" on a School Board election. But this was a mistake, for he could never have borne the strain of work which his election must have entailed. To my intense relief a kind and very able clergyman offered to stand instead of Mr. Shorthouse. But my husband never ceased to use his influence on the side of freedom for all teachers in day schools to be allowed to give religious instruction to the children under their care. He served for many years on the school committee for St. John's, Ladywood, and he took a great interest in the National Society, and was its treasurer for a long time.

In September 1885 Princess Beatrice very graciously sent a beautiful engraving of herself to Mr. Shorthouse in acknowledgment of a copy of *John Inglesant*, which she had accepted as an admirer of the author's works. My husband used to say that Hans Christian Andersen would have written a story upon the arrival of this portrait, because there was only one empty hook in all the room, and that had waited for the coming of a Princess!

In the autumn of 1886 we took our holiday in the eastern counties. Colchester, Ipswich, and

Bury St. Edmund's are full of historic interest as well as picturesque beauty ; but at Bury St. Edmund's the sad tidings reached us of the death of our dearly loved friend Canon Morse. My husband wrote to *The Guardian* by the request of the Dean of Salisbury, and his letter to Mrs. Morse will show how true and deep was his affection for her husband.

We went to Ely, where the Bishop and Lady Alwyne Compton showed us their beautiful cathedral and its precincts, and at Norwich by their request Dean Goulburn made us welcome and introduced us to Mrs. Ripley, who gratified my great desire to see Earlham Hall, the home of the Gurneys and of Elizabeth Fry. She received us as if we had been old friends, showed us the room in which Elizabeth Fry, when quite a girl, was allowed to begin her class for poor girls, and indeed took us all over the house and gardens.

We took Cambridge on our way home, and there Dr. Westcott exerted himself greatly on our behalf. We spent the later part of the evening with him and Mrs. Westcott, Dr. Hort, and Professor Sidgwick. One very impressive sight made that visit to Cambridge memorable to us. Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity, had

died a few days before. It was a moonlight night, and my husband begged me to come out after dinner and see the beautiful screen of King's. We wandered on till we reached the lodge of Trinity, and there we stood a few moments in its shelter. The minute bell was tolling for the dead master. His house alone was darkened—the windows in the great quadrangle were all alight—then a movement behind us startled us, and four men bore a coffin to the master's house. We longed to linger, but it was nine o'clock, and we were told that we must go. Dr. Westcott was most anxious for my husband to be present at the funeral, but this could not be, as attendance was restricted to a very few. But he took us to Trinity Chapel and Library, and there we were shown some hidden treasures which were as new to him as to us, including a rare fragment, in Milton's own handwriting, of the original plan for *Paradise Lost* in the form of a drama, and many other choice manuscripts.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Jan. 5, 1883.

Dear George Macmillan—I am much obliged for the number of *Progress*, which your people have

sent me. I am really glad to see it, because it is exactly the kind of review of which I expected a great many, and had been surprised at their absence. It is far from being without wit, and a glance at the other papers shows that it would have been no compliment to *John Inglesant* had *Progress* admired him.

I am working hard at my paper upon "Humour" for Mr. Grove, and am not without hopes that he may like it; but it is not easy.—With best wishes for the New Year, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. EDMUND GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
April 1, 1883.

My dear Sir—I have to thank you very sincerely for sending me a copy of the *Cornhill*, containing your excellent paper upon Crashaw, and also for the very kind way in which you have there spoken of my book.

It is, you will easily understand, a matter of profound gratification to me, that *John Inglesant* has commended itself to those so competent to form an opinion upon anything relating to the seventeenth century. When, many years ago, I began the book, my principal, perhaps sole object was to endeavour for my own pleasure to realise, if possible, something of that exquisite age-spirit which combined all the finest feelings of our nature, and all the sympathies of our

existence, with a certain picturesqueness of tone and result, which seems to me to mark the seventeenth century. This was my first idea. The philosophy and the story developed itself as I went on, but I should have considered myself amply rewarded if I could have succeeded in catching anything of this spirit. I had to leave out a great deal of detail which, being absolutely *real*, could not fail to have increased this effect.

But what makes your article particularly gratifying to me is, that it seems to me to supply an unintentional, and therefore more perfect answer to Mr. Samuel Gardiner's objections to *John Inglesant* upon the two points upon which his criticism had any interest. I was surprised at his article, because I had, as I thought, previously convinced him that the points on which he condescended to differ from me were of the slightest kind, and this was so much the case, as most of his objections are based upon a superficial reading of *John Inglesant* itself, that it did not seem advisable to enter on any public discussion on the matter ; but there are two points which are interesting, though they have very little to do with a criticism on my book. The first is the extent of the Catholic movement in King Charles the First's time ; the second, the religious character of the conversions made. Gardiner considers that I have much over-estimated the extent of the first, and he has formed a very low estimate of the latter, from the existing letters which he has consulted (discovered) (from the principal Popish agents—Paurani, Con, and Rossetti) : from these

letters he says it is plain "that men, and more women than men, turned Roman Catholics, not because they wished to lead a divine life, but because they were afraid of being damned." This assertion, as you will see, very little affects my book, for in it no account is given of the motives of any "verts" excepting "John Inglesant," and he, properly speaking, never consciously went over to Rome at all; but the whole tone of your paper will go far, I am glad to think, to show the crude and one-sided character of such an assertion.

I have the *very greatest admiration* for Mr. Gardiner's work, and the very greatest respect for his opinion, but I am compelled to think that the habit of exact research has narrowed his perception and grasp of the realities of a past age. When a man says that any one who cared enough for religion to have a passionate devotion to the Sacrament would be indifferent as to whether he received it at the hands of Laud, or at the hands of a Roman Catholic priest, the notion *is one which it is hard to take seriously*.

I think one cannot help feeling that there are religious phases both of this age of the seventeenth century, and of any other age, of which Mr. Gardiner is an absolutely inadequate exponent, and of which he seems incapable of forming a conception.

The conception which you have evidently formed of Nicholas Ferrar is also much nearer to mine than to Mr. Gardiner's. He emphasises the *protestant* element in his character.

I hope you will not regret your kindness, which has

drawn down upon you so voluminous a response (there are several points in your paper to which I would gladly allude); the interest I take in this point of history must be my excuse.

I do not know if you happened to see the little preface I wrote to Mr. Unwin's reprint of the first edition of *The Temple*. If so, I hope you agree with me in protesting against Mr. Simcox's insinuation against Herbert, in Mr. Humphry Ward's *English Poets*.

I am, dear sir, with many thanks and apologies for so far troubling you, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

I venture entirely to differ from Gardiner in his estimate of Laud, as expressed in the article in *Fraser*.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,

April 3, 1883.

My dear Sir—Many thanks for your kind note. I fear that you misunderstood the words that I inserted at the last moment, before closing my letter. In reading it over I found that I had, with unconscious egoism, filled my letter with what was more immediately interesting to myself, and had left no room for any notice of the many points which had struck me in your admirable paper. The idea of criticising it never occurred to me. Your opening words are in precise accord with my own conception of the difference between Herbert and the High Church poets. I have

been blamed in Church circles for saying that there was a total absence of High Church doctrine in Herbert's writings, and therefore am very glad of your corroboration.

It is, as you point out, very unfortunate that we have no fuller biography of Crashaw. It would be difficult to conceive one more interesting. Since you suggest the idea, I can see that I must have been, unconsciously, influenced by his story in *John Inglesant*. I have had several instances of this unconscious action; perhaps the prettiest was supplied me by my friend Professor Bodington of Lincoln College. He was a graduate of Wadham, and, since the book was published, he told me that the founder of Wadham consulted with his friends, whether he should found a Jesuit seminary abroad or a High Church college at Oxford. They decided on the latter, and Bodington supposed that it was a knowledge of this fact that made me send *Inglesant* to Wadham. I was totally ignorant of the matter.

As regards the very interesting comparison between Crashaw's *Death's Duel* and Ford, I would suggest that, although Ford's lines are perfect in their kind, yet Crashaw's poem is surely so much more full and elaborate, that it must be acknowledged to be the more important effort. It is, I think, the most successful attempt with which I am acquainted to perform a most difficult feat—that of reproducing *in words* the nameless delight of music and song.

“Quick volumes of wild notes”; “shrill taste”;

"measures every measure, everywhere meets art with art"; "trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note—a clear, unwrinkled song"; "whose melody could melt into such sweet variety"; "warbling doubt of dallying sweetness"; "whose trembling murmurs melting in wild airs,"—these, and many more, seem to me the expression of a quite unique excellence in this peculiarly delicate and difficult effort. I venture to suggest whether you could add some little expression of this kind to your paper, because I have been much struck with the felicitous sentences in which you have described some aspects of Crashaw's verse—"an indefinable touch of brightness and colour"; "the golden chord of ecstasy"; "shrill and frantic falsetto" "seems trembling with tenderness and passion." (I hope it is not impertinent to say this), and I think you would probably add something equally felicitous to the already existing comparison between the poems.

The effect of Spanish thought upon England is a very striking idea in your paper. Ferrar was much in Spain; you say Ferrar was not in orders—meaning, I suppose, *Priest's* orders. Ferrar was ordained *Deacon* by Laud himself.

The concluding passage in your paper has a delicious effect upon my sense.

I am somewhat at a loss to remember any poems of Donne which affect me in the way you graphically describe; "a line which leaves us faint and throbbing." I have felt this in Donne's *prose*, which, I confess, I have always much preferred to his poetry.

I have scribbled this trifling matter down, not that it is of the slightest value, but to do what I can to remove the mistaken importance I fear you attached to my words.

I should be much gratified if you would allow me to send you a copy of the library edition of *John Inglesant*, on large paper. It would gain additional flavour of seventeenth century reality from such association.—I am, dear sir, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

May 6, 1883.

My dear Warden—I thank you very much for the sermon, which I return. . . .

I must honestly say that I think the pressing the historical argument in the way Westcott does is a mistake, and will, ultimately, be found to be such. I feel this very strongly with regard to Paul of Tarsus: if Paul was mistaken, as he undoubtedly was on other points, where are we? However, my lips are very much closed, as it is, undoubtedly, the fact that it was by the preaching of St. Paul that the Mythos, in great measure, got itself revealed to men; however, some of us may believe that none of the *Apostles* rose to the conception of their Master. . . .—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

June 2, 1883.

I am very glad of the opportunity of writing (which indeed I was intending to do) respecting the new edition of *Links and Clues*, which I procured at once. I had it with me the other day at Keble, and the Warden will tell you how much my admiration of it grows. The "spiritual" insight, so to speak, is to me simply amazing, especially as you tell us that it *is* "insight" and not the result of a profound acquaintance with the thoughts of others. You seem to me to have rediscovered Platonism without, as I suppose, knowing it. Your conceptions of love and will, divine and human, are exquisite.

I still feel the same dissonant note which I did at first (and which you have immortalised in the appendix): it may be that it is owing to a deficiency in my apprehension of what divines call "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." Your view of mankind may be the true one, but it is difficult for me to see it. "The Nathan Word" is a good example; it seems to me that most men of any elevation or refinement of feeling at all would unhesitatingly choose the punishment and the freedom from sin: but, as my wife pointed out, the flaw in an otherwise most striking proposition is that the "penalty or suffering" is necessarily quite undefined, so that the two parts of the proposition cannot be equally realised.

I could have wished that you had perpetuated Lord

Houghton's lines, which I quoted: they seem to me most pregnant with meaning, especially the second,

Sacrifice and self-devotion hallow earth and fill the skies,
And the meanest life is sacred whence the Highest may arise.

You will, I hope, see from these few remarks how very much of interest I should find in talking over your book.

June 10, 1883.

I think I quite understand what you "mean by the word Christ." I should be stupid indeed if I did not understand it after the living and speaking words in which you present your meaning. My difficulty in writing to you is to avoid the appearance of fulsome flattery. I dare not say what I really think, lest you should be disgusted and think that it is insincere. I have just finished reading your paper to my wife after our Sunday early dinner. Was it cut out of *Links and Clues*, or is it to appear elsewhere? The idea of course is not new: I was thinking it out myself the other day with respect to the sense of the extinction and nothingness of the individual, which aspect affords a very striking instance of the dualism of all thought, for you only have to reverse the shield and it seems as though the individual was everything. The concluding passage in your paper rather tends towards this extinction of individual consciousness (I could fancy people tracing the doctrine of "Nirvana" in it), and I feel sometimes that this is an alternative which Christians ought to face. (The idea presents enormous

difficulties.) But though your idea is not new, you have clothed it in language so striking, and in form and expression so new and original, that it comes home to us with extreme force. I remember nothing which seems to grasp the cause of Christ's agony so clearly and with such distinct insight: and your "Let us beware lest we are found with those who laugh His view to scorn when He calleth it a sleep" is wonderfully lovely.

If you think sometimes that I differ from you unnecessarily, it is because I try to find something to say on this side: the other is so easy and so heartfelt.

I had better send back the printed sheets; you may like to send them elsewhere: they will do good wherever they are sent. I will send you before long a little book of extracts from Molinos's *Spiritual Guide*, which a Glasgow publisher has undertaken. I do not know how far you sympathise with the form of the mystical theology—with much of its spirit I am sure you will. I have written a few lines of introduction to the book. It is worth reading, both from its likeness to and diversity from Thomas à Kempis.

I very much hope that I shall some time have the opportunity of assuring you personally how very much we have been impressed by your "method" of putting spiritual things.

FRAGMENT BY J. H. S. UPON MOLINOS

Through the whole course of history few figures seem to me more calm, gracious, and beneficent than

that of this Spanish priest. His temperament was wrought to such fine issues that it appealed instinctively to the lofty and the pure ; he went about doing good ; he vanishes from our sight into his living tomb without striving and without cry, and his voice is no longer heard in the streets.

So always is it with the finest natures : apparent failure is the unalterable seal of their mission, and the immortal influence they exert comes invariably from beyond the grave.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
July 10, 1883.

My dear Mr. Macmillan—Just a line to say that *Mrs. Lorimer* procured me the shortest journey I ever remember ! I read it all the way home, and it lasted the exact time.

We both think it a very pretty, *pure* story, and that the characters are very well and sharply drawn.

The moral is not very clear, but, as far as it is discernible, it is a very good one. There is a beautiful passage about the old rector and his wife, and old people. Thank you again for the book.

I shall take the engraving to be framed to-day, and we must find a good place for it.

It is *possible* to thank you for these little things—for the kindness and pleasure which Mrs. Macmillan

and you have given us, it is *impossible* to thank you. You must carry your kindness a step farther, and believe in a gratitude we cannot express.—With kind remembrances to all, I am, yours very affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

September 11, 1883.

I have been engaged this morning in describing to our first second-hand bookseller, a very intelligent and enterprising man, the treasures at Denton. You should have seen his eyes glisten! He says they have been trying for years to find a *perfect* Nichols' *Leicestershire* for the Corporation Library here, without success; and he declined to estimate what sum a copy like Sir William's would command. . . . I am so glad you like the Church Reformer article. I think it delightful. . . . My wife says I was *four* when sent to school, and as she was at the same school, where we were equally miserable, I suppose she ought to know.

I was thinking when we were speaking, on our last evening at dinner with Mr. Fletcher, upon the relative gifts of speaking attractively and writing, that success in literature, however great, is a far less snare than great success and popularity as a preacher must, I fancy, be. At any rate it is natural that I should console myself thus.

TO CANON BOYD CARPENTER
(Now Bishop of Ripon)

LANSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,
Sept. 15, 1883.

My dear Canon Boyd Carpenter—Many thanks for your letter. At the risk of troubling you I should like to tell you that Mr. Ainger, the Reader of the Temple, whom I have the great pleasure of knowing, *preached* on *Little Mark* some Sundays ago, and sent me a very interesting (as all he writes must be) extract from his sermon. He takes the moral of the story to be that if religion is made a *plaything* or an *art* instead of an absorbing passion it will die.

I would rather say that the story is that of one of many failures to reconcile the artistic with the spiritual aspect of life. If I knew the solution of this problem I would gladly write a *second part*. Can you help me to it? Is religion always to be a stranger and alien from life's *Feast*?

The Prince was not a strong man, but I have great sympathy with him. Was it not the Princess Isoline's disappointment in her extreme phase of religious life that killed Mark?—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,
Nov. 2, 1883.

My dear Warden—I am delighted with your letter, and with the prospect it opens. I fear I cannot help

you much. I do not know any book that would give a truly sympathetic notion of mysticism except one of their own books. Molinos seems to me a very striking example, for he presents to us perhaps the most exaggerated form in the most beautiful language. I know little of Vaughan, but should not recommend him. He was a Dissenter, and I am sure that none such can, properly, grasp the synthesis which unites the Catholic and the mystic.

I cannot see why you regard my position with such relentless suspicion. I never heard that natural religion was inimical to orthodoxy of the most advanced character. My position is only natural religion applied to the *mind*. There is no reason why you should not build *anything* upon it! Indeed I do myself. I believe that every dogma of Christianity is based on scientific truth. I have never forgotten your argument on *character* as opposed to *pure thought*. Indeed, few days pass but that I think of it, and I believe that if even agnostics would adopt my position, they would be drawn on to believe as we believe.

I bought your article on its appearance, and read it with great interest, as did several of my friends here.—With our kindest regards to Mrs. Talbot, I am, yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—We had a delightful time at Denton. I thought of *Keble* as I wrote the last passage.

EXTRACT from a Letter from CANON AINGER to
Mr. SHORTHOUSE

Nov. 23, 1883.

But I did take the great liberty of referring to your story in my last Sunday's sermon, and in these terms:—

“When the little schoolmaster Mark is forced to take up his abode in the clever and polished and wicked world, the world *likes* him for his purity and unworldliness; for the world cannot choose but admire and revere. It sees what benefit religion brings, but it will not surrender itself to it—it will not gaze and gaze and adore, till it assimilates itself to the Divine Ideal. It must needs have Religion for its plaything and its playfellow—a new instrument for its inventiveness and resource. Religion must take its share in the world's Saturnalia. But in the midst of it, the young child droops and falls, and there is a cry of *Look! Look! the child is dying.* And at once the play was stopped. And so the story ends. Most true vision of the end of all such endeavours! Religion must be above *us*, and greater than *us*, if it is to lift us higher. If we put it on our own level, or patronise it, or play with it, it will die. And when it dies, corruption spreads. Society may linger yet for a while in the after-glow of its memory, but the end will not be far off.”

TO CANON AINGER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Nov. 25, 1883.

Dear Mr. Ainger—I am very grateful for your letter, and for the expression of the interest you take in *Little Mark*. If success be ever attained by the writer of what we call fiction, it must be when men of culture perceive in his stories lessons and glimpses of truth such as they have discovered in life itself. For more than this who could wish to hope?

With your interpretation I should be the last to quarrel. In fact, if words mean anything, it is what occurred. But is it all the truth? Can *one* instance, however typical, exhaust the whole of truth? May not something be said for the prince's view of life? May not religion be conceived as a fine art? (Life surely is, or would be, where circumstances allowed.) Where, then, can the line be drawn? for we shall not dispute that religion is a part of life.

Have religionists been so successful as to preclude all idea that there has been a mistake somewhere? Has not fanaticism used your words again and again with baleful effect, "gaze and gaze and adore," and are there not words somewhere about "the wisdom of the serpent," as well as about "the harmlessness of the dove"? May it not be a mission—as it is to show what *life may* be—to show what religion *might* be?—not as an outcast or an alien from life's feast, but as the honoured and presiding guest. Is it because of

such failures as the prince's experiment that the problem is still unsolved? I am glad to think of any work of real art that opposite lessons may be read *into* it, though not, perhaps, *from* it; if it be a true glimpse of life, it must bear different interpretations, as life does. I should not be shocked to find the tale claimed as pessimistic—pessimism must be faced. I should be very glad if my little tale might serve as a peg for such discussion as would bring out more of your thoughts. Shall we *ever* have the pleasure of hearing them here?—With kindest regards from my wife, I am, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 2, 1883.

My dear Mr. Gosse—I feel quite ashamed of your sending me the Lessing as well as your own book; indeed, I think it seems too bad of you to send the Lessing. I shall read your own book with the greatest interest, most of it aloud to my wife, and I am sure we shall enjoy it extremely. Lessing, I fancy I enjoy more *plus Sime*, but I shall know more presently. I have already found one piece of criticism I cordially dissented from.

I have purchased a copy of the *Studies*, which I intend to present to my sister-in-law, Miss Scott, who is the head of the great "Friends" School at York, and the centre of considerable literary activity there; I

always feel bound to look after their culture to some extent.

It has occurred to me that *Little Mark* is interesting as an experiment how far a purely *artistic* tale can be made the medium of philosophical and spiritual instruction ; of course in *John Inglesant* the artistic *form* was purposely and *avowedly* rejected, but as far as I know, no fault can be found with *Little Mark* as an artistic fiction. I fear it will be found that not only its usefulness but its popularity suffers in consequence, but this will prove how right my conception of the power of Philosophical Romance, as described in the preface to *John Inglesant*, and worked out in the book itself, *is*. I hope you will not think this very egotistic.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO CANON AINGER

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
December 3, 1883.

My dear Mr. Ainger—I have ventured to send you a copy of *Little Schoolmaster Mark*, which I hope you will accept in token of the pleasure we have always felt in the recollection of our introduction to you, and of thanks for your last letter. I assure you that this letter has been the cause of much interesting discussion here, and has enabled me to see much clearer the meaning of my own tale. When I wrote it I had before my mind chiefly the study of contrast between

the spiritual life and worldly life in its most attractive form.

It is, however, the distinguishing advantage of fiction that the meaning is not limited to what was in the writer's mind at the time. I should *now* say that the story is the *relation by me of many failures to reconcile the artistic with the spiritual aspect of life*. This, I think, will not interfere with your interpretation, but will at the same time allow for extension of meaning.

The prince was not equal to the task, but who is? He had not only to keep his "Saturnalia" in order, but he was exposed to an unexpected difficulty—the effect upon Mark of the Princess Isoline's disappointment in her religious life. This he probably never dreamt of. Yet was it not this that really killed Mark?

I am very glad I stopped when I did. I heard a voice behind me saying, "You have written enough; stop there."—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Dec. 9, 1883.

My dear Mr. Gosse—I was very glad to get your letter, chiefly from a reason which you may not perhaps guess. I have been wanting to write for three or four days, but shrank from piling letter upon letter. I wanted to tell you how delighted we have been with reading "On Viol and Flute"; it is a most humiliating thought to

me that such poems should have been in print for so many years, and that I should have been ignorant of them. When I finished "Lying on the Grass," my wife said instantly, "I like that better than Tennyson"; almost every poem reminds me of some great poet; but perhaps you will not think this a compliment, but I can honestly say that although this is the case, yet they only remind me of the great poet *at his very best*; indeed, I am in doubt whether the new favourite has not replaced the old! For instance, the "Apotheosis of St. Dorothy" cannot fail to recall Tennyson's "St. Agnes," but it would be difficult to decide between the two poems. I should say that "Old and New" is superior to anything that Swinburne has done in way of contrast of Paganism and the new Faith; the *rush* of the first piece is magnificent, and the antithesis perfect. I hope you have *not* given up writing poetry! I see no reason why you should not put that striking idea of yours, of earthly love leading to heavenly, into an overpowering poem. It is almost done already in "Viol and Flute." There are some wonderful verses in the "Almond Tree," which convey to my mind what you say you get (but I vainly seek for) in *Donne*. At least, I imagine this is what you mean.

I am extremely delighted with "Sunshine before Sunrise"; the last verse has been in my ears (and heart) for days past—

But memory knows not where so white a place is
In all her shining catalogue of hours,
As that one day of silent, warm embraces
Among the cranberry flowers.

This poem, and still more "Elsinore," reminds me of Longfellow at his best, and you must not be angry at this comparison, because he has been, all our lives (to both of us), very dear. In almost all of his poems I seem to see something of that unique gift of *freshness*, both in thought and expression, which I have always taken to constitute the *poet*. I feel this freshness all through the "Viol and Flute." We ought to have another word to express your *real* poets.

I imagine that the sonnets "Fortunate Love" are very perfect in their kind, but I do not *take* to sonnets. I am bowled over by the rush, and rhythm, and rhyme. What I admire so much is that in all the poems such as, "O wind of Provence," etc., the *form* is so perfect, yet it does not dominate the sense in the (to me) painful way that Swinburne's so often does.

I am very much interested in all that you say about Humour and my paper. So far from its being the "last word," the subject seems to me to be barely touched upon yet by any one. This is why no two men ever agree upon a single thought about Humour. I did not say anything against Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, but I adhere to my dislike to *Tom Jones*. I suppose you have arrived at critical conclusions as to what is *Steele's* work and what *Addison's*. I have found it very difficult to decide; otherwise I do not understand your refusal of tenderness to Addison. This is another proof of the unsettled state of the literary thermometer on this subject. We are both extremely struck with your sentence upon *Cowper*. I admire him

extremely, but I fear I never get *near enough to the ground* to be certain that he himself was humorous, though he may say (or relate) humorous things. I think I have known the kind of man you allude to.

I must congratulate you upon the long and intelligent review of the *Studies* in the *Athenæum*. The *instant* welcome the book has received cannot fail to be gratifying to us all. The reviewers are not in a hurry, as you say, to pronounce a verdict on *Little Mark*; perhaps they find it as difficult to understand as the author does! I am rather tempted to try a second part. I had a terrible shriek from an anonymous correspondent the other morning—apparently an evangelical lady! I am very sorry for the good people, but I cannot help it. Nothing seems to me more pathetic than the helpless state of prostration a very little plain speaking throws them into!

This is a terribly long letter, but I feel certain that I have left out much that I meant to say.—With kind remembrances from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO CANON BOYD CARPENTER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 12, 1883.

My dear Canon Boyd Carpenter—The little “apologue” you refer to appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1882. I seem to have only one copy,

and that a poor one, or I would send you one at once. I have no doubt, however, that they are to be procured.

I have always regretted that I saw so little of you when we met at Colonel Ratcliff's. My wife was more fortunate, as she sat by you at dinner, and in consequence greatly enjoyed the evening.

I am naturally much gratified by what you tell me in confidence. I had the honour of being allowed to present a copy of *John Inglesant* to H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, and also, at the request of the librarian, to send a copy to the Queen, but yours is the first intimation I have received of personal interest in the book.—With kindest regards from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

December 18, 1883.

I must send you a line to thank you for your letter of the 9th, which is full of interest, and for the one received to-day with Mr. Farquhar's sentence.

I am constantly receiving letters and suggestions upon *Little Mark* from every conceivable point of view—one from an evangelical lady (anonymous) in a terrible state of distress "that the young should be taught that the good are not happy, and that they will probably die young"! Mr. Clement Ingleby won't believe that Mark is dead. He says, "The Signorina was too young to judge of death, and reasoned falsely from analogy." This is all very interesting. Mr. Farquhar's judgment

on Mark's religion seems justified and strengthened by the above lady's letter. She is evidently something like Mark herself; there is something to me most touching and pathetic in this (helpless?) attitude of some good people. But the point which you raise is *the* point, and I cannot hope to say anything worth saying about it here. I am beginning to feel my way dimly towards a second part, if by any help or insight I can get from others I should be able to do it. I think the entire story might become very fruitful and useful, but at present I am only groping. As you say there must be an antithesis, a contrast of "loss and gain," of joy and sorrow, of the Cross and happiness; we cannot, I think, conceive of heaven even without this. I said this in *Macmillan* in my paper on Humour: "In a perfectly joyful world there would be no such thing as joy," and there is much of the same in the second volume of *John Inglesant*. In a perfectly good and prosperous world *enjoyment* would seem to be the only possible *occupation*. Therefore it would seem that enjoyment must be the end of all (*real*) existence. So far as this is true is it not a truth which has been too much overlooked by religious teachers and thinkers, and may not some of the failure (or inadequate success) of their efforts be traceable to some such mistake? A mistake somewhere I feel sure there is.

Anything that you are good enough to send me at any time, either of your own or others, will always be received with gratitude by me.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 23, 1883.

My dear Warden—I must write a line to thank you for the article on Quietism, and for the kind words you have written about me. The sentence, “The instinct to minister comfort and counsel, which disclosed and concealed itself so gracefully,” is delicious. I can only humbly hope it is deserved.

I think that your diagnosis of Quietism is very acute, and perfectly fair, and I do not see but that a Quietist might accept it without hesitation. James Sime, in his article on the book in the *St. James'* (Oct. 29), says that it produces the effect of a poem rather than of a theological treatise. Should we be wrong in saying that mysticism is the *poetry* of religion? This would be only partially true, for nothing can be more poetical than the Sacrament, but the saying may possess some degree of truth.

“Men of deeper thought or emotion cannot be content with what is outside of them. They need some sure foundation within.” Both Sacramentalism and Quietism provide this. They cannot, therefore, it would seem, be far apart.

We had a delightful time here last week with the Archbishop; the concluding sentences in all his speeches were most beautiful *and* touching.

I think he made a great mark and produced a

powerful effect upon *radical* Birmingham.—I am, my dear Warden, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 30, 1883.

My dear Gosse—Many thanks for the *Pall Mall* with the Warden's article ; it was the first sight I had of it, and it made the breakfast table very pleasant. He told me he was about it, but I expected it in the *Guardian*. What he said of me was very pretty, and I thought his statement of Quietism very fair, but no one could judge of the Warden by his writings—he is so much more charming *himself*.

Now, what am I to say about the *New Poems*? What *can* I say, when all is delightful, when every page is ringing with melody and beauty, like the most perfect bells across the greenest meadows and the freshest streams? "Verdleigh Coppice," I think, struck me first, perhaps because I opened at it, but we are always finding fresh delights in quiet little poems of a perfect pathos and melody: "By the River," "Life in Death," "The Autumn of the World"; the last verse of the "Lost Lyre" is quite wonderful.

My wife wishes me to say that, if your dislike to babies only takes the subtle and lovely form in which it appears in "To my Daughter," she can forgive and understand you.

I like the "Waking of Eurydice" best *before* she is awakened! You feel somewhat of regret that she did wake, or rather, perhaps, *seem* to wake. I don't quite understand what I mean.

You would see "Vernon Lee" (*Academy*) on the *Little Schoolmaster*. It is very entertaining, and has much truth in it; but it is *surface* truth. Her view of *John Inglesant* is that of Leslie Stephen, in the *St. James'* two years ago, nearly, but she takes a different method of expressing it. It is that of all their school; they cannot endure the combination of reason and faith. Her criticism reminded me of the Wesleyan minister who read all Southey's *Life of Wesley*, and put it down with the single remark, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep." I am glad, however, that I am an "optimist," instead of the "pessimist" I have been accused of being. I had rather be the first, but there is some reason in both charges. In one respect she is quite wrong: *I did not go out of my way* to mention her book in the preface. It was simple honesty to do so. If I could only write a second part, she would soon give up her praises of *Little Mark*, and loathe it as much as she does *John Inglesant*.

I have read a good deal of *Gray*¹ which I like very much (a good deal I read aloud). I can understand many sentences much better now that I know that I am reading the prose of a *Poet* (a real poet I mean).

¹ *Life of Gray*, by Edmund Gosse, in the series of "English Men of Letters."

I read a very pretty sentence last night upon Collins.

Macmillan has sent us Seeley's last lectures, *The Expansion of England*, which are very instructive; we have begun them aloud. It is well to vary your reading.

"Desiderium" is very lovely, especially the last verse but one. I see that your printers, like Tennyson's and (my own) *will* print *grey*, *gray*; why is this? I think *grey* is much prettier for the colour.—With kindest regards from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
January 17, 1884.

My dear Macmillan—I send you herewith a little poem which I wrote several years ago. It is interesting to us as recording facts of my own boyhood, and we thought we should like to see it in print. I find the thought and expression is good, but I am not so sure that the *form* is perfect enough for publication; this is a point which I can hardly decide for myself. I intended sending it to Edmund Gosse, whose poetry I admire very much, but I think it better to send it to you direct. If you or Mr. Comyns Carr think it is not up to the mark for publication,¹ you will of course tell me without hesitation.

¹ In the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

One or two of the first lines vary from the others in the first feet ; whether this matters in a poem of this kind, where the sense is the first object, not the form, you must decide. The rhyme “far”—“mama,” “star”—“mama,” though, I believe, perfect in *sound*, *looks* very badly. If it cannot pass, it is fatal to the poem, for there is no perfect rhyme for *Mama* in the English language except “Papa.” This is the result of admitting conventionalities into poetry, but it gives great point to a certain kind of poetry—that of the Barry Cornwall school.

I am much obliged by Mr. Craik’s letter, received this morning. Cornish’s have been in a great state about having no *John Inglesants* ; Linnell told me yesterday a gentleman was in such a rage, he was quite alarmed ! —Yours always sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—We have heard of “Old Memnon” before, but there is not much about him.

TO MR. COMYNS CARR

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Feb. 1, 1884.

Dear Sir—I have consulted Lord Houghton, who was in this neighbourhood last week, about the rhymes “dawn,” “morn,” to which he does not object, and I have found them in Matthew Arnold. Lord Houghton will not allow the word *Mama* to be suitable for poetry

me all about them that I need to know.—With kind regards from my wife, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I need not say that in my estimation no greater honour could be paid to any living man than to ask him to write upon Mr. Maurice.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Feb. 25, 1884.

My dear Warden—Have you seen *Pericles Brum*, a sentimental romance, by Austen Pember? I should like you to read the sketch of Oxford, after sixty more years of free thought and liberalism. I think it is decidedly clever.

Lady Welby tells me that you are writing on Maurice. I am rather ashamed, as I have been persuaded to write an article for the *Nineteenth Century*. I have kept out of controversy as much as possible.—With kindest regards from us both, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO CANON BOYD CARPENTER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
March 7, 1884.

My dear Canon Boyd Carpenter—Many thanks for your most kind letter and most kind wish to see us at

Windsor this month. I have read your final chapter to *Little Mark* with the greatest pleasure and interest. The opening is singularly like what I have written, only I think Mark *is* dead, and I fear the Princess (wife) must go through a longer purgation. Your idea I think is just what we want—the ideal of the Greeks—the godlike and the beautiful in one. What we want is to apply it to real life. We all understand that art should be religious, but it is more difficult to understand how religion may be an art. I am not without hopes that it may gradually work itself out.—I am, yours very sincerely, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—At Colonel Maurice's request I have written an article on his father for the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a wonderful subject, and a great honour, but rather terrible.

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
April 1, 1884.

My dear Canon Boyd Carpenter—Many thanks for your kind letter; we were quite ashamed at sending you so many books, and very glad that you are not overwhelmed.

The verses on the Prince belong to *you*. I do not mean to make any further use of them. I would not let the week which began so happily for us in Windsor Castle pass without expressing in some feeble way my sympathy in the sorrow and compassion which the nation is feeling, and the obvious adaptation of the

Dean's poem struck me as very forcible, which no doubt others will make use of.

If you think that the Princess would like to see the lines make what use of them you will. I am not sure whether the first three verses would not end better—He travelled *Here*.—With kindest regards to Mrs. Carpenter, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

THE UNTRAVELLED TRAVELLER

Dean Stanley.

Through Science' mazy lore,
Through Art's environment,
Through Music's blandishment,
He travelled once.

Through Love, our Human Love,
Through Hearts of Peasant born,
Through courtly life and purified
He travelled once.

For good of suffering men,
For love of Human kind,
In travailing for Truth
He travelled once.

And now beyond the stars,
Beyond the passion of our trembling love,
Beyond our groping quest,
He travels still.

The Eternal Spaces opening,
The Love, not ours, encompassing,
Travail, not ours, inspiriting,
He travels on.

The Iris bow of Love,
 The Halo round the face of Love,
 The Welcome of the Man of Love,
 The Throne of God.

J. H. S.

5th Sunday in Lent, 1884.

TO CANON AINGER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
April 27, 1884.

My dear Ainger—Very many thanks for your letter. We are so pleased that you are willing to spend part of Sunday next with us. I fear it would be going very far to suggest a return to *dinner* at Lincoln's Inn, but the suggestion may be modestly thrown out. It would give us the greatest pleasure were it possible. Do we require orders for admission to any part of the Temple Church? We should like to go there in the *morning* as well, but are quite content with any part.

I return the interpretation with many thanks. I am very pleased with the idea of false and true art; this will be helpful. The whole paper is very like one which dear Mrs. Russell Gurney sent me as soon as the Tale appeared. I would copy it, but it is so like the one you have, that it is hardly worth while. She says, "Once I thought the whole was a scene in 'Mansoul,' as Bunyan would call it, that 'Mark' was the conscience or divinely-born spirit, the Prince the reasoning faculty, the Princess the earth-born Psyche allied to the outward, while the Signorina was the art-

winged one, the counterpart of dear, subtle, humorous old Arlechino, the etherial clown, questioning with Mark concerning art-life so wondrously. Was he the human, sensuous Perception? But no! the simple dignity and unity of the poem seems to fritter at such attempts to label."

I do not wonder that you were struck with the anecdote of the Wesleyan minister; it is one of those things which are pungent with vital salt to the end of time.

Hoping to meet you after the morning service, and that you will give us as much time that day as you can, I am, with kindest remembrances from my wife,
yours very sincerely, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

"Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

TO CANON BOYD CARPENTER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
May 24, 1884.

My dear Canon Boyd Carpenter—I should be very glad to help your brother in any way I could, but my difficulty in speaking makes it quite impossible to lecture or read in public. I look on this, I confess, as a remarkable instance of compensation, for were I involved in public speaking and lecturing in addition to all my other work and excitement, I should not be long in this world, I think.

We have just had two delightful weeks in the South.

We went up to London to attend the Academy dinner, and lunched at Lambeth, where the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson showed us everything, and then went on to Freshwater, where we saw a great deal of the Tennysons. Lord Tennyson asked us to dinner and read us some of his poems. This was a delightful experience. I also enjoyed two long walks with him ; he was most kind. Hallam Tennyson is very charming.—With kindest regards to Mrs. Boyd Carpenter from us both, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO CANON AINGER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Oct. 2, 1884.

Dear Mr. Ainger—Very many thanks for your most kind letter. We are delighted that you think the Second Part successful. It was somewhat of a risk, but I am quite satisfied with the course I took. I never could have written the Second Part but for the conversations and suggestions which resulted from the First, and the fact that a story has grown gradually in the author's mind is, I think, of immense advantage every way.

I think when the two parts are published together the Tale will be seen to develop itself naturally. I hope you will allow me to send you one of the first copies.

I need not say how much we are looking forward

to your visit. My wife will venture, from what you said, to ask some people to meet you on *Tuesday* evening.—With kindest regards from my wife, yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—The action and re-action of feeling on musical tone has long been a subject of interest to me. I am certain that some time a *great musical tale* will be written by some one, and will be a revelation to all of us.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
October 16, 1884.

Dear George Macmillan—We like Exmouth more and more each time we come, but one very great charm is that we see and know *no one* here! We are going to Mr. Kekewich's at Pearmore, near Exeter, for one night, but they are very *old* friends, and we only consented to go for one night.

The great charm about Exmouth is its combination of wood and water, sea and hills and fields. The drives and walks are close at hand, and so pleasant, and the little town and shops just give sufficient interest and convenience, and you can pick up an old book or a nice bit of china occasionally.

We have very good, even luxurious lodgings, with a charming old lady who is an excellent cook.

There was a Regatta here on Monday, which was

an unusual excitement.—With kind remembrances to Mrs. Macmillan and yourself from us both, I am,
yours,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

November 23, 1884.

. . . I understand so well what you say about not being able to write, but the contrast is so great—sometimes it is so easy to write, the words seem put into our mouths ; at other times it seems so impossible to say a word that I am driven to the thought that we are not left to ourselves, that when we cannot write it is because what we want to say, in our self-will, is not what God wishes us to say, and that when we write freely (some things that we say are so much above our own feelings and conceptions) we cannot help believing that they were suggested for some merciful end. We are in the hands of One who cannot err. You say yourself that you “have been able to write to those under the bitter pressure of doubt.” Does not this seem to prove what I say? No doubt it was to these that God intended you to be a help.

Let but my fainting heart be bless'd
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :
Thy will be done.

If we have been able to write at any time anything, any word, in His service, we may surely “leave the rest.”

We had a fortnight's rest in Devonshire in October, which we enjoyed very much. We had the pleasure of leaving *Links and Clues* with Lady Drake and with another friend or two in those parts. It is a great advantage to have such a book which we can give in acknowledgment of kindness which it is sometimes difficult in other ways to repay. . . . I hope you will let me send you a copy of both parts of *Little Mark* when they are published together about Christmas ; they should be read together to be understood.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Dec. 14, 1884.

My dear Macmillan—Many thanks for your letter. I shall wait with patience for the complete volume in the spring.

I *had* a copy of *Bocalioni* when I was writing *John Inglesant*, and had read it, previously, with some care, but I think I must have parted with it, as I cannot lay my hand upon it. I had also a copy of Castiglione's *Cortegiano*, which I also read, though, as far as I remember, it is a dull, stupid book. I do not think I shall want *either* for my *Romance of the Renaissance*, which, Mrs. Macmillan may be amused with hearing, has made a beginning, and is already in some shape. I have plenty of materials—too many, in fact ; what is wanting is genius to mould them.

Do you know anything of Pietro Pomponaggo of

Mantua, who, in 1516, appears to have been condemned for Atheism, for a treatise in *favour* of the "Immortality of the Soul"? It is true he was defended by Cardinal Bembo; still it is curious. I cannot find anything about him in Maurice.

My tale will be *very* difficult, and take a long time, but we must not despair!

I have had two charming letters from Lady Welby lately.—With kindest regards from us both, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Feb. 8, 1885.

My dear Macmillan—Many thanks for the Jesuit's letter, and for *your account of him*, which is very interesting. I remember reading a review of his book somewhere. If I come across it, I will look it up, but I do not expect that anything of Aquinas or Aristotle will touch me.

If you see your way presently to publish *Little Mark* in one book, I feel sure it will, in time, make its way. It is terribly handicapped by having appeared in so popular and widely read a magazine as the *English Illustrated*.

I had a letter yesterday from a "Wadham" man, who says that there was an "Inglesant" at Wadham early in the seventeenth century, who gave them a cup, out of which he has drunk! This is delightful.—Yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

February 15, 1885.

I am very much struck by the *Echo of Larger Life*. I always have a difficulty in writing of your work because I always have to say the same thing, and it seems so like mere politeness. But really and sincerely no one seems to me to grasp and express what is most difficult to grasp and express—the timeless, spaceless, and matterless life—as you do. I sometimes think that your soul (or spirit) must be a metempsychosis of that of Plato, enlarged and instructed by his experience and growth since he passed into the unseen. It would take a very great poet to improve upon your words ; indeed such prose sentences as “the solemn note then struck by the bell of life, the vibrations of which, though to us over in a few seconds, were once to him as long and weary years.” Or “there is something better still—nobler than untried content—teach us how to suffer, give us pain,” could not be improved, I think, by any poet.

I think that, perhaps, the part about *halfness* might be made a little clearer. I hardly know whether I quite understand your point here. It has been asserted that the Catholic Church even teaches that there is no such thing as evil ; what seems to us such is only failure to grasp the good. Were good wholly grasped, evil would be excluded, for there would be no room in consciousness for it ; but it is very doubtful to me whether this would be at all a desirable condition of spirit, or whether it is, in fact, anything different from Nirvana or absolute absorption into the Being of God.

I am sorry that you are for the present disappointed about the *Focus*, but I am clear myself that your line is much more in the direction of *great sustained effort* than you think. Did you never feel drawn to throw such thoughts and dramas (for *it is a species of "spiritual drama"*) as this *Echo* into the form, not of poetry,—that is crippling,—but of *character sketch* or narrative? There is so much in *Links and Clues* which is dramatic in everything save the outward form, I grudge that all this should not be given to the world in the aspect which is most certain to live. It is the dramatic form of Plato's *Dialogues* which has ensured their reception often, when otherwise they would have been ignored and passed by. . . .

I am working at a romance of the period of the later Italian Renaissance; whether it ever will come to anything I do not know, but I find it immensely interesting. The conflicting aspects of thought and feeling are wonderfully various and graphic.

TO MR. MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

March 17, 1885.

My dear Macmillan—I have to thank you for the copies of the *Little Schoolmaster* as a whole, and still more for bringing it out. I like it in its present form very much, and the story is much improved by being seen as a whole. I am sending a copy to John Addington Symonds at Davos.

He has been greatly interested in the first part, but has not seen the second. I hope to get some little help from him as to the Renaissance Romance, which he is kind enough to take an interest in, but I cannot say that I get on so well in it as I hoped ; it is a very complicated subject.

We are looking forward, somewhat anxiously, to Mrs. Ritchie's story in *Macmillan*. The opening is promising, but she has such a beautiful past to reproduce and maintain.

I have sent a copy of *Little Mark* to Mrs. Cornish of Eton, who wrote to me very kindly the other day about the second part, which she had just read.—With kind remembrances from us both, yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 26, 1885.

My dear Warden—Canon Paget, with his usual kindness to us, which, like that of some other people, is quite surprising, sent us a letter from Archdeacon Palmer, containing an extract from a letter of yours describing the successful journey you made to Wimbledon. I *need* not tell you how delighted we were to hear the move had been so happily accomplished, but I *cannot* tell you how much the extract struck my fancy, and how clearly I seemed to see you, and to sympathise with the feeling of renewed health and return to the

activity and to the scenes and movement of actual life. Paget says, "I think I know no one to whom the excellent news of the enclosed will give more pleasure than to you and Mrs. Shorthouse," and, arrogant as the assumption may seem, I think that he is right. It is a subject of heartfelt gratitude to the Giver of all good to be able to think of you enjoying this glorious weather, in a lovely place, and with all the ecstatic enjoyment of recovered, or recovering health.

We are enjoying our beautiful gardens, and witnessing our friends' pleasure in them. We find that to have a *few friends at a time* to afternoon tea is one of the most restful and pleasantest forms of society in this summer weather,—much preferable to large garden parties. We have also enjoyed one or two drives to lunch at *country vicarages*, the most delightful way I know of spending a day.—With very kind remembrances and congratulations from my wife, I am, with kindest regards to Mrs. Talbot, yours always sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

PWLLYCROCHAN HOTEL,
COLWYN BAY, *Oct. 20, 1885.*

My dear Mr. Gosse—I was delighted with your charming letter. The "cordon d'estime," which united us in so subtle a manner the other day, is very familiar to me; I have known numberless instances! Some time I must tell you a very pretty story of what

happened to me in a dream about Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatism*, Matthew Arnold's "Scholar Gipsy," and a "museum copy."

We are staying here for a few days before winter sets in. We had a wonderful day on Saturday, and drove into Llandudno and round the Great Orme, and had a wonderful vision of sea and great mountains in a pale white mist trembling into blue,—the lower world hidden from sight, as though, as my wife thought, we saw one of the primeval days of creation, and the earth forming out of void.

You are very kind to ask about my work. I got some way into a romance of the later Renaissance, 1490 to 1510, just before the French and Germans broke in upon Italy, and had got the characters pretty well in hand, but became oppressed by the greatness of the subject, and it is laid by indefinitely. It interested me very much, and I had some very nice letters from J. Addington Symonds.

I don't think that *Little Mark* is sufficiently appreciated, and am inclined to wait till people wake up to estimate that work. Ainger is enthusiastic about it, and several more whose opinion is most worth having. It is only meant as a suggestion, but I want it followed up. Some day a great musical and art novel will be written which will be a revelation to mankind; I want the technical knowledge to do it. We shall look forward with great pleasure to your visit.—With kindest regards from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

December 20, 1885.

I thank you very much for sending me the Questions. They are, as all that comes from you is, fruitful, original, and suggestive. I have read them several times with great attention. Sometimes I have wished that the mind which suggested the query had vouchsafed the answer.

We have not seen the Dean and Lady Alwyne since their change has been announced. I am very much surprised. We have seen a great deal of them lately, and their influence in this neighbourhood was so extremely powerful for good, for bringing classes together, and for the highest culture, and the Deanery itself was such a centre of light and leading in a district that needs this sort of thing more than anything else, that it must have been a very strong sense of duty that has drawn them elsewhere. . . . Question 31 seems to contain the germ of an exquisite parable or Spiritual Tale. No 13 strikes me very much, also 14.

TO MR. G. L. CRAIK

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Jan. 20, 1886.

Dear Mr. Craik— . . . We have been much struck by the last number of *Macmillan* (the *old Magazine*). I was delighted with Mr. Saintsbury's paper on "George Borrow." I have always admired Borrow, and wrote some essays upon him five-and-twenty years ago.

“The King’s Daughter in Danger” and a “Strange Temptation” are both very striking. Is the latter by Mrs. Oliphant? Altogether a remarkable number!—With kindest remembrances from us both to Mrs. Craik, who, I hope, is well, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Feb. 14, 1886.

Dear George Macmillan—Have you read Louis Stevenson’s *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*? I have not thought much of the one book of his I have read, but this little story strikes me as a very remarkable effort. It is the most horrible story I ever read, but it is very powerful, and seems to me to be a most striking and perfect allegory, told with a realistic skill which immensely adds to its force. I should have been tempted to have kept it by me and worked it up, but it may be all the better as it is.—I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. CRAIK

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
June 25, 1886.

My dear Mr. Craik—Many thanks for your kind note. *Sir Percival* is quite ready, and I will send the MS. up when I have gone through it once more.

I *decidedly object* to its appearing first in the Magazine ; you will see yourself that it would be quite unsuitable. It is, in fact, almost a devotional book, and contains a complete sermon.

I do not intend to publish again in magazines, unless I might happen to stumble on some small brilliant tale, which is not, alas ! an incident of frequent occurrence. I think such publication is prejudicial to the influence of books meant to last ; people read them in a magazine, and forget all about them ; if they read them first in a book, they are much more likely to return to them again.—With kindest regards from us both to Mrs. Craik and yourself, I am, yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. MORSE

THE ANGEL HOTEL, BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
September 19, 1886.

My dear Mrs. Morse—I need not tell you how great the shock was to us when we opened our budget of letters from home this morning at breakfast in this beautiful place and read Winifred's note, which we thank her much for writing.

I have always said that I had *three* fathers : my own natural father, Dr. Evans, who absolutely saved my life when a little child, and Mr. Morse, whom I always called my spiritual father ; now I have lost them all.

I am very pleased to remember that when you were in Edgbaston in June I told him, when we were alone after dinner, that I should never forget the smile with which he greeted me when he came into the library of Ladywood to speak to me for the first time. I never knew such a smile as his was ; indeed, we never knew such a man, and to us, at least, such a man will never live on this earth.

At this moment the feeling with which I listened to his earliest sermons, and numberless instances of our early and later intercourse, are as clear and distinct in my memory as if they were but yesterday.

Hereafter I confidently hope that many thoughts will come to you suggesting that this sudden stroke was really a merciful message from his Father in heaven.

I know I have found this to be so in the case of my own father, whose death at the time I felt most acutely, and circumstances that have happened since have shown me this ; but I do not presume to offer any such consolation, which must always seem intrusive *now*.

I only write these few lines to assure you of what, I am sure, you do not need to be told—of the intense affection and gratitude I always felt for him, and of the sympathy which we feel for you all this day.—I am, my dear Mrs. Morse, yours most sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE,

TO LADY WELBY

November 5, 1886.

I venture to send you by this post a copy of my new book, *Sir Percival*. I should have sent it several days ago, but I was not sure that you were in England. I hear from Lady Newport this morning that she expects to be with you at Denton shortly, so I send my book at once. You will readily believe that there is no one whose interest in what I write is of more value to me than yours.

We heard of you from the Talbots, whom we saw very unexpectedly for a short time in Cambridge. This was a delightful surprise, and we were very glad to see the Warden so much better and able to walk. We go to them to-morrow for Sunday, and to Christ Church for Tuesday. . . .

Sir Percival is perhaps as bold a venture as a writer ever wished. The effort to describe a conscious existence within the grace of God is perhaps an impossible one. To those who are ignorant of such existence it must seem *unreal*. To those who happily are familiar with such existence it must seem inadequate. Some perhaps there may be who have a glimmering of such a possible existence to whom such a book may be a help. As you told me that you have had some intercourse with her, it is perhaps honest to say that *Sir Percival* is written against a certain very definite school of thought in London, and especially against "Vernon Lee."

I was disappointed with Julia Wedgwood's notice—perhaps because I expected insight from her more than from others. She does not seem to me to have grasped in one particular the meaning of the book, and she is very unfortunate in her facts. The sentence about Miss Brontë is just one of those critics are so fond of which mean nothing. The impression intended by Constance Lisle was anything but that of "womanly softness." The "motif" of Constance's life was that she was *consciously* within the grace of God. Virginia was not. The comparison with Anne Elliot is also most unhappy. The perfection of that creation lies in the nameless overpowering charm which every character in the book felt, and which the world has felt ever since, and will feel as long as feeling lasts. She was not perfect, and her fault, unfortunately for Miss Wedgwood, was *self-consciousness*. She is not a favourite with many of the most devoted "Austenites," and the one act of her life (one that is the crowning act of the book) which her friends have perhaps some difficulty in justifying is that exquisite expression of her most sacred thought and feeling to Captain Harville, *knowing as she did that Wentworth was listening to every word*. Julia Wedgwood is also quite wrong about men's dress, on dress occasions, between 1820 and 1830, and also as regards those whom she somewhat oddly calls "people of quality." It will be a very sad thing for England when the true aristocracy cease to think, and on proper occasions *speak*, of themselves as "nobles."

I fear that you may regret having drawn upon your-

self so long a reply to your kindness, but I think so much of your appreciation that this is all the excuse I can offer. I also think very much of what Julia Wedgwood has written on previous occasions, which will explain why I feel a sense of disappointment now. I need not say how we shall welcome your "thought" which you promise us. I shall ever revert to *Links and Clues* for delight and strength.

December 27, 1886.

We thank you so much for your lovely delicate card with its delicious little bird. We have the sketch you sent us from St. Leonard's enshrined in our favourite cabinet, and this will go by it. It is I who ought to ask forgiveness for not writing to acknowledge your striking lines "Understood." My wife has urged me to do so more than once, but I feel more and more the difficulty there is in *writing* between writers. As to my books, I always wish them to stand entirely apart from the author ; indeed, a perfect book would be one which *had no author at all*. It is, of course, an exceeding great reward to be assured that what one has written has helped any to a higher life, and to those who write to us simply and spontaneously to tell us this, we cannot be too grateful, but I always myself shrink from doing more than this even to those I know (I never write to strangers), for, as you say, one feels so strongly that the part of a reader is to *listen*, not to *misunderstand*.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

Nov. 23, 1886.

. . . I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the remarkably unbroken unanimity of kindly and generous sympathy and apprehension which I receive from Scotland. This was the case from the very first, and now day after day brings me papers from every part of Scotland full of the same discerning sympathy ; all these reviews have the impress of the literary excellence for which Scotland has always been famous. One from Dundee this morning, for instance, speaks of the "quaint fervour of Simeon," a most perfect epithet.

TO CANON AINGER

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,

Nov. 28, 1886.

My dear Ainger—I am really grateful to you for your letter, for I was somewhat anxious to find how *Sir Percival* struck you.

As for the difficulty with regard to the allegorical consistency, I think I can dispose of that at once. So far as I know, I never wrote an allegory, and never shall ; indeed, I scarcely know what such a thing is. With the exception of *Pilgrim's Progress* and of Adams's *Allegories*, which I have forgotten, I really do not know what an allegory is, except that I suppose it must be something like Noel Paton's pictures, which I confess I do not care for.

All true human life, I suppose, is symbolical, but this is because it is *life*; it is not life because it is allegorical. I understand Mrs. Paravicini's letter in this sense, though Hutton seemed to regard it otherwise. I never could contrive a simile even, without finding it most difficult to make "it run on all fours," and I should think that any one who wants to make an allegory out of either *Little Mark* or *Sir Percival* will find all kinds of jarring notes. I have reason to believe that Lady Elizabeth was *not* the DEVIL (and indeed, as the Duke admired her, I should think she must have been a pleasing old lady when understood); at any rate she did her best to get Percival a good wife.

Neither can I see how Virginia can stand for the *flesh*; she is *drawn from the life*. Every word she said has been said to me by girl Agnostics, and one, at least, died exactly as she died—I have no hesitation in saying in the service of God, whom she fancied that she did not know.

Constance seems to me to have been exactly what she tells us she was (p. 264)—a visionary, frail, unformed girl, very much in love, but she was by the grace of God something more than this, and "His special grace preventing her," she won Percival to herself *in God*.

I do not think that an English girl who falls in love is necessarily to be described as "trying to catch" a young man. Constance has been sneered at by some of the reviewers *for giving up at once*. She saw, with the insight of *all* clever girls, that Percival could never be hers, and she saw this with a certainty (page 160)

that made all effort, all struggle, useless—nay, unbecoming and unimaginable; but she was something more than “a clever girl,” she was a *woman*, and once or twice some faint hope flashed across her mind.

With regard to the “Christian native” and the gold, I *did mean it*, and some considerable qualms of conscience *haunted me at the time*. I cannot even now decide whether I was right or wrong. It is too late now.

I am very much pleased with the notice in the *Saturday*. Except in those parts where *art* is impossible in a novel with a purpose, as all my books are, I take it that *Sir Percival* is *too good art*. It would have been understood better in some quarters if the art had been more openly shown.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. EVANS

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
December 18, 1886.

My dear Margaret—How extremely kind of you to procure for me the excellent photographs of Moseley garden, which I shall value so highly both as coming from you, and also as recalling so vividly that happy place and time—a place and time that seems so entirely of the past, so changed is England within the last forty years. Several things in *Sir Percival* are taken from our childhood's days, *e.g.* “Mr. Priest,” from Ann Priest at Carr Wood,

I am very glad to hear that aunt is better. As soon as I can get a day at home, I am hoping to come in to see her.—With best love from us both, I am, my dear Margaret, your affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MAURICE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 19, 1886.

Dear Maurice Macmillan—Could you send me another copy of *Sir Percival* in the "Colonial Library" in cloth? I have received a very charming letter about *John Inglesant* from a man in Oudh, an assistant magistrate in the Civil Service of Bengal, and I should like to send him a *Sir Percival* in the "Colonial Library"; it might interest him in the Library itself.

I have received some very gratifying reviews already from America. One in the Boston paper commemorating the celebration of the Harvard "quarter Millennial," with speeches by Russell Lowell and "her most illustrious sons."

Lowell's prose reminds me of old Sir Thomas Browne more than that of any writer, living or dead.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I am very much impressed with the new "Locksley Hall"; some of the passages seem to me as fine as anything Lord Tennyson has ever done.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 22, 1886.

Dear Maurice Macmillan—Many thanks for the copy of *Sir Percival*. I have often thought of explaining that I like to send copies of my books myself, because I can write the inscription in them, and also because it is kinder to one's local "bookseller," and I sympathise very much with booksellers in these days of competition. I have sent more than fifty copies of *Sir Percival*, including the six you sent me.

It is possible that the following extract from a letter I received a fortnight ago from the Warden of Keble may be of interest to you:—"It may be pleasant to you to hear that my wife, when she went to Hawarden a week or two ago, found Mr. Gladstone admiring *Sir Percival* much; and I hear the same from those good judges, Arthur Lyttelton and his wife at Selwyn."—
Yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

PART IV

1887-1900

LATER YEARS—‘BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE’

No appreciation of his writings pleased Mr. Shorthouse more than that of good women. And he in turn had pleasant intercourse with some of the lady authors whose books he admired. Mary Howitt wrote to him from Rome not long before her death. Mrs. Humphry Ward we met several times in London; Lady Welby, as I have said, at Denton Manor; Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) at Clovelly Rectory, where she and her husband gave us a most cordial greeting. My husband was very strongly attracted to Mr. Harrison, and his death was a sorrow to him. “He was one of the few men,” he would say, “whom I could say that I really *loved*.” Mrs. Sidney Lear we met at the Deanery of Salisbury; Miss Peard, whose fascinating books for young people made delightful Christmas and birthday

presents, at Exeter, and Teignmouth, and Torquay. Miss Yonge corresponded once or twice, but we just missed her in London. And when spending a happy week-end at Eton, our kind hostess, Mrs. F. Cornish, arranged for us to call upon Mrs. Oliphant. This was a special pleasure, as it enabled Mr. Shorthouse to thank her for the very appreciative review of *John Inglesant* in *Blackwood* which she wrote years before. She was indeed a most attractive woman; her sweet face, silvery voice, and pleasant manner combined to make her presence delightful, and when we saw her, her sons were living, and she spoke of them with all a mother's fondness. She was then very bright and cheerful.

Lady Sophia Palmer was several times at Lansdowne, twice with Lord Selborne, and when we were at Bramshott Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan drove us to the village of Selborne, where we lunched, and on to Blackmoor Park, where, for the last time, we saw Lord Selborne, then an invalid, in his own study at his own most stately and beautiful home; and Lady Sophia gave us the four volumes of his life which she edited after his death.

In the autumn of 1887 we went to Ilfracombe, where, as we knew no one, and resolutely

abstained from making any acquaintance, we always had entire rest, and it was during our several visits to this beautiful place that the scenery of North Devon became dear to my husband, and made the story of *Blanche, Lady Falaise*, a labour of love. Many of its beautiful descriptions are vivid pictures of the scenes which met us in our walks and drives. For, while Mr. Shorthouse may not have enjoyed walking in the sense that a strong pedestrian understands a walk, it was in fact his favourite exercise. Long, quiet, meditative rambles in pleasant places were ever his delight. He always had a solitary walk, mostly twice a day, besides accompanying me in a bath chair, so that I might share the views that he had enjoyed himself, and taking shorter walks with me, so that really, except when driving, he was on foot most of the day. And at home, till within a very few years of his death, he always preferred to walk into town and back, and a great deal also in the town itself. He said that it soothed his brain more than anything else.

Blanche, Lady Falaise, met with a very favourable reception from some of the leading reviews, and some of the author's most valued friends agreed with him in preferring it to any of his

smaller works. Some were inclined to dispute the probability of a girl's finding it possible to blame herself for the cruel usage and desertion of another, but, curiously enough, long afterwards, when reading the *Life of Mrs. Booth*, I found in this unlooked-for quarter the true story of a young Wesleyan lady who had, like Blanche, given her heart with no reserve to a minister, and was trying in every way to prepare herself for the life which lay before her, when her faithless lover left her for a richer lady. This poor girl distressed Mrs. Booth by persistently blaming herself instead of her unworthy suitor. With the general public I have been told that the book was a failure. This was the last romance that Mr. Shorthouse was able to complete. He found that the labour of preparing for publication was too burdensome for continuance, as he only retired from business within a year of his death.

But the friendships and occasional delightful visits which resulted from his literary work enriched all his later years. Ely, Ripon, Oxford, Rochester, Bramshott Chase, the beautiful home of the Alexander Macmillans, and their house in Portland Place, were all the scenes of happy intercourse, and in his own home old friends and near relations were with us still.

But as life advanced our experience was that which is "common to all men." Our dear ones pass away. Dr. Jordan died in May 1890. His letters to Dr. and Mrs. Jordan will best reveal my husband's deep affection for him. In 1892 and 1893 two dear brothers of mine were called away, leaving a sad blank in our family circle. In 1896 we lost our true and honoured friend Alexander Macmillan. All our intercourse with him had been happy and inspiring, and my husband longed to see a worthy record of his truly noble life.

During the last ten years of Mr. Shorthouse's life we declined all evening visiting, and saw our friends mostly in an afternoon. Tuesday was usually taken now as a day of rest as well as Sunday, and this enabled him to attend to business longer than he could otherwise have done, for he was only too truly older in constitution than in age. Quiet home life had ever been dear to him, and his bright presence made it always cheerful. His high ideal of courtesy in daily life, which finds expression so often in his writings, was most truly carried out by himself. He once amused me by relating an occurrence in New Market Street, the place of business of his father. A great noise was disturbing the neigh-

bourhood, and my husband went out to find the cause. It was a quarrel between an unhappy woman and a drunken husband, who was brandishing a knife on his door-step, and so a crowd had collected, and the wife was naturally excited and indignant. I asked what he did to quiet the disturbance. "Oh," he said, "I walked a little way with the poor woman, and then I advised her not to go home at present, but to ask one of her neighbours to fetch her bonnet, so that she might call upon some of her friends till it was safe for her to return." This very simple but unusual suggestion seemed to have had a soothing effect upon the wife, and we may hope that things were better when she ventured to go home!

Gentleness to all living creatures was characteristic of him, and he used to say merrily that the only time he was hurt by an insect was when he tried to rescue a bee from a spider's web, and the poor little thing stung its deliverer as soon as it was free, which he said "seemed ungrateful, but it was due no doubt to its excited condition."

Many of his descriptions of character are certainly true of himself:—

He would as soon have thought of going to Court in an improper dress as of speaking of religion in a

mixed company, or of offering advice or reproof to any one (*John Inglesant*, chap. ix.).

Modest, in the sense that he never thought of improving anybody, always improving himself; selfish in this sense, and perhaps in others, but with a selfishness that reacted on those around him to their infinite gain (*Blanche, Lady Falaise*, chap. iii.).

The other's face slightly softened, for indeed the indescribable charm of Inglesant's manner few could resist (*John Inglesant*, chap. vii.).

. . . His friend, to a figure noble and distinguished, added an expression of perfect sweetness, combined with steadiness and gravity (*The Countess Eve*, chap. i.).

In surprising contrast to this gay and lawless creature was his bosom friend Claude de Brie, one of those rare natures to whom God has given the faculty of purity, and training has given the winsome grace of an ideal life (*The Countess Eve*, chap. i.).

His disposition was singularly sweet and placid, and he escaped by an instinctive recoil everything that was coarse, cruel, or unpleasant. His religion consisted in following the good and the beautiful, and he avoided instinctively the disquieting and difficult aspects both of life and thought. The existence of beauty was to him a safeguard and an asylum from all the attacks of Satan and of doubt. It led him to a Father in Heaven. To him the long range of white summits were indeed the Heavenly Beulah. Every lovely chord, or sunset, or mountain rill, or rocky valley assured him of a higher life; and safe in this fairyland he could defy

the distracting sights of evil, or the insinuating whispers of doubt (*The Countess Eve*, chap. viii.).

Perhaps even more truly Keble's beautiful words describe Mr. Shorthouse, whose daily life led him to his works in the very heart of our great busy city :—

There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide,
Of the everlasting chime :
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

The chimes of St. Philip's Church were to him just what he described in *Sir Percival*, though he listened to them in our noisy streets :—

An inexpressibly sweet and delicate melody penetrated my sense. I was about to say that the air was full of the sound of church bells, but in saying this I should have been altogether wrong. There was no *perceptible* sense of hearing, but a perception of melody in the mind which was independent of the ear, after the sound had become so attenuated that all effect upon the ear itself was lost. I have experienced this feeling since, but never with such enthralling effect as upon this occasion (*Sir Percival*, chap. vi.).

This charm in its fulness he realised at Ross

and at Evesham, not by the mind alone, but by the ear itself, for the chimes were close at hand.

But that Mr. Shorthouse fully realised the need of constant patient efforts after holiness is shown by his advice to a young man who was perplexed with doubts :—

“What has been well called ‘the Practice of the Presence of God’ being a scientific fact is, like other scientific facts, only the result of effort and experience ; it is therefore impossible that young people, who have perhaps scarcely begun to make trial of the way, should feel its full influence. Communing with God is given to those who seek it diligently, not to those who despise it, or pass it lightly by ; in this respect it is like all other scientific truths. It is entirely independent of all particular dogma, but the history of religious thought of the world, and of individual experience, has conclusively proved that the reception of *the idea of Christ* has been the most efficacious means of proving this intimate communion with God. ‘No man cometh to the Father but by Me’ is more than an Oriental metaphor. This is also explicable from scientific sources.”¹

¹ See letter to Mrs. Moller lower down, from which the above is an extract.

Though philanthropic societies as such did not appeal to his sympathies, his kindness and ready help to individuals, and to all religious efforts connected with the Church of England, were constant and generous almost to a fault. His benefactions always exceeded any other branch of his expenditure. "I only want to do what is right," he would often say to me, and this principle actuated his daily life in all aspects.

A tie of distant kinship and much unity of opinion upon questions of ecclesiastical doctrine and polity led to a long correspondence between the Rev. Arthur Galton and Mr. Shorthouse, and I am allowed to publish some of my husband's letters to Mr. Galton.

In the summer of 1900 the death of the Rev. A. R. Vardy, Headmaster of King Edward's School, was a real sorrow to my husband, for, in common with all who really knew Mr. Vardy, he revered his saintliness and loved him as a friend.

Mr. Rawdon Levett, his very intimate friend, was then in broken health, and this was an anxiety, which his letters will evince, while their lively efforts to cheer his friend's condition show perhaps more plainly than others the bright humour which was so attractive a part of his nature.

Miss Joanna Hill, another very intimate friend

for many years, was also at this time breaking down in health from the strain of most noble and continuous overwork on behalf of poor children, whom she had for years rescued from the work-house and placed in happy homes. In the early stages of his own long illness Miss Hill was able to see my husband once, and he felt her death acutely. Often he would speak of her to me, and say how hard it was to realise that she would never come again.

The summer of 1900 had been very hot. In September we spent a pleasant fortnight at Great Malvern. It was the last sojourn away from home. We saw several friends, and had happy intercourse with them, and our usual walks and drives. But there was an east wind all through the bright sunshine, and my husband did not quite lose the cold which he had when we left home. Our last drive round the Jubilee Road was more beautiful than ever, for the gorse that year was exceptionally fine, and as we drove round the western side of the hills, a transparent mist hung over their golden slopes, radiant now with afternoon sunshine. It was a vision of enchanting loveliness.

We came home refreshed and strengthened, as we hoped, for the coming winter.

TO LADY WELBY

March 28, 1887.

I am really ashamed to see how long it is since I received your last very kind letter, but time slips by so fast, and I have been much occupied lately, and every day one thinks, "I could write a better letter to-morrow—or to-morrow," and so the important duty is put off and put off. I was very much gratified at Mrs. Clements's approval of the conception and working out of Constance's character, and especially as you endorsed it. I should like you to see some of the letters I have received. They can only be regarded as a direct and most gracious answer to prayer. It is most humbling to think what a reward the Lord gives for so little work!

We both think the *Secret of Life* very striking. My wife was especially struck with it. I wrote to Mrs. Clements to thank her, as I thought you would be pleased for me to do so. I had a very nice reply from her. . . . What a terrible condition English agriculture is reduced to! The apathy of people respecting it astonishes me every day.

I am beginning to think into form another Tale, either for a book or only a magazine paper. It will have not much story, only a "fantastical harmony" from a beautiful and comforting phrase in our Lord's own words.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Easter Day, 1887.

My dear Warden—You can perhaps imagine what a delight it was to us to hear from Mrs. Talbot that you had been up the Malvern Hills! It made our Easter more a time of rejoicing and thanksgiving. What a delight it must have been to you!

At a time of great national and social distress, when the troubles and difficulties of others, of which we are constantly hearing, depress us so much, and add to our own anxieties, it seems as though the numberless blessings and lovingkindnesses of God come to us with a peculiar sense and sweet savour of peace and refreshment, and this good news about yourself has been to us one of the most delightful and refreshing of these mercies.

You will enjoy going to London to the Deanery. Lady Alwyne offered us tickets for the Maundy Service on Thursday, but we were not able to accept them.—With kindest remembrances from us both,
yours very sincerely, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

December 27, 1887.

Very many thanks for your letter and all that accompanies it. I had not had the little book, though

I had seen it announced. Had I known all that I do now, I should have bought it at once. I shall read it and the other papers. I already sympathise most warmly in the one entitled *Christ the Spiritual Life of Man*. The Christ-wisdom means everything ; is everything in life. . . . I am rather interested in the Century Guild Paper. The name *Hobby Horse* is most unfortunate, and they wish to alter it. The aim, I think, is good, and worth striving after, especially among the class of young men, and those whom they can reach, by whom the paper was started ; it is, I think, improving.

TO THE SAME

January 4, 1888.

We think that it is most kind of you to write to me so fully about yourself. I have read your letter with very great interest, more than I can say. My wife showed part of it to our Vicar at Edgbaston, Mr. Cresswell Strange, who is a great reader of *Links and Clues*, and whose line of thought runs very much in the same lines as those which interest you so much at present. He preached three sermons to us in Advent which were very interesting, and in places very striking, on the analogy of the development to be traced in geology and that which we may expect in the future of spiritual existence, in the Coming Age, the æon of which our Lord is the forerunner and prototype, just

as certain types of a higher form of life existed in all the geologic periods.

I am thankful to be able to say that materialism has never any temptation to me. I cannot even conceive what it is. I can and do admire and enjoy to the full all those material gifts which God has lavished upon us, but they never seem to me to stand on the same plane, so to speak, with the gifts of the Spirit, with thought, with ideal certainty—and all that you have so excellently described as the “Now of God,” as that existence which lies beyond (behind?) the “Time-veil.” Your book will questionless remain far beyond our time, the fullest, most convincing exponent of such truth—the truth which Plato, had he been a Christian, would have been the first to grasp.

TO MR. MAURICE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Jan. 17, 1888.

Dear Maurice Macmillan—My friend Rawdon Levett, whom you know, wishes me to reprint the *Apologue*. Miss Beale reprinted this in her Cheltenham College Magazine. I leave the decision, in this case also, entirely to you. I expect to have some more verbal alterations to make in the *Teacher of the Violin*, but these will be only slight, and can be done in proof. Hallam Tennyson will let me dedicate the book to him. Apart from my sincere regard for him personally, his name would look well in the portico of any book.

TO MRS. MORSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Feb. 4, 1888.

My dear Mrs. Morse—I just send a line before going to town, to say how truly pleased we are that Mr. Morse's book will be published at last. I so sincerely admire parts of it, and I am sure that it will be welcomed by *many* who are sick and suffering, perhaps for centuries to come; one never knows where the influence of a good book will end.

I am a very bad hand at correcting printers' errors, and I feel sure that I should not find anything that I should like to alter or "*improve*," but I shall be glad to see the proofs, if you like to send them.

I shall be pleased to put a few lines together, as you suggest, though I think it would be best done by *yourself*, but I should find it very difficult to write anything like a preface in my own name. You cannot think how I shrank from writing the paper in the *Guardian*.

This book will want no recommendation or introduction of mine. If a preface is wanted, none could be so appropriate as one written by *her* who, for so long a course of beneficent work, was such a help and support and strength to *him*.—With best love from us both, I am, dear Mrs. Morse, yours affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

(who had requested him to write a Preface to MR.
MORSE'S beautiful little book *Peace*.)

LANSDOWNE, *Feb.* 15, 1888.

My dear Mrs. Morse—I have received the book safely, and am delighted with it. It will make a delightful little book. I do not like the title *Short Addresses*. I should have thought that "Meditations" upon the sentences of the "Order," etc. (for the Visitation of the Sick), or something of that sort would be better. I will send you back your list and the book in a very few days. I cannot find the first sentence you refer to about Newton. Your reference is page 8, line 6. This (page 8) only contains part of a collect, and a hymn of Wesley's.

As a rule, I should hesitate very much before I altered any expression of your husband's. There is a certain distinction about his style which might easily be lost; for instance, I notice at page 57 it is suggested to alter *anxious* into "conscious." I should certainly let *anxious* stand. It is connected very finely with anxiety in the next passage; also, at page 19, *ardency* is suggested for *ardour* of love. I should much prefer *ardour*.

I hope, dear Mrs. Morse, that you understand any shrinking that I feel from writing a preface is simply because it seems to me such presumption on my part

to seem to introduce or commend his writing to any one.

It will always be the greatest delight to me to have my name associated with his in *any way* that is suitable and befitting, both with regard to what he *was* and my debt to him.

I will write a few lines if I can and let you see them, and if you wish my name to appear with them, we will see what can be done.—With best love from us both, I am, yours affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Low Sunday, 1888.

My dear Warden—Many thanks for your letter. I was only anxious to know if you had received the *Hobby Horse*, because, in one instance, it failed to be delivered, and I did not wish you to think that I should send *a thing of that kind* to other people in Oxford and not to you, to whom I owe so much of Oxford delight. I also like you to see what I write *of that kind*, so that I may not appear to you in any false colours. The word "*legends*" I use much in the same sense as *mythos*; it also seemed appropriate as relating to the attitude of the democracy. I may have had other reasons for using it.

I do not think that I shall read *Robert Elsmere*. I have no sympathy with what I understand to be its

tendency. To say that God exists wherever a good action is performed seems to me to be *simply bosh*. Any good action can only be performed *because God exists*; nay more, because He has, by the sacrifice of Himself—of His only Son—*God manifested in the flesh*, rendered sacrifice possible to men, reconciled men to Himself, to His own nature, to His own life. To this purpose He was, I firmly believe, working through all the pagan myths, such as were real, and not the invention of lewd poets; and apart from this working there is no salvation possible to man, no thought of good, no deed of mercy or of love, whether men recognise it or not.—With our united kindest remembrances to Mrs. Talbot and yourself and to the children, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. MORSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
June 17, 1888.

My dear Mrs. Morse—You would hear from my wife that we had been from home, at Llangollen, and would, therefore, conclude that I had not received the delightful little book that I found here on Monday evening when we reached home.

I am so very glad to see it in print, and am quite sure that it will do much good. Dr. Jordan was speaking about it yesterday.

Thank you very much for the kind words you have

written in my copy. It is a very great delight to me to have my name connected with the book, but I do not feel at all that I deserve such a pleasure, or that it is quite right that my name should appear there ; but if you think otherwise, it is enough. We are sending a copy to Mr. Strange, and I cannot doubt but that the book will be most welcome to any who have much to do in visiting the sick. . . .

The "Hand Hotel" at Llangollen is one of the best-conducted hotels in England, kept by a refined woman who follows in her mother's steps, and the drives in her excellent carriage are delightful.—With best love to you all from us both, I am, my dear Mrs. Morse, yours very affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. MAURICE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 15, 1888.

Dear Maurice Macmillan—I am much obliged for the two volumes of Wordsworth. I was very eager to see the "Recluse," and had ordered it from my bookseller. I have just read it, and quite agree with Professor Knight that it is a great pity that it was not printed before. It casts a fresh, clear light upon Wordsworth's family and mental life, and many of the passages are worthy of the author of the "Excursion." No one but Wordsworth could have written it. It should have been published as a prelude or first book

of the "Excursion," but I suppose the poet meant to make more of it. I am very glad to have read it. . . .

Do you happen to know whether a *Refiner's Fire* is a copyright title? A good title is not only a good thing *after* a book is written, but it is a great help to an author while writing.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

Dec. 17, 1888.

Dear Professor Knight—I feel as though I ought to write you a line to congratulate you, and to thank you for having given us the "Recluse," which I have just read and re-read. I think that you once told me that you had often urged its publication without success. I think it is much to be regretted that it was not published before, but this only makes the debt we owe to you the greater. It seems to me purely and perfectly Wordsworthian from the first word to the last; that is, we have all that we expect from Wordsworth at his best; but more than this even, it seems to me to be *Wordsworth himself* in a sense more revealed and unveiled than any other lines of his. How completely self-revealing and how true, for instance, are the, to me, most touching lines, pp. 44-45—

Yet to me I feel

That an internal brightness is vouchsafed

That must not die, that must not pass away,

and

Possessions have I that are solely mine,
Something within which yet is shared by none.

Something which *power* and *effort* may impart.

We seem to see here the *officina*, the poet being *made*, and we thank God, and, under God, Dorothy Wordsworth, that, unlike others of his age and circle, he was enabled to rise above the delightful indolence of sweet thought and dreams, and by *power* and *effort*, aided (how loyally none will ever fully know in this world) by his sister,

A voice *shall* speak, and what will be the theme?
I would impart it, I would spread it wide
Immortal, in the world which is to come.

We have here an answer to what many question—how Wordsworth really regarded the peasantry around him; and his lines *on his sister*, and in connection with those on Tintern Abbey, would alone make this poem indispensable. I think he never wrote more beautiful ones than those at p. 48, beginning, "But me hath Nature tamed," ending on p. 49, "shall live, it is not in their power to die." The whole poem indeed tempts one to quote. The description of the valley at the beginning seems to surpass those in the "Excursion." It is fresher and more brilliant; also the flight of birds, p. 14. Some lines I can fancy Charles Lamb noticing, of that weird kind that he always liked, and which is a distinct feature not, perhaps, always noticed in Wordsworth:—

Or like a hound
Single at chase, among the lonely woods
His yell repeating (p. 22).

That very voice which in some timid mood
Of superstitious fancy might have seemed
Awful as ever stray demoniac uttered
His steps to govern in the wilderness (p. 23).

I hope I have not wearied you out of measure, but I felt that something must be said to thank you for your share in this, as it seems to me, most important epoch-marking publication in our Wordsworth life.—With kindest remembrances from my wife, yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. JORDAN

LANSDOWNE, *Oct.* 31, 1889.

My dear Doctor Jordan—We thank you and Mrs. Jordan very much for the beautiful and interesting cross, which we have put on our bedroom chimney-piece, where we shall see it, evening and morning, and be reminded every time we see it of beautiful and picturesque associations and surroundings, and of the givers, all the delightful thoughts that encircle their personalities in our memory. The cabinet already contains the beautiful little silver spoons brought by you from Norway.—With kindest remembrances from my wife to Mrs. Jordan and yourself, I am, my dear Doctor, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
21st Sunday after Trinity, 1889.

My dear Dr. Talbot—I did not forget your wish that I should see Forsyth's *Religion in Recent Art*. I procured the book some weeks ago, but have not had time to read more than a few pages of the Wagner Essay. I do not think I should, therefore, have written to you yet awhile about it but for the notice of the book in the *Spectator* yesterday; with the tone of that notice I entirely concur. Taken in detail, many of Mr. Forsyth's sentences are brilliant and striking, and it is doubtless true that pessimism and Schopenhauerism is a cry from the lowest depth, and a sincere cry. The present state of Germany, social, intellectual, political, and religious, is such as to call for such a cry. I should not like to say what I think of Germany at the present day, but I fail to see the use or advisability of our descending to this depth. The "redemptive" idea in pessimism is, I venture to think, a misnomer; there is no such redemption *in* the system. A redemption from "the desire and will to live" (p. 245), so far as it consists in *Nirvana*,—absorption into the will of God,—*is* redemption, but *this* form of redemption is impossible to pessimism, and indeed it is not strictly a redemption from the desire of life—it is an aspiration to a higher form of life:—

'Tis life, of which our nerves are scant,
'Tis life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want !

If Parsifal was really an inspired *Idealist* (p. 245) he was no pessimist. To say that "he works under the dreamy inspiration of an idea" shows a lamentable want of grasp of the philosophic aspect of the *question*. The vagueness of an idea, as commonplace men count vagueness, proves the clearness of its *inspiration* and *aspiration*. If Parsifal's devotion seems abstract to ordinary men, it only proves that he had entered into a higher life, and saw things no longer quite through a glass darkly, but with some approximation to the Divine life.

But I only mention these evident facts to show what I think is the failure of Mr. Forsyth's critical diagnosis. *In the general, I entirely agree with the Spectator*, and utterly refuse to recognise the impulse or the teaching of a grossly immoral man in such matters, and, as I pointed out in my paper in the *Century Guild* (which you did not like), I think modern art (certainly in *painting*, and now, it appears in *music*) has very much to answer for; and those who, like Mr. Forsyth, propagate and encourage these aberrations of modern art, will, unless I am much mistaken, have much to answer for before the bar of God.

I am not altogether without hope that I might, some time, be able to recall to men's recollection something of the religious life of Germany in the last

century, altogether, especially in the upper classes, so beautiful and so different to German thought and culture at present.

We often recall that most interesting, pleasant, and instructive Sunday we spent with you ; we owe to you and to Mrs. Talbot more than we can say of inspiring thought and motive, and are, and shall always be, deeply grateful.—I am, dear Dr. Talbot, yours always
sincerely, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Nov. 16, 1889.

My dear Dr. Talbot—Many thanks for your kind letter. I will take your advice, and not write more about Mr. Forsyth's book until I have read more of it. I should not have written when I did, but I did not wish you to think that I had forgotten my promise to read it, and I thought that the article in the *Spectator* seemed to justify me.

I have read Forsyth's letter in the *Spectator* to-day, and I hope to read yours next week. I return his printed letter, which I have read with interest. He is, naturally, somewhat in a fog, *being a Dissenter*, but what he says seems very reasonable, and the passages marked very true ; but they seem to me to establish the position of the *Spectator* and my own, and to be

entirely opposed to his estimate of Wagner and pessimism. . . .

The final sentence of your letter seems to cut the question between us into a sharp and brilliant facet, "surely with clear faith, and a firm application of its tests, we ought to be able to interpret the witness to Truth everywhere!"

Everywhere! In Mrs. Besant and the Tichborne Claimant?—Yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. JORDAN

LANSDOWNE,

First Sunday in Advent, 1889.

My dear Dr. Jordan—I am much obliged for your (as usual) delightful letter, and am very pleased that you have been gratified by the perfectly spontaneous and heartfelt expressions of friendship and gratitude which your departure has evoked from your friends here. I am *quite sure*, from my experience during the whole matter, that it has given quite as much pleasure to *every one* of the subscribers to make this offering as it can possibly have given you to receive it. I am not guilty of the least exaggeration in saying this, and I should have no difficulty in proving it *in a court of law*.

We are very much delighted with your description of the sunrise from your chamber windows, and very glad that a vision of such beauty is given to you.

This is a beautiful day with us; a soft blue tint over all the distance of leafless woodland, and a wonderfully clear, brilliant atmosphere overhead.

I was very much pleased with the extract from Professor Earle's book, which I have not seen. Notices of this kind I look upon as the most flattering and gratifying that it is possible to receive. They cannot possibly be prompted by anything but sincere approval. I was very much gratified, when at Harrogate, to find two articles in two successive weeks of the *Architect* largely quoting *John Inglesant*, on the "Renaissance" in Italy, and on the peculiarities of certain Renaissance architecture, with their effects on the mind and on religious feeling, and on the causes which led to their adoption in preference to classical art. The writer pleased me very much by discerning that the *Palace of Umbria* was intended as a general description and idea of Renaissance palaces in Italy, and not as a matter-of-fact description of Urbino, which J. Addington Symonds, *with the irritating stupidity of great men*, was very angry with me because it was not.

We very much enjoyed our little luncheon party on Friday. I thought that Mrs. George was looking particularly sweet and charming.

I have been reading again John Ray's *Life and Remains*, 1759, in my library. There are two portraits in my copy, one inserted, showing a singularly refined and distinguished face. You are, doubtless, more interested in his remarks on birds and plants, but some of his incidental observations in *Itineraries* are very

interesting ; *e.g.* " Peterborough, 25 miles. There I first heard the Cathedral service ; the choristers made us pay money for coming into the church with our spurs on ! " The first-fruits of the Restoration. . . . We are very grateful to you for your card, which we shall always keep. We shall never forget all your kindness to us, or the delight we have always felt for so many years in your friendship and companionship. No one has ever been to us what you have been.—Yours gratefully and affectionately, as long as consciousness lasts,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

Sunday after Christmas, 1889.

I return the papers which you so kindly sent us. We have read them with very great pleasure and interest, as we always do anything that you send. We think the Two Dreams most beautiful, and they might have come straight out of *Links and Clues*. As regards self-renunciation, I feel more and more the necessity of distinguishing between *voluntary* and *self-sought* sacrifice. All the sacrifice of which science and nature is so eloquent is *involuntary*, and in the very phrase *self-sacrifice* there is an obtruding feeling of self, which sometimes, often indeed, seems more prominent than the feeling of sacrifice. Is not *acquiescence* the more perfect gift ?

In reading your " explanatory note," which you

have so kindly sent us, we are very sorry to see that you speak of "suffering" as well as chronic ill-health. We pray that God will make the suffering at least easier to you.

I am very glad that you have decided to *concentrate* your work and writing. It seems to me that a great book is such a wonderful gift to the race, and even if we do not ourselves see it, it is much to feel that we are working at something which may perhaps sometime prove such a gift.

We lent *Links and Clues* some months ago to a very nice young clergyman who is doing very good work in an adjoining parish. He was so pleased that we gave him a copy. He spoke to my wife in words of the warmest gratitude, saying that he could not tell her what a help the book was to him *in the way of suggestion of high and useful thoughts*.

We cannot, surely, think of anything more to be desired or thankful for than such result of any work of ours. I am also very glad that you speak of the "obvious duties of life." In the very high rank to which, by the grace of God, you have been called, there is evidently intended not only a vast field of immediate influence and help, but also, and perhaps more important still, a breadth and extent of experience and of vision which alone a lofty station can give. It is to this, I think, that *Links and Clues* owes no inconsiderable portion of its force; and I also venture to think that it would be a pity to renounce altogether this unique standpoint, even though the retaining of it

involved to some extent some sacrifice of actual literary work. What was ultimately given to the world would, as has been the case in *Links and Clues*, gain in influence and in force. I have written these lines, as I always wish to write, especially to you, with the utmost sincerity, and with the sense, which I shall take to my grave, of the importance and beauty of *Links and Clues*.

TO DR. JORDAN

HARROGATE? 1889.

Dear Dr. Jordan—This is a cheerful place, and suits my worldly and carnal tastes very well. We went to the Palace at Ripon for two days, where we met some very nice people; and to Leeds to the Talbots (the new Vicar seems to be quite reconciled to leaving Keble), where we saw the Dean of Worcester in his old home, which interested us very much. I indulged in an antique silver ship of the Elizabethan period, which I have settled that the Queen gave to one of her sea-captains. It is very like the *gold* ship on the *Drake* cup given by Queen Elizabeth which we saw at Lady Drake's at Nutwell. I found this in a bric-à-brac shop at Harrogate. They have very good *season* shops to catch the great people when they are down there.

All that you tell me about the south coast is most interesting. We hope to come south *next* autumn. Nothing is so beautiful, but the air is not so invigorating

as in the north. I never enjoyed any air like Harrogate. . . . I am sorry to send you such a wretched return for your picturesque, brilliant letter ; sometime, perhaps, I may send a better. We both of us join in the kindest love and heartfelt remembrances to you all.—
Ever yours, — J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—The Dean of Worcester and Mrs. Gott have brought us from Florence a beautiful photograph of the Vandyke in the Pitti Palace—the Charles I. and his Queen ; they had it framed in white and gold, and you will understand how beautiful it looks over the oak sideboard in the dining-room. We want to get a photograph of the Bishop Juxon in the Deanery to hang beside it.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Second Sunday after Epiphany, 1890.

My dear Dr. Talbot—I do not like (though perhaps it seems unnecessary for me to do so) to abstain from writing to you a line to say how much we have been shocked to hear of the death of Aubrey Moore.

It is not for me, who knew him so little, or was privileged to see him so few times, to speak much about him, but both my wife and I were profoundly impressed by what we did see of him, and you, and those who knew him so well, will doubtless understand why this was so. It is terrible to think what a crushing blow

this must be to his wife. If anything is done to mark the general feeling of regret and sympathy, we should consider it a great honour and privilege to be allowed to participate in it.

I am reading *Lux Mundi* with great interest. Some of the papers seem rather long, and to present a certain difficulty of grasp, so to speak, but I do not hesitate to say this, because the general effect—the first impression left on my mind—is (partly, I believe, from these very same qualities) that it is an original and great book—a book destined to live and struggle through light and shade, through good report and evil report, through misunderstanding and misconception, and to be helpful and strength-giving in the long years to come ; an original book, striking a fresh note in religious thought, however true to the old lines, and a book animated by the same spirit, and showing a *oneness* of thought and of method, which I felt also so much in the Keble sermons. The concluding words of some of the papers seem to me, as might be expected from the authors, very, very fine.

I am glad to see that the first edition is already sold. —With sincerest remembrances from us both, I am, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

June 4, 1890.

My dear Professor Knight—Mr. Craik spoke to me about the Dove Cottage scheme in London the other day, but I am sorry not to be able to sympathise with it. It is unnecessary to give reasons which might seem contentious and unkind, but I have never felt the slightest interest in any such places as Shakespeare's houses. The way and the place to study a writer seem to me to be his books.—Yours, etc.,

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—The surroundings of such houses and places necessarily change so much, that nothing of the original tone and feeling remains.

TO THE BISHOP OF RIPON

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

June 13, 1890.

My dear Lord—I have been asked to-day to inquire whether it would be possible for you to address the meeting in our Town Hall—for men only—on *September 25*, mentioned in the enclosed circular. The committee are very anxious to secure only very powerful and first-rate speakers, and their arrangements have been delayed through some misunderstanding, so that they have no time to lose. Mr. Whitwell, the Secretary, believes that when in London

you were frequently interested in similar meetings and associations. I should myself unfeignedly believe that no one in England could address such a meeting with such effect and power as you would do, and I need not say how delighted we should be to welcome Mrs. Carpenter and yourself, and to do everything in our power to lessen the fatigue and strain which such a visit must be, *even to you*.

Mr. Whitwell is very anxious to get a reply as soon as possible, but a little uncertainty would, I imagine, be preferable to an absolute refusal, should you not be able to decide at once.—With our kind love to you all, I am, my dear Lord, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 9, 1890.

Dear George Macmillan—Unless I am very much mistaken, Alfred St. Johnston has “scored” distinctly in *A South Sea Lover*. He told me from the beginning that he was pleased with it, and I am not surprised. I have only cut the book, but I can tell a book by cutting it. I am going to read it carefully at once. It is not only the story, but the manner and treatment which strike me as supremely good. The lines of design are followed with perfect art; there is no jarring note, no extraneous matter, nothing but the pure story in a strange, wonderful atmosphere of its

own, and such is true art—a thing of beauty which never has been seen before, and the exact like of which never will be seen again. I wish you would send a copy to the Harrisons at Clovelly. They are going abroad, but I think are not gone. I had a letter from Harrison the other day.

We are not forgetting your promised visit to us in the autumn.—With kindest remembrances from us both, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

July 9, 1890.

My dear Gosse—I am much obliged for the book you have sent me. I have read the first two or three chapters, which is probably all I shall read; you would require the “periods of Methuselah,” as Sir Thomas Browne would say, to read all *modern* life as delineated in *modern* fiction. All the same, I think your idea is a very good one. I have reason to bless, more than I can say, Translations of European Fiction. I shall keep an eye on your series, for you can gain a great deal from even a chapter or two of an unknown author from a strange land.

I do not know if, in your *note*, you wish to sanction or approve the modern school of fiction, which “reports” instead of “creates.” I loathe it beyond the power of expression; more than that, I believe it to

be simply a passing imposition, adopted because it is *easy*, and in fact the only possible school for vulgar and stupid men, who have not the smallest particle of genius.

The miserable record of everyday life, tedious with the tedium of nothingness, is not what the people want, and they will not respond, save to the call of genius, to something above themselves. Still I welcome your series.—I am, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
July 20, 1890.

My dear Gosse—I think that it will be more polite in me if I write to tell you that I have read all Bjornstjerne Bjornson's Tale through. It certainly displays a very considerable amount of power, but it seems to me to be an *unpleasant* Tale, and exactly to illustrate my point against the modern school.

It seems to be that it is impossible but that true culture must suffer, if (in *any* or in *all* phases of art) the commonplace, the ugly, and the unpleasant are studied instead of the beautiful and the ideal. I think that you will understand what I mean if you could imagine your own beautiful verses devoted to the delineation of vulgar and repulsive subjects, instead of invariably placing before us images and ideas of poetic and real beauty.

We have only to walk through any of the galleries of the present season in London to distinguish this difference between the old art and the new.

I write this because I recognise in you a man who has very considerable influence with both schools, and I should wish that your influence should be cast on the side of the old, and, I think, the true art.

I am going to order your second volume ; I should like to see Maupassant's work ; also the *Dominant Seventh*, a musical story. The title sounds well, and I am always on the lookout for *the* great *Musical Romance*. If you come across *A South Sea Lover*, by Alfred St. Johnston (Macmillan), I should like to know what you think of it.—Yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 23, 1890.

My dear Gosse—I have read your article with very great interest, and am very grateful to you for sending it to me. I return it by the same post that will take this. I do not see anything in it which need agitate me very much, especially as you are so kind as to assure us that this tyranny is overpast, or is passing over. I have always contended, as I tried to say in my paper in the *Century Guild*, that it is the duty of every artist to assimilate everything that is true, and therefore permanent in every new development, from

whatever direction it may come. You say, on p. 396, "It must be inspired by imagination, but sustained and confined by the experience of reality." It seems to me that this sentence is a bond of union which makes all divergence afterwards trivial, and a matter of detail. Your distinction between *fancy* and *imagination* is fine, and I am not sure that I comprehend it ; but of this I am sure, that those Tales which present to us the incommunicable quality of *genius*, imagination—what you choose to call it—will be received with enthusiasm and with enduring gratitude by the peoples of the world, whether Latin or Saxon. It is, after all, I imagine, a matter of taste whether we "*care for each other's souls*" or not ; I suppose that there is still left in this *democratic age* the privilege of an English gentleman to choose *his own friends*. Some men find no society more agreeable than that of their *grooms*. *I do*. I never could read Balzac, and I am firmly convinced *that he hated his own books*.

With the genius of a perfect artist, you put your finger on the blot of the whole school in one exhaustive passage, where you speak of James's *Bostonians*, p. 397. A work of art is nothing if it is not perfect. The *Mill on the Floss* might, *perhaps*, have been perfect if it had stopped abruptly at the end of the second volume. The third volume spoiled the whole. A perfect story is a very difficult thing to write. It must have, first of all, a *root idea*. This is not easy to get ; it must depend (as you admirably point out somewhere ; I cannot just stumble on the passage) on *personal*

development, and it must be able to depict—I quote from you still—"the mighty movement of popular cities." This was all done by the old art. Le Sage did it in *Le Diable Boiteux*. It is not done in *the* modern art. It is not done in painting, which devotes itself to the reproduction, pure and invariable, of the *Ugly*; it is not done in the monstrous horrors of the modern drama, and if in realistic fiction the result is not quite so painful, it is only because what is *described* can never be quite so repulsive as what is seen.

It is easier to *photograph* than to *create*, it is easier to grovel than to climb, it is easier to drivel and to maunder on page after page (*especially if one is paid by the page*) than to create something of perfect beauty which the world never saw before, and the exact like of which it will never see again. You know, better than I do, that this is all true.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Aug. 10, 1890.

My dear Gosse—I received the book from Mr. Bain on Thursday evening after dinner, and immediately plunged into *Histoires d'Hiver*. The moment I did so, I was overcome with delight at the French prose, and the farther I have got in it (and also in the "Avant-Propos" of *Le Roman Russe*), the greater has this delight become; you could not possibly have given

me greater pleasure than by introducing me to such French. There is nothing in the world that, to my mind, gives me the consciousness of supreme *distinction* so much as perfect French prose such as this, reminding me of no other French to the same degree except Pascal's; the concluding passage in the "Avant-Propos" is a marvellous effort in prose, and a perfect example of "cadence" at the close.

I have read more than two-thirds of the *Histoires d'Hiver*, and am most delighted with it, more than I can say. I should be tempted to say that it is more French than it is Russian, but of this I am not capable of speaking. The exquisite story of *L'Oncle Fedia* recalls Tolstoi's little stories, much to the advantage of the Vicomte de Vogué; but of course he has the advantage of the *French*, and *such French* as only a noble ought to be able to write. But what strikes me more than anything else is a profound wonder how this delicious book can be called *realistic*—I mean, of course, in the *cant* sense of the word. It seems to me to be a perfect outcome of the old art and the old sentiment. The Vicomte himself appeals to Pascal, Saint Simon, Mirabeau, Chateaubriand, Michelet, and what does he do himself but throughout the whole book touch with the hand of a "Maestro" the most pathetic and touching chords of human life—chords which separate some of us, I hope I will not say from the *brute*, but from the *cad*! "Ecce Homo! Bouvard!" ("Avant-Propos," xxxiii.). The whole question seems to me to resolve itself into a play upon words, started by a set of writers

(I will not say of no genius, but distinctly of inferior genius) in their own defence! If the old art was deficient in *reality*, it was self-condemned; but it wasn't! No true art is ever deficient in reality; it could not exist a moment were it so. Henry James's *Reverberator* is a case in point. It is *real*, some people might say painfully real, but it is distinctly a work of *genius* and of *art*, but it is tempting at times for *even* a man of *some genius* to fall back upon the *easy* and the *lascivious*.

I think I remember a promise that you were to come and see our gardens during the summer. They have been and are very beautiful, but the weather is so unsettled that we cannot sit out or enjoy them fully. We do not go from home till the 10th October, so that any time between the 20th August and the 4th or 5th October is open for such a pleasure as a visit from you would be. How would a Sunday and Monday do? We have a beautiful little restored village church.—With kindest remembrances from my wife, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. MOLLER

1890.

Dear Mrs. Moller—It is rather difficult to reply to your son's question. It is not, however, a new one. I have been told that there is no clue to John Inglesant's extreme nobleness of character. I reply that the clue to John Inglesant's life was evident on every page of

the book—his devotion to the “*ideal of Christ*.” At the Sacrament at Little Gidding his first insight into the Divine life is through the figure of the Saviour ; in prison, and in distraction of mind and body, he consoles himself with the idea of Jesus ; in Paris his mind is occupied with the same ideal, though he cannot bring himself to follow Cressy’s advice as to serving Him ; in every page of his life in Italy the idea of Jesus is prominent ; Inglesant tells the old duke that he finds Him in every communion, the crises of his life all turn on the same idea, and his last words recommend a following of Christ ! I confess that I cannot see what more could have been done to render this plain.

But your son says that he finds John Inglesant vacillating with similar conflicting doubts to his own. Why not ? What reason is there why *John Inglesant*, or *I*, or *any other man* should be free from these doubts any more than your son is free from them, and what possible advantage could the story of a man *free from doubts* be to a man who suffers from them ? I should have supposed that if there were any comforts to be gained from Inglesant’s story it was that a man *so perplexed* and *so heavily handicapped* by his environment should, as your son admits, closely approximate to a high and pure ideal. But I imagine that what really troubles your son is his modest fear of pretending to what he calls “divine inspiration.” This is only natural in a young man. What has been well called “*the practice of the presence of God*,” being a *scientific fact*, is, like other scientific facts, only the result of effort and

experience ; it is therefore impossible that young people who have perhaps scarcely begun to make trial of the way should feel its full influence. Communion with God is given to those who seek it diligently, not to those who despise or pass it lightly by ; in this respect it is like all other scientific truths. It is entirely independent of all particular dogma, but the history of religious thought, of the world, and of individual experience has conclusively proved that the reception of the *idea of Christ* has been the most efficacious means of proving this intimate communion with God. "No man cometh to the Father but by Me" is more than an oriental metaphor. This is also explicable from scientific sources.

Character has a much greater influence than *pure thought*. Character is thought united to matter—that is, thought revealed in matter ; without character thought cannot be strictly said to be revealed at all. The character and life, therefore, of Jesus might be expected to exert a stronger influence in the early stages of the religious life than the abstract conception of righteousness, of love, or of power, which nevertheless are scientific facts, and together make up the idea of God. The man who lives consistently and continually in communion with this idea cannot fail to be very different from the man who does not ! However much circumstances may be in his case more unfavourable than in the other, however much he may himself be inferior in strength of purpose or of will, however much he may at times yield to temptation, the position

he occupies places him upon an incomparably higher platform than the other. I do not know whether these hasty lines are any answer to your question. The subject is one of the greatest interest, but I did not like to delay my answer; besides, as you know, it is my theory that truth is better taught under the form of apologue and romance than by set treatises.

I conclude with a quotation from a volume of sermons by Canon Knox Little. Speaking of John Inglesant he says: "I cannot but think the hero of the romance great amid whatever failure, and often guided in perplexity because trying to be *true to himself*."—Yours very sincerely,

J. H. SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. JORDAN

LANSDOWNE, *August 17, 1890.*

My dear Mrs. Jordan—I think you were from home when I received the book you were so kind as to send me, and which I thanked Mr. George Baker for, as well as I could, for indeed it is not easy to thank properly for such gifts, but I feel as though I ought to write to you personally to say how grateful I am to you, and how very much I value the gift and the book.

I am much touched to find that Dr. Jordan had placed the two little notes I sent him in the book. He would not have done this if he had not been fond

of me, and it seems to me to justify the selection I was bold enough to make when you asked me to select a book which I could keep in memory of him, though surely there needs no book nor any other perishable memorial to prevent any one who knew him from forgetting him. It always seems to me, dear Mrs. Jordan, that the remembrance of happy days which God has given us, and of the companionship of "the beloved and the true-hearted," is a sure and certain foretaste of the imperishable and the Divine, for it is an instinct of our very nature to feel that these experiences are part of the eternal existence, and can never die.

Ah! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

With kindest love from us both, yours always
affectionately, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY WELBY

Innocents' Day, 1890.

I have read your abstract with much interest, and thank you much for it. I shall gladly read the entire paper, as it is not always easy to be sure that one understands a writer's meaning in an abstract, but I would with pleasure obtain the number of the Society's *Transactions* without troubling you to send it if I knew

when the paper would appear. Are the Society's papers annual, quarterly, or monthly? At present it seems to me that the difference between sub-human or inanimate nature and human nature is, that in the former all the conditions of the producing pair are uniform, certain, and invariable; in the human pair infinitely varying, uncertain, variable; *e.g.* take a family of a dozen generations; about the middle of the scale, by a happy conjunction of concurrent instincts, the family produced a scholar; but this concurrence only happening once, the family never produced one before, and never has since. How does the case fall under alternative *b*?

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
May 8, 1891.

Dear George Macmillan—Many thanks for your letter. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have joined the *Society of Authors*, partly to please Edmund Gosse, but I have not altered my opinion of Besant's wild statements. I have a curious commentary this morning on his "50 novelists making £2000 a year" in a petition sent me to sign on behalf of Miss Keddie ("Sarah Tytler"). She has published fifty-eight novels. She never made, in thirty-one years, more than £162 a year, and the average on her novels is £100 each!! Another of Besant's statements is that he stands on the railway platforms as the expresses leave, and sees

the public thronging Smith's book-stalls *by scores* to buy 6s. novels (which they can buy for 4s. 6d. anywhere else)!!—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. JORDAN

COLLINGDALE VILLA, ILFRACOMBE,
Oct. 19, 1891.

My dear Mrs. Jordan—My new book being just out, we thought we should like to send you a copy, and as we are from home, I have told Cornish to send you one. I can write your name in it any time, if you wish it. We can make a call on purpose, which will give the matter due solemnity. The only stipulation authors make in presenting their books to their friends is that it is thoroughly understood that they do no more than acknowledge their receipt. It would be impossible to give one's books to any one if it was supposed we wished favourable criticisms upon them.

We are enjoying ourselves very much here. We have all the comforts of home, and perfect rest and quiet. The weather has been gloomy, but with lovely, bright intervals, which make up the larger part of the day. Yesterday was a lovely day—a true St. Luke's summer. To-day has begun very badly, but we are expecting it to clear.—With our best love to you, and to Mr. and Mrs. G. Baker, I am, dear Mrs. Jordan, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO PROFESSOR KNIGHT

Nov. 15, 1891.

My dear Professor Knight—I am very much obliged to you for your book, which I have found here on our return from Devonshire, where we have been spending a month.

I have only at present been able to read your Preface and Introduction. They both interest me exceedingly. In fact, no subject has been for years a matter of deeper puzzle to me than the nature of the beautiful, and I shall follow your historical account of the inquiry with very great interest. I see with great satisfaction that you promise us a constructive theory, to follow by and by. I am particularly struck by the pertinence of your remarks in the Preface, on the instinct of the expositive (or conservative) theory rather than the negative; your words seem to me extremely valuable, and I should be most glad to see them carried forward, as they no doubt will be, in your further work.

I am also very much struck with a remark on page 24 with reference to Plato—"in which there is a great deal of detached and very stimulating thought about beauty, although no consistent theory of it is reached."

I have been reading a good deal of Plato lately, and this sentence strikes me as marvellously true of his method and attainment *as a whole*. Altogether, I promise myself great entertainment and instruction by the perusal of your book.—Yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. RAWDON LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
Nov. 16, 1891.

My dear Levett—I think when I admitted that Blanche Falaise was insane from the first, I ought to have said that, *from my point of view*, it was a very incipient madness, and that, if Damerle *had been straight*, she would have been all right. It is something like, to put it from a very different point of view, when a *gentleman* is slightly drunk. He can pull himself through if *everything outside him goes on all right*, but if something happens (unfortunately for him) out of the common experience, requiring cool judgment and decision, he is lost.

What Blanche Falaise teaches me, and she teaches me very much, I think is this, that her *intention being holy and pure* (one of her reviewers said that she died as pure as in her girlhood's days), the Divine Sanctity and Purity (as is natural, both being really but part of the same principle) co-operated with her, in spite of insanity and mistake, so working out the will of God *by her*.

The same idea occurs in *John Inglesant*, but *he was a very mixed character*, and I do not think that the idea is so clearly and distinctly drawn out, without distracting incident, anywhere as in *Blanche, Lady Falaise*.—Yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Nov. 24, 1891.

My dear Gosse—I am very much obliged to you for your very kind present of *Pepita Jiménez*. We began upon it at once last night, and were much delighted with what we read; I should like, some time, to read it in Spanish. It strikes me as having the true Spanish ring about it, and I am not surprised that it is, as you tell us, so popular in Spain. I could fancy that I was reading the best parts of Cervantes. This book surely is an instance of the superiority of the old wine to the new—the old art to the modern realism.—With kind regards, I am, yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—Many thanks also for your hint about Stendhal. Amiel is very suggestive, but very capable of improvement. Blanche Boteraux, I venture to think, very much improved upon him in her *last* extract, p. 140.

You will see what good use I made of your introduction to De Vogué. This is one of the benefactions I have most to thank you for.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
4th Sunday in Advent, 1891.

My dear Gosse—As you will, I think, suppose, I was exceedingly pained to hear of the death of

Balestier. The impression he left upon me, from that severe winter evening when he dined with us, was so refined and delicate in its charm, that I looked back to it, all through that terrible winter, as a bright recollection, as of what is to me the most delightful of experiences—a quiet dinner with a sympathetic and intelligent man. But with, I suppose, the stupid masculine *honte*, I should not have written to you if my wife (with that perfect insight and that feminine certainty of touch and of aim which distinguishes wives) had not told me to do so and to say—these are her own words—“that though we shall not send you any formal Christmas card, yet we assure you of our Christmas sympathy in what we know must have been a cruel blow to you.”

Balestier's death reminds me so much of my friend Alfred St. Johnston (a young man, to my mind, of the highest promise) who died of the same fatal disease; and it is a singular coincidence that I should have suggested to St. Johnston that he should collaborate with Rudyard Kipling in the production of a novel—just what Balestier was doing.

I hope that you and Mrs. Gosse will accept *our* deepest sympathy and our heartiest wishes for all the blessing which the Divine Pity and Omnipotence has conceived for man in the most gracious festival which we celebrate this week.—Yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
2nd Sunday after Epiphany, 1892.

My dear Dr. Talbot—I have just written two letters that have rather taken it out of me, but I *must* write you a few lines to thank you for your letter.

I *think* that you will believe me when I say that *nothing* could have given me greater pleasure than what you say, so spontaneously, about *Blanche, Lady Falaise*; your opinion has come to me, as third or fourth, from men whose approval I prize most highly, and I think is the most valued of all. Two things I wish to say, even just now. Blanche worked out her own story and her own fate. I had meant to write—to end—quite differently. What she seems to teach me is that “the pure in heart shall see God”; that the most crushing blow of sin (*reaching even to insanity*) shall not frustrate the pure intention and heart.

The other thing I want to say is about your remark about the *descriptions of scenery*; it is not only that they have a meaning, though that is true, but they spring from my own feeling.

I do not think that there is a waking moment of my life in which I am unconscious of my *surroundings*. I cannot *think* of my characters apart from the scenery and environment.

I will write to you about the Bampton. Sincerely and honestly, it is a *glorious* book; but the point I

have to mark is, I think, worth notice, when I have time, *and grace* to do it.—With kindest regards, yours ever gratefully,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. WILFRED JONES-BATEMAN

January 27, 1892.

. . . I do not know if I ever wrote a book in which the characters were so real to me, and seemed to act altogether for themselves, and apart from me. I think that the real cause of Damerle's fall was that he was not a *churchman*. The old Rector, in spite of his old-world notions, and (as some would say) imperfections, was a better churchman than Damerle, for *he* depended upon the *Church ordinances and services*, while Damerle depended chiefly *on himself*, as, to my mind, most mission preachers do. . . . I venture to think that just as far as "the priest" *loses himself*, so to speak, in the sense of prayer, or of sacrament, or of service, *i.e.* thinks of the *sense*, and not of *himself*, he will find infinite acceptance and result from his congregation. . . . The punishment (*i.e.* the death and end of Blanche), as I understand it, was not upon Blanche's sin, but upon Damerle's. This is the terrible consequence of all sin, that it is not visited only, or principally, upon the sinners, but upon innocent victims. But really every one in the tale had some part in the error. Lord Falaise, *more suo*, fought against the providence of God in his determination to win Blanche at all hazards ;

Blanche never really accepted him—she had not physical strength to resist his importunity. I have seen this occur in real life, where a man was determined to marry a woman in spite of herself and all obstacles, and the result has never been good.

It has been well said that “the index of God’s will is His Providence, and of His Providence is my duty.” If a man sets himself obstinately to gain his own end against the clear tendency of God’s providential guiding, he must accept the cost. George Falaise seemed to have some sense of this himself, for in his final proposal to Blanche he told her that if *she refused him then, he would never try to see her again*. But the instinct of heredity was too strong for him, *i.e.* the determination to win his end.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
March 7, 1892.

My dear Levett—I find that I have Henry Jackson’s numbers from 1 to 6—all from the *Journal of Philology*. I do not know whether he has written any more. The last is “Plato’s latest Theory of Ideas *v.* the Sophists.”

It occurs to me that I wrote him a most exhaustive (and exhausting) treatise on the Platonic idea (I knew a great deal of Platonism in those days, which I have quite forgotten in these), and I think this must have had an influence in converting him from Aristotelianism (I had to take an entire line for this word) to Platonism,

although I have a *distinct* recollection that he did not seem to think much of it (my communication) at the time. If I find my paper I will send it to you, but there is no cause for needless alarm, as I never find anything that I look for.

I will lend you Jackson's pamphlets if you wish it, but on the understanding that you return them, as I rather value them.

It is curious that you should mention H. Sidgwick because Jackson begins his first paper with a paper of his. It is most interesting that young Cambridge should have taken up this line of thought.

I forgot to give you one of the *mots d'esprit*, which I kindly kept over from the last Monday when you did not appear. It is, I think, a very fair specimen of pulpit rhetoric, and it is, perhaps, better written than spoken, as one great beauty is its perfection of style which might be lost in oral tradition: "My *brethren*, such a man is like the captain of a *crewless* vessel, upon a *shoreless* sea! Happy will such an one be if he bring his men safe to land!"—Yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
2nd Sunday in Lent, 1892.

My dear Dr. Talbot—I have not forgotten that you said you should like to hear from me again about

the Bamptons of last year ; I am not likely to forget so kind and flattering a wish. I have written out a good deal about the book, but I have come to the conclusion that it is not expedient to venture on any even semi-private discussion. It is better, as in the case of *Lux Mundi*, to let the book work its own way, at any rate at present. Of course, the line I should take would be the extension of the effort, both as to the New and Old Testaments, of getting *behind* the phenomena of sense, whether of sight or speech, to the absolute truth beyond. But, while leaving this, the all-important, and to many the supreme interest of the book, I am constrained to refer to one point, which I do with great pain, so entirely do I regret that the book contains the passages to which I refer. These occur at pp. 211 to 216.

This passage seems to me to be written precisely in the style which of all others gives such an unreality to the pulpit, and accounts to a great extent for its want of influence over practical men. The absurdity of the whole passage seems to me to culminate at p. 214 (at the top), "we sold in the dearest, and bought in the cheapest market," which is confused with the utterly *distinct confession* that "we could not carry strict righteousness into commercial transactions." Surely Mr. Gore must know that buying in a cheaper market than that in which we sell is a distinct law of the providence of God, that if a man acts on this principle he will make money, which he may, and often does, expend in building Pusey houses and other good

works dear to Mr. Gore's heart, and that if he violates this law of God he will come to the workhouse, and what good he will do to Mr. Gore or any one else there, I do not know. Surely Mr. Gore must know that the *Church* could not exist for a week without the *world*, and that our Lord taught this in the Parable of the Tares when He said "the field is the world" (the world out of which *all* grows). How can Mr. Gore's notions of discipline and selection agree with our Lord's teaching under the figure of the householder, "Let both grow together until the harvest, and at the time of harvest, *I* will say to the reapers"? The attack on the Establishment (at pp. 209-210, the State simply acts *in protecting the prerogative* of the Lord till the harvest time) is the fatal flaw in the modern High Church movement, the germ of all the errors of *Sacerdotalism and Dissent* (for the two spring from the same source), the error that makes the Church of Rome hopelessly narrow and sectarian, the germ of all dissenting sects. It all comes from an ignoring of our Lord's words, "Let both grow together until the harvest, and at the time of harvest, *I* will say to the reapers," etc.

A cataclysm such as the world never saw is probably at hand, and before the storm the Church of England by law established will go down, but nothing can deprive her of this glory, that never in the history of the world has anything like her even been conceived, the Church of Hooker, of Jewell, Nowell, Andrews, of Laud, of Sancroft, of Sutton, of Joseph Hall, of

Hammond, of Jeremy Taylor, of Leighton, of Patrick, of Comber, and a host more. She may be destroyed, but what will take her place!!!—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

March 22, 1892.

My dear Dr. Talbot—I am very grateful to you for your letter, and, of course, very much interested in all you explain to me of the meaning of the passage objected to. I shall be very glad to accept your reading of the passage as removing what seems to me the only blot on a glorious book, but I confess that the two readings do not seem to me identical, and that yours is a very considerable gloss upon the text. If all that is meant by Mr. Gore's sentence is that "the code and economic direction is . . . entirely defective, misleading, *wrong*, if taken as the sole guide for Christians," it seems scarcely worth while to interpolate so strong, widely-reaching, and severely-judging an argument to prove such an undeniable truism. The example you offer of buying your coat does not seem to me at all a fortunate one, for, in the first place, you don't buy your coat to sell again, and, in the second place, the class to which the argument is evidently addressed, the prosperous capitalist class, do *not* buy their coats in the cheapest market, but quite the

reverse. My own experience of forty years' active commercial life has been to show me that commercial morality is not found so much among people who make a profession of distinguished churchmanship, or religion, or Christianity, but among regular church people who make very little distinct profession. I could give numbers of instances in which such people have acted to me in the most honourable and candid manner, without any selfish regard to the *apparent* (for, of course, it is only apparent) £. s. d. of the moment. This experience is not mine only; it is, I believe, universal, and as to my language about the *world* being necessary to the Church, whether it is perilously near any grave danger or not, seems to me of obvious truth. Religion does not surely provide "food," "shelter," and every temporal benefit by which the human race is preserved in existence. This is done by the indomitable energy, perseverance, self-sacrifice, hard labour, rising up early, and late taking rest, of (so-called) worldly commercial men, whose lives are so far from being selfish (at least in result, whatever the motive), that they themselves derive scarcely anything of the results of their labour, the benefit of which is reaped by the human race, which is fed, clothed, taught, refined, cultured (Christianised indirectly, I might almost say) by the fruit of their toil and thought and skill and undying energy. I pointed out before the confusion of expression, if not of thought, between "buying in the cheapest, and selling in the dearest market," and failing to carry out the sort of strict

righteousness that we know to be obligatory in private life into commercial transactions, but I will go further and say that I never met such people. I never knew a man whom I believed to be righteous in private life who was not righteous in *commercial*, indeed I do not understand the distinction. I never knew a man who was a gentleman in private life who was not a gentleman in business; but I have known often men who were gentlemen in business who were not, to my idea, gentlemen in private life, and I should be very thankful if Mr. Gore (*whose book I admire so intensely*) would rewrite the passage. I think it very probable that all misunderstanding would disappear. . . .

The Birmingham Bishopric scheme is certainly *off*! The blame does not probably lie with any one person. There never was sufficient interest taken in it by the public to collect the necessary funds.—With many warm thanks, yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BLACK

LANSDOWNE, *March 28, 1892.*

My dear Black—According to promise, I send you the pages in Moberly's paper in *Lux Mundi* (No. vi., "The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma"), which seem to me so great. At page 232 (mine is the 2nd edition), the passage beginning, "To the religious man, then, the fulness of Christian evidence is as many-sided as human

life," is very beautiful, but the great passage seems to me to be that at page 234 (2nd edition), beginning, "But in saying this, it is necessary to guard our proper meaning, if we admit the fact of the Resurrection," and ending with surely the marvellous words, "It is, no doubt, an event in history, and yet it confronts us, even there in its place and witness in history, not simply as a finite historical event, but as an eternal counsel and infinite act of God."

It is impossible to add to the force of such words as these, but just to show that I appreciate their force, I may, perhaps, be permitted to say that it seems to me that the key of the whole mystery of existence lies in these words of the new Oxford School of High Churchmen, not that they have discovered it, but that they will work (shall I say) this Christian Platonism into the faith of that wonderful Church of England which is now, in all the world, the only fruit of Christianity (so far as thought is concerned) of any vitality or standing in practical existence.

For what do these words mean but that God has come to dwell with man—that, in all everyday and ordinary walks of life, God is with us, leading and directing and furthering in every way, not because certain events happened, or are said to have happened, eighteen hundred years ago, but because we are part of the eternal counsel and will of God: "Flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee." It is not a question of evidence but of faith.

I strongly advise you to read Gore's *Bampton*

Lectures. The passage I object to is at page 214 (but, of course, you will take in the whole passage from page 212 to 215), but this is nothing compared with the splendour of the whole book.—Yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
April 8, 1892.

My dear Dr. Talbot—My glimpse of you this morning was as delightful as it was unexpected. It was a great satisfaction to me to find you so friendly and kindly disposed towards me after what I was somewhat afraid you might consider my plain-spokenness. I have been thinking over the subject we spoke of very anxiously, and I should like to say one or two sentences to clear up my meaning as far as I can. You spoke of a newspaper report which we all remember some years ago, to the effect that the Manchester makers of cotton for the Indian market were deteriorating their goods with size to such an extent that they were losing the market, and you said that you met one of the manufacturers at dinner, and that he seemed to be received as a respectable person. The whole story was vague, as newspaper stories generally are, but, supposing the facts to be as they were stated, there is nothing to prove that the people who did these things were professing Christians, or church people, or anything but very foolish and short-sighted people, who were going to

lose their market, and going the way to bring themselves to beggary, *which they have probably by this time done (one, I know, did)*, and as regards meeting them in society, it is difficult to see where the malfeasance comes in. We probably should not know such people ourselves.

I remember, during the Crimean War, the talk about the iniquity of the Government contractors for hay ; I never met a Government contractor for hay in society, so I do not know what he is like, but if I did meet one at dinner, I should suppose that my host had some good reason for asking him, and I should treat him with courtesy. I could mention people here, church people and communicants, who are very wealthy, whom we do not visit, but whom we have met at dinner. They are very prosperous, and I believe that the goods they make, deservedly rank very high in reputation, but they have, generally, a bad name for hard dealing both with their work people and with all they have to do with in business. They are not pleasant people to meet *anywhere*, but they are just as unpleasant in society (not as Mr. Gore says) as in business, perhaps more so. How would you propose to subject such people to "godly discipline"? The clergy can know nothing about it ; they must employ *laymen* to spy out and pry into the relations of such people with their work-people and customers, and probably such laymen will make an egregious mess of it.

The present Mayor of Birmingham is a Government

contractor (that is, he manufactures military work for the Government). He is a most gentlemanly, excellent man, a life-long churchman. I have known him all my life—devoted to *free* churches, which I am *not*—with a most delightful wife, the granddaughter of an old Birmingham Grammar School headmaster, and they both, for something like a quarter of a century, have devoted themselves to a poor church in the back slums, going there twice every Sunday, and they do not by any means stand alone. I have been in business, as I said, for forty years, and during that time I do not believe that my firm has made £500 of bad debts (and most of that was our own fault), and we met with nothing but fair dealing, such fair dealing as we give ourselves (of course we have to buy as cheap as we can), with people of all ranks.

After I left you, which I was very sorry to have to do, I did some business, got a little lunch, and went to a delightful Lent (Wednesdays and Fridays) service, and choral litany and sermons, for one hour, from one to two, at St. Philip's Church, the Bishop of Coventry's church. This service has been established for twenty-six years, and started by Dean Yorke, then Rector of St. Philip's, and I have regularly attended it all that time. There is a very full congregation, especially on Wednesday. We had to-day a Rural Dean, a very good preacher and *very eloquent*. He gave us a really masterly description of a great city, such as, coming out of the country, he said ours impressed him to be. His description of the people in the street was worthy

of Thackeray, but all this life and energy, and success and splendour, and grief and poverty, and enterprise and toil and death was of the Devil ; all we had to do was to seek to be delivered from it to attain to the Jerusalem above ! I do not think we were sent into this world merely to get out of it.

My wife sends her affectionate regards, and is delighted to hear that you are all so thriving. I thought you were looking remarkably well. Leeds must suit you well, and its smoke does not seem to produce the effect ours does on us.—Yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I was exceedingly struck by your remark that moral force absorbed in one direction *could* not be used in another. It seems also as true, that brain force, wasted, cannot be recovered. A man actively engaged in business has quite enough to do *in* his business, and in seeing that he keeps his conscience void of offence. If, instead of resting in his few leisure hours, he undertakes work for which he is probably quite unfitted, is it not certain that his business side will suffer, not only, or perhaps chiefly, pecuniarily, but also morally ? We have known many instances of this truth.

In the case of the people I described above as *hard dealers*, it runs in the blood. You must remember some vices are only virtues carried to excess ; hard living, frugality, and prudence in the past generation degenerates into something of this kind in the present.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Good Friday, 1892.

My dear Levett—We have had a severe winter since you left, but this morning was very beautiful, with bright sunshine on the snow-frosted trees.

Plato and *Pepita* arrived safely ; they are, perhaps, not so incongruous as might seem at first sight ; nevertheless, I consider *Pepita* a “wicked” book, but very clever ; I have been reading some of it yesterday. I saw Mayo yesterday at the Library. He asked where you were, so I sent him a line, when I got your card, to tell him.

As far as I remember the *Woodman*, we used to think it one of James’s “successes.” I am pleased you have made his acquaintance.

We attended the old-fashioned service this morning, and went in for the last hour of Charlie Black’s three hours’ service. He seemed to do it very nicely, but we much prefer the ordinary service for Good Friday, especially as it is done *now*, which gives it a very solemn and distinctive character. No singing, except the hymns, no flowers, and only *men* in the choir ; the absence of the boys’ alto gives to the singing and responding a very grave and solemn air.—Yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE BISHOP OF RIPON

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
3rd Sunday after Easter, 1892.

My dear Lord—I was very sorry to see the other day in the papers that you had been ordered complete abstinence from work. I had seen some time before that you had not been able to be at some function at Leeds owing to a cold, but I had hoped that this was only a slight ailment. This latter report seems more serious—not that I believe what the papers say. Some time ago we read a sensational and graphic account of the Bishop of Ely's narrowly escaping being shot through the head at a railway station, the fact being, as the Bishop told us, he was at the other end of the platform, and only wondered why they were discharging *fog signals* on a clear day!

But I am somewhat inclined to believe the report about your Lordship, because I have no faith in you at all; and I quite believe you will kill yourself long before your time with irrepressible overwork. If it is possible for your friends to prevail with you at all (and if innumerable and surprising acts of kindness received by any man entitles such a man to call himself a friend, then surely I have a claim to call myself yours), I do hope that you will relent in time and take things a little more easily, and reflect that the Church requires never more than to-day all the good men that God has given her, and so preserve yourself to her for a long time to come.

We should be very glad to hear how you are, and we hope that Mrs. Carpenter is strong again, at least as strong as any one can hope to be after such a spring as we have been having. We have been in great anxiety on account of our Vicar, but God mercifully heard the prayers of the Church and he is restored to health. His loss would have been one very difficult to describe.

My wife is in great sorrow on account of her two brothers, who are struck quite suddenly with severe and, I fear, incurable illness. It has been a most fatal year, so far, to many. We have been so very much interested in the *Life of Archbishop Tait*. I wrote to the Bishop of Rochester to tell him a little of what I thought of the book. He was a most remarkable man, and it seems to me very striking how *ecclesiastical* biography and history preserves its interest while all other history and biography has become very dull.—With kindest remembrances, I am, my dear Lord, yours ever gratefully and affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. W. H. EVANS ON THE DEATH
OF HER ONLY SON

Rogation Sunday (May 22), 1892.

It is indeed, as you so touchingly say, very pathetic that P., "just when what seemed a clear opening in a hitherto cloudy sky," has suddenly been called away

from all those who loved him so much and depended upon him so entirely. These things, it seems to me, cannot be explained, and the more we pry into them the less we understand them. I sometimes fancy (for it does not attain to a thought) that this life, with all its fleeting joys and its enduring sorrows, has nothing whatever to do with the spiritual life, that they run altogether upon different lines, parallel but never touching, and that no reasoning can be drawn from one to the other. I do not know if that thought is more comforting than dreary, but I fancy that it has in it some element of truth. At any rate there is left to us, in this life, recollection and sympathy—recollections of what is so sweet to remember—sympathy, which is a kind of healing sacrifice, that *can* never die, or fail altogether in some fruit.—With our sincerest sympathy and kindest love, I am, my dear Margaret, your affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
May 31, 1892.

My dear Levett—Gerarde says that the *Ranunculus montanus*, "the Globe floure, is called generally *Ranunculus globosus* ; of some Flos troillus, in English, Troll floures," p. 956. This seems to justify our dear Doctor's statement.

We have had a most wonderful morning here—a genuine old-English summer morning, and I have been able to think of nothing but Browning's lines—

Oh to be in England, now that (June) is there,
And whoever wakes in England, some morning is aware
That the lowest boughs, and the brushwood sheaf,
Round the Elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

Yours affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

BONCHURCH HOTEL, BONCHURCH,
ISLE OF WIGHT, Oct. 20, 1892.

My dear Levett—I feel strongly moved to write a few lines to you to let you know how very comfortably and luxuriously we are faring. The visit to the Bishop at Farnham did not come off! On the Thursday morning we had a letter from Miss Dorothy Thorold (pretty name, isn't it ?) mentioning some trains, but mentioning incidentally that they had influenza in the servants' wing, but so far off, they thought there was no risk. We at once decided, though with regret, not to go, and wrote to that effect. On Sunday morning, *here, we had a letter sent on from home* from Miss Thorold, saying she must put us off, as four of

the servants were ill—two dangerously; she did not seem to have received our letter, and we should not have got hers till too late! Fancy our predicament in arriving at Farnham, late on Saturday afternoon, under such circumstances. We cannot be too thankful we were guided not to go!!

Sarah saw a fine Death's-head moth in the garden this morning.

We went up on Friday to Mrs. Russell Gurney's in Orme Square, and had a very pleasant time there, seeing some very nice, interesting people; among them the Clifford who went out to Father Damien and wrote his life. He brought some wonderful sketches to breakfast to show us. Then we drove across London in a sunny mist of fog, seeing the towers of the Houses of Parliament, separated from earth, and rising out of the mist. We had a great rush at Waterloo (not that we had not given ourselves time, but from the number of people travelling), but were most fortunate in securing a delightful boy-porter (about fifteen), a most beneficent child, who did everything for us, also an amiable guard, who looked us into a first-class carriage and watched over us like a father. We also experienced the benefits of the admirable institution named "luncheon baskets," which we had just time to order. We had a very pleasant run down here, in brilliant sunny weather, the tints of the trees very lovely, and the passage over to Ryde was very beautiful in the warm Saturday afternoon. We have a delightful suite of rooms at the end of the

house, shut off from the rest, which Leopold II., King of the Belgians, occupied in 1871, which fact is recorded on a brass plate inside the door. The window looks out on a stone terrace and lawn, with an uninterrupted view over garden and woods to the sea—equal to the best of the private houses about. We lunch and dine in the coffee-room at separate tables, which is amusing, and they give us very nice dinners, with great variety; plain and simply cooked, like home, and all for a very reasonable sum per week. The wines are very good, though rather dear. They have some very delicate mild "vino de Pasto," very different from so-called, also some Chablis, very nice. The hotel is in private hands, and the people are very pleasant and obliging. There is an admirable waiter, a very superior young man, who stays with them all the winter. Instead of moving about all together, we think that the inhabitants of Avonmore might do worse than come here some Christmas holidays. It is a very easy walk into Ventnor, if dissipation of a mild sort is required, but the place is as quiet and beautiful as a private house in a park.

There is a beautiful place called the "Landslip," just beyond Bonchurch, consisting of a wild woodland slope of great extent, with tangled groves of oak and thorn trees of great antiquity, and the limestone cliffs above, overgrown with creeping plants. I was astonished at its unspoiled wildness and beauty. We went to Shanklin yesterday and saw the Chine to

great perfection, both for the time of year and the sunny weather.

The weather has been very fine except Sunday afternoon, but *very cold* until to-day, which has been a lovely summer day with a west wind, exactly as, I *have no doubt*, it has been with you.

We intend to stay here till we return, making one excursion, by rail, to Cowes, which is the only part of the island we do not know.

My wife desires her kindest regards to you all, and I am, with the same, yours ever affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE BISHOP OF RIPON

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
2nd Sunday after Christmas, 1892.

My dear Lord—We are reading Gore's *Bampton Lectures* with extreme interest. I think it a very *important* and *great book*, and one which probably will be of *great service* to the English Church, but in the earlier part there seems to me a little too much assumption of the verbal accuracy of the Gospel narratives, of what might be irreverently described as "Paley up to date," which does not seem to me quite in accordance with the general argument, and I fear will militate against its influence with some minds.—With kindest remembrances from us both to Mrs.

Carpenter, whose kindness to us is ever bright in recollection, I am, my dear Lord, yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—The cat¹ is a magnificent creature, but we are constrained regretfully to conclude that he has no *conscience and very little affection*.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Feb. 1, 1893.

Dear George Macmillan—I see that Dowden is producing another edition of Wordsworth. I never liked Prof. Knight's edition, simply because he put the *last* readings in the *text*. Wordsworth improved, in one or two instances, on his first readings, but these are always, I think, *in his second editions*, and not afterwards; in many cases he fearfully deteriorated. You will recall at once what Wordsworth says in the preface to the "Excursion" that the smaller poems are like the little chapels and aisles in a cathedral compared with his larger work, and in his preface to the beautiful edition of his *Collected Poems* (1815), in the preface to the first volume, he refers to this idea, and seems to think that he has fulfilled it by the arrangement of his poems into mental or psychological groups. (This, of course, is the controversy between Knight and Dowden.)

¹ An Angora from Ripon Palace.

Now I have an idea of long standing, but which became very clear to me last autumn when at Bonchurch, where I read nothing but the "Excursion," that the true way to realise the poet's idea, and (if such a thing can be done) to popularise the "Excursion," would be *to publish an edition of the "Excursion" with a very large proportion of the other poems, interleaved, as it were, with the poem.* I need not point out to you the difficulties in the way of this scheme. They are only too obvious. The greatest, to my mind, is the mass of matter to be introduced. I do not suppose it could be done under three moderate-sized octavo volumes; but I feel certain that, were the plan successfully carried out, *no other edition of Wordsworth would ever be read in future.*

Lord Tennyson did something of the kind when he introduced his lovely songs, at intervals, in his longer poems, and I once said to him that I had fancied he was going to do something of the kind in the "Idylls." To do it properly in the "Excursion" would require infinite care and reverence, but I feel sure that, were it done effectively, it would relieve the monotony of the larger works,—*it would introduce an infinity of fine shades of life and character,* which it would bring, as far as they can be brought, *before the vision and mind of the ordinary reader,* in a way in which they cannot be brought as the poems are published now. I should arrange the smaller poems with the utmost possible care; for instance, those relating to Matthew, the Schoolmaster at Hawkshead, with the reference to his school-days

at the beginning of the "Excursion," and so on. The difficulty is great, but I seem to see a possibility of a great result.

I should like to know how the idea strikes you. There are very slight and apparent coincidences and affinities which, properly brought together, would, I think, produce effective results.

I told Lady Sophia Palmer, who was lunching here the other day, that I would write to Lord Selborne and ask his advice, but I have thought afterwards that it would be better to write to you first, and find how the idea strikes you.

I should be willing to devote my leisure to the work for a considerable time, did there seem, on trial, a possibility of success; but I should like some remuneration for so doing, and this, of course, makes it most important to consult you as to your opinion as to the probable success of such an edition of Wordsworth.

It will not affect me much, I suppose, pecuniarily, in any case, but it would be an intense gratification to me to have been the means of communicating to others the delight and purification I have received from this, to my mind, the greatest poet of the world.—I am, my dear George Macmillan, yours very sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Feb. 8, 1893.

My dear George Macmillan—I am much obliged for your letter. I am not at all surprised that you think that the proposed edition of the “Excursion” would not pay. I never believed, myself, that it would pay—at any rate, *not for some years* (I should be much surprised were I told that Prof. Knight’s or the new edition of Prof. Dowden had paid); but I thought it was possible that, if the idea happened to strike you, you might be disposed to carry it out. I should not call it an edition of *Wordsworth*. I should call it an edition of the *Excursion*, illustrated by poems of Wordsworth himself, or, of course, words to that effect. I fear that the difficulties in the way of arrangement will increase as I come to details, but I think that in my letter to you I *over*-estimated the size of the work. I think that, supposing the “Excursion” itself will go into one octavo volume, that another volume of the same size would suffice for the entire book! But you must remember that a small poem (in verses) takes up as much room as a full, closely-printed page of the “Excursion.” I should not undertake the “Prelude,” nor, I think, the “Recluse”—except, perhaps, extracts from the latter. I should like to bring in some of “Peter Bell.”

Now I come back to what I want to say, not so

much in hope to alter your decision as to state my idea more closely. You say my edition would be arranged upon "what is, after all, a purely arbitrary plan, in place of one arranged on the author's own plan." Now what does the author himself say?—"his minor pieces, when properly arranged, will be found by the *attentive reader* to have such connection with the main work as may give them claim to be likened to the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses included in these edifices" (cathedrals).

Now it seems clear that Mr. Wordsworth felt here, what I think you will admit to be the fact, that in a cathedral these aisles, altars, cells, oratories, recesses, etc., are not bundled up in a corner and kept apart from the main building, to be examined at another day, but are, as he says, included in it.

This is what I want to do. All I shall aim at will be to do what the instructed and "attentive" reader does involuntarily—place, side by side with the text of the "Excursion," such poems as suggest themselves to his memory as applicable and illustrative. But to the *most* instructed and attentive reader it would be an amazing luxury to have these miraculously subtle resemblances and illustrations placed side by side, or on the next page, so that all this world of life and *personæ* would come before him as he turned leaf after leaf.

I do not know if it be worth while to mention any instances that occur to me at once. To the description of the Scottish peasantry and their austere

religious life, what so applicable as the "Ode to Duty"? To the life of the "Highland Boy" what so much so as that other Highland poem at Inversnaid with those marvellous lines :—

So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

"The Miller and his Maids" would illustrate and accord with the story of the cheerful old Parson in the "Excursion"; so would the "Kitten and the Falling Leaves." "Michael" is, in fact, a story from the "Excursion," so is "The Brothers." Many of the sad stories in the longer poem have their counterpart in the "Affliction of Margaret," or the "Childless Father," and the short and perfect poems upon children illustrate and add a charm to some of the narrations of the "Excursion." The "Matron of Jedburgh and her Husband" is to the same effect; all these illustrate the "Excursion." They are of its own soil, so to speak, and by their variety, and the grace of their lyric form, they would greatly relieve and lessen what, as you say, seems to many the tedium of the longer poem.

I have written so much that I have no space left to go into your counter-proposal; I do not think I can undertake it.—I am, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GOSSE

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

June 3, 1893.

My dear Gosse—I have received your book to-day, and am much pleased with your kindly dedication. The other morning at breakfast, when we saw a notice of your forthcoming book in our local paper, we both felt touched and gratified by the sense we had of the very true and real friendship you have always shown ever since I made your acquaintance in that delightful paper upon Crashaw. When friendship is real, and is expressed in delightful ways, it is a very choice blessing in hard times.

I have already made some acquaintance with your book; some of the papers I knew before, but I never saw the *jeu d'esprit* at the end. It is delightful, and reminds me exceedingly of Matthew Arnold. I am much interested in what you say of Rudyard Kipling, whose personality impresses me very much indeed. You do not mention (I think) the "End of the Passage," and in speaking of "On Greenhow Hill" you omit notice of the *end* of a Lancashire episode surely as pathetic as the death of Ameera (saying a great deal), and, still more, the *whole* of "Georgie Porgie," and the first chapter of the "Head of the District," neither of which I ever read without weeping copiously.

There is a sentence in "Without Benefit," etc., which I have thought a superb bit of English, that might

have come out of the "Morte d'Arthur": "They died by the roadside, and the horses of the Englishmen shied at the corpses in the grass." I think his last poem, the "Last Chantry," very great.

I have just read over the *Secret of Narcisse* again. I am moved to speak very plainly upon this subject. I spent at one time much good paper (not to speak of advice) upon Matthew Arnold, urging him to write (as I believe he could have done) one of the great books of the world, but he always put me off by saying that ephemeral literature was so much easier and paid so much better. I believe *you* might do something very great on the lines of the *Secret of Narcisse*. My own *Countess Eve*, when I try to read a few lines of it, seems to me something in the same way—a kind of sketch of the sort of book which *might* be written. Stanley's *Jewish Church* always read to me as though it were the synopsis of chapters rather than the book itself.

But these great books are very hard to write, they need so much time and absorption.

Don Quixote is said to have been written in prison; shall I wish for you to be shut up for a couple of years with pen and ink? I believe a great romance would come out of jail with you.—With kind regards from my wife, I am, my dear Gosse, yours gratefully,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

May 28, 1894.

My dear Levett—The hero of the sword story was a certain Giovanni Gualberto, a gentleman of Florence, and the church where it was deposited was that of San Miniato, which, no doubt, Arthur knows. Two hundred years ago a crucifix was shown there, with the head bowed in the attitude which it assumed when it accepted the sword. I took the story from a few lines in a very old book, and it was only long afterwards that I found that it was a well-known guide-book story. I am quite justified in saying that *John Inglesant* was written to lead up expressly to this one incident, and I do not think it would have been written if I had not chanced upon this beautiful story. I have never been able to find, except in the *Memoirs of Mr. John Inglesant*, the slightest information as to what became of the murderer of the brother.—Yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Feb. 12, 1895.

My dear Levett—. . . I am much entertained with reading once again Mrs. Sherwood's tales in the *Lady of the Manor*. Her characters and conversations are often quite worthy of Jane Austen, while in graphic

interest and terrific excitement she is unsurpassed. In this respect some of the modern French realists may equal her, but I can say that Guy de Maupassant is nowhere to her. Moreover, she includes all life, death, and immortality in her scope, and you have only to admit the "postulate" of the universal and intense depravity of the human heart to have every mystery of human life explained with the utmost exactness. My wife desires her kindest regards, and I am, yours ever affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—Mrs. Sherwood's descriptions of old English life in the last century are charming.

TO THE BISHOP OF RIPON

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
February 20, 1895.

My dear Lord Bishop—I am (I should say we are) so pleased to hear from Mrs. Carpenter's very kind letter that you are thinking of coming to the Church Congress at Birmingham in the autumn, and that you are willing to come to us. We are very conveniently situated as regards distance to any place where the meetings will be held, and we will *do everything* which our servants,—*and we have very good servants*,—can do to make your visit as easy as possible.

I am myself much of the mind of our dear old Bishop, the late Bishop of Worcester, with regard to

public meetings of this sort ; but when such a gathering gives us the pleasure of Mrs. Carpenter's and your company, it is not in human nature to adhere too rigidly to preconceived ideas.—I am, with many thanks to Mrs. Carpenter for her very kind letter, yours most gratefully,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
2nd Sunday in Lent, 1895.

My dear Levett—I was very pleased to get your letter, but feel sorry that you have left Sidmouth. It is such a nice soft, warm, sheltered place! Besides, there is nothing like staying in the same place and always doing the same thing. You have no trouble of deciding or arranging, and you pile up an accumulated amount of pleasure which is very soothing. I am not going to waste any more observations on that wretched creature, the Riviera ; even Gladstone had to come back and put up with Bournemouth.

I am *much* touched by your looking forward to the Monday after April 28. That will be an event, if it comes off, but I think you should take your ease till September. Nevertheless, you may usefully employ some leisure moments in reflecting on the appropriate and (equal to the occasion) Wine! I am very glad to hear what you say of the cathedral service at Exeter. It is our favourite cathedral. The restorations have

produced such a restful and harmonious effect, and the service is the most melodious we know. I hope that we shall hear it several times in September.

I admire your optimist and delightful Sidmouth medico beyond everything, and I have no doubt that his predictions will be fulfilled.

My wife wishes me to say that she is reading *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker*,¹ and likes it much.—With kindest remembrances from us both, I am, yours ever affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE BISHOP OF RIPON

LANSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,
Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity,
St. Michael's and All Angels, 1895.

My dear Bishop—Mrs. Carpenter at the end of her very kind letter says, “Can Mr. Shorthouse tell the Bishop a few of the most important Birmingham worthies?” I am not sure whether is meant past or present worthies. The past would take a lot of thought and writing, and the present would imply a very onerous task which I would rather not attempt; but a few thoughts occur to me which, while not mentioning names, seem to indicate some shades of Birmingham life which I think are not without use in the present day.

Birmingham was a *free town, not a corporation*, and outside the *Five Mile Act*, and in the days of the

¹ Published by Fisher Unwin.

Restoration a *sort of cave of Adullam*—any one might come in and set up in business, or religion, or anything else. This accounts for a great deal of the preponderance of dissent which has always obtained, although it is worthy of remark that the *rector of St. Martin's Church* (the Parish Church) at the *Restoration* was *John Ryland, a parson of the best type*, a man of such a character that these chief of dissenters, together with the rest of the people, never spoke of him except as “that *Holy man*.”

It is a remarkable thing that this “freedom of the City” has continued to the present day; scarcely a single man who occupies an important position *was born in the City*. I do not think that any one of the members of Parliament was born in Birmingham. *I am not sure of Mr. Dixon*. But what I want to arrive at is the statement of what seems to me to be a continuation of the best form of the *feudal system*—which to my certain knowledge, after an experience *on my own part* of nearly fifty years, and on the part *of my family* for more than 150 of the manufacturers of Birmingham, still exists—a *close and friendly relationship between the master and his best workmen*. This did not imply any *nonsense of socialism* or any *interference* on the part of the workmen, but a thorough recognition of the relative values of the position of master and servant, and a firm response to the duties of responsibility on both sides. I am far from claiming this characteristic as peculiar to Birmingham. I have no doubt that it existed, and still exists, *in Yorkshire and*

other great manufacturing centres. I am sure that it exists in Birmingham at the present day, but the establishment of Limited Liability Companies naturally tends to do away with this feeling, and I seem to feel that such a thought as this, put in your inimitable way and words, would not be without use in an address to Birmingham men in their Town Hall. I remember when I was a boy, just in business, seeing a distinguished manufacturer, a man who lived in a beautiful country house in a little park—*there were such places within two or three miles of the centre of Birmingham fifty years ago*—sitting on one side of the old-fashioned carved mantelpiece of his office with an old workman (not a *manager* but a *foreman* in his working dress) on the other side over a friendly cup of tea, engaged in important and interesting discussion on manufacturing matters, and whenever a workman, old or young, displayed any industry or any talent, he did not miss his reward. I know that the same sort of thing is going on now, but not, I fear, to such a universal extent.

I cannot close this letter, seeing that you are to be the guest of Mr. Chamberlain, without saying that I am very much impressed by the unquestionable and striking success of the great idea and scheme which he originated for the advancement of Birmingham to the rank of a county metropolis, and the consequent improvement and advantage of all its inhabitants. Coming as this does from a perfectly impartial source, —from one not at all prejudiced in favour of Mr.

Chamberlain,—it may be of some value, and at any rate it will end my letter, as I began it, in recognition of the work of Birmingham people who were not born in the city.

We shall only have a few days' holiday in October at Weston-super-Mare, so must postpone the pleasure of a visit to Ripon to a future year.—I am, my dear Bishop, yours ever affectionately and admiringly,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
20th Sunday after Trinity, 1895.

My dear Lord Bishop—I am become a *very great man* since last Sunday ; everybody compliments me as though I had *invented* the Bishop of Ripon. I hear from all parts, and through all mediums, of the enthusiasm wrought by the afternoon address. They who were fortunate enough to hear the sermon at Old Edgbaston Church console themselves by saying they are sure they should have liked *that* much the best.

I have been looking up the reference to the line in Terence, *Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto*. I find it is Sir Richard Steele's in the 502 *Spectator*. He says, "Yet I'll engage a player in Covent Garden might have hit such an attitude (to emphasise the sentiment) a thousand times before he would have been regarded." The paper seems to me well worth reading

over again for many reasons. The other passage from the *Eunuchus* I had partly forgotten.

Chaerea, a boy, violates a girl (whom he afterwards marries) in the house of Thais, who addresses him in this magnificent Latin (indeed the Latin of Terence is so consistently superb that there seems to me always a sense of incongruity in its relating for the most part to such commonplace affairs)—

Missa haec faciamus. non te dignum, Chaerea,
Fecisti : nam si ego digna hac contumelia
Sum maxume, at tu indignus qui faceres tamen.

I am going to read Mrs. Carpenter's book at the earliest possible moment.—With kind regards and many thanks for a delightful visit, I am, yours ever,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I have a copy printed in Italy in 1736 from an ancient MS. of Terence in the Vatican Library I must show you some day.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,
Nov. 11, 1895.

My dear Levett—I did not think at the moment when you asked me about Virgil and the eighteenth-century divines, of Bishop Warburton's *Divine Legation*, whose first volume, I think, exhausts Virgil, proving that he had not only read and confuted Spinoza (book ii., section 4), but also "takes occasion to explain the

nature *and* use of a Popish purgatory," which, in his hero's passage through that region, had not been done. This, of course, does not define how early Virgil was accepted as an exponent of Christian truth; but, all the same, Warburton is quite worth reading and very entertaining.—Yours affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Epiphany, 1896.

My dear George Macmillan—I am very much obliged to your house for sending me *Stories of Naples*, by Charles Grant. I have read all but the last with great enjoyment (and expect the same from the remainder), and my wife is even more enthusiastic than I am. These sketches are certainly a wonderful refreshment after what we *hear* of the novels of the day. We shall certainly recommend them wherever we can. It seems sad that the author did not live to see them published.—With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Macmillan and yourself from us both, I am, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
2nd Sunday in Advent, 1896.

My dear Lord Bishop—I hesitate very much in writing even a line to you, lest I should intrude on

your time or give you any trouble, but I hope that you will not let me do either. The temptation is too strong for me to resist to write you a few lines to say that I have read the sermon you so kindly left with me, more than once, with the greatest interest and appreciation. I think that you must have known when you gave it to me that this would be the case. I make my words as few as possible, so I will only say that I hope the sermon was deeply pondered by those who heard it, and will be widely read.

I am especially delighted with your words at the end upon the Holy Eucharist: "The arduous, and yet most constraining appeal which a thing so spiritual, so full of the Spirit of God, makes to what is spiritual even in sinful and earth-bound man," and "felt as an undefined but wonderful attraction by not a few who *stand on the threshold or outside.*" These words, and others in your sermon, remind me, if I may be so bold, of my *Agnostic and the Sacrament*, and of other words which I have written, and encourage the hope, which I most gladly cherish, that some things which I have both said and written in past years, and of which you did not approve, were, after all, only the clumsy and imperfect expression of truths which you recognise and allow. I do hope that you will not let this short letter occupy more than a few moments of your time and thoughts. It is written only to express my appreciation of your words, and my delight in any *oneness* which may exist between us, and my gratitude for this last, among so many other kindnesses to me and mine for

so many years. Do not trouble even to let your secretary acknowledge this. We both of us hope, and fervently pray, that your son's complaint will soon yield to skilful treatment. I heard this morning one of the (if not *the*) most beautiful sermons I ever heard on contrition—one of a series of Advent meditations by the Vicar of Edgbaston.—With kindest remembrances from us both, I am, my dear Lord, yours ever gratefully,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE BISHOP OF RIPON

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
December 29, 1896.

My dear Lord Bishop—I wish very much to write a few lines to thank you for your poem, but I hesitate very much in writing to bishops, knowing as I do what they have upon them hour by hour.

We read your poem on the evening of Christmas Day to a most appreciative audience, together with a good deal of your beautiful paper on Middle Age, in the *Temple*. The passage about "the sweet and shadowy angels of our youth" is one of the loveliest I ever read in English prose. My second brother was delighted with both.

Did you hear, or have you read, the Bishop of Rochester's sermon to the Church Congress at Shrewsbury? We enjoyed a flying visit from him at the beginning of the month, and he gave it me. I am surprised that it has not excited so much comment

as to penetrate to me. It seems to me to be what is called an epoch-making paper. I am very curious to know how it strikes others. I do not admire socialism or the modern clergy (as a rule), and I particularly object to those among them who abuse the commercial classes, about whom they are profoundly ignorant, at the same time taking their money.

I have been excessively taken with the *History of the Church of England*, by Mr. Offley Wakeman. I wish every man, woman, and child in England would read it. It is a perfectly marvellous book in its charm of expression, its exhaustive breadth of view, its fairness, its condensed information,—in fact, everything else that can be said in praise of a book. I met his brother, Sir Offley, many years ago in connection with the Woodward Schools, and was much impressed, I remember, with him.

My wife joins me in very best New Year wishes for yourself, Mrs. Carpenter, and you all, and in hopes that your holiday will be of the greatest benefit to your most useful health and strength.—With kindest remembrances and regards, yours, my dear Lord, ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
First Sunday in Lent, 1897.

My dear Lord Bishop—I send a newspaper cutting of a letter I wrote on Friday last. It speaks for itself.

I do not think that the Queen, if she understood the circumstances of the case, would approve of the destruction of Christ Church (Birmingham). His Majesty, King George III., contributed one thousand pounds to its erection, which practically, in those days, built the church. I am not without some faint hope that the Bill will be quietly dropped in the Lords. If not, we must oppose it in the Commons.—With kindest and most grateful remembrances from us both, I am, my dear Lord, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—The body of the church is ugly, but might easily be improved; but the façade (of portico and columns) is very effective, especially in connection with the flight of stone steps, and the spire, though architecturally incongruous with the façade, is a distinct feature in that part of the town.

TO MR. LEVETT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
3rd Sunday after Epiphany, 1898.

My dear Levett—We were delighted to get your letter yesterday, and to hear of your easy and pleasant journey to Sidmouth. I remember the green adjoining the Esplanade very well, and can picture you perfectly with all your surroundings. I am very glad that Hunter is happy. I am sure that he will find beautiful walks, and he will not mind the mud.

Active and strong people like him find out all kinds of beautiful places, which feeble folk who can only stand an hour-and-a-half's drive in an easy carriage know nothing of. The consolation is that the feeble folk like feebleness, and take thankfully "the good the gods send." And how can they send any greater gift than the one you say you have received—"patience and a quiet mind"? I could suggest several fine but long drives in the neighbourhood, but I abstain for the present.

Since I saw you I have been very ill; indeed I never had such a week of pain and discomfort in my life. The night after I saw you last (Tuesday) I was very bad; we thought I had a bronchial attack, with a curious kind of catarrh, which was said to be about, but it finally developed into quinsy, with inflamed tonsils. For a week I could scarcely swallow anything, and had no sleep to speak of; for the peculiarity of quinsy seems to be that all the ducts and issues of the face are closed, and the moment you lie down you are surrounded and overpowered by the most extraordinary variety of voices and noises that can be conceived; nothing but experience *could* conceive it; a kind of Vanity Fair of shrieks, groanings, expostulations, talk, wild laughter, shrill notes, despairing cries, and all this close to you, yet altogether independent of your volition or power. This goes on all night, combined with a feeling of practical suffocation, and, of course, you cannot sleep. The result is something approaching delirium. Some snatches of a kind of

sleep give personality to all these voices and sounds. You do not know where you are ; if you dimly recognise the room, other people seem to fill it ; devils, Alsatians, infinite straight lines, 6th powers of A gyrated about the room. By some extraordinary process I connected much of the torment of the noises in the nostrils with the furnaces in which sulphate of soda is made, and what was left of my intellect was engaged during what were *not* "the *silent watches*" on proving the folly of manufacturing sulphate of soda. This went on for about a week ; then came a wonderful night. I had made arrangement not to go to bed all night, but to sit or lie on armchairs, sofas, bed, etc. A little after twelve I lay down on the sofa, and fell asleep. I suffered many things in a dream, but when I awoke, there were no voices, no noises, no demons, no infinite straight lines, no 6th power of A,—nothing but peace, silence, and repose. The quinsy was gone !

I went down to town yesterday with my wife in a brougham, but it will be some days before I get back to my ordinary ways. I had some consolations : I was fairly comfortable in the daytime, when I *did not try to swallow anything, or lie down, or go to sleep*, and I read Jane Austen's *Persuasion* and *Adam Bede*, which I am immensely impressed with, and had almost forgotten, and I am now reading *Felix Holt*, also with much pleasure. As the most certain source of happiness is the contemplation of the sorrows of others, I make no apology for this long tale of woe. Please

give our love to Hunter, and accept the same yourself from us both.—Yours ever affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGEASTON,
4th Sunday after Epiphany, 1898.

My dear Levett—I am sorry you were distressed at the account of my experiences. I was half prepared for some such sarcasm as that. “You could not help being amused at the narration of a man who evidently had so thoroughly enjoyed himself,” and I confess that, looking *back* on my experiences, I *do* take some sort of satisfaction in having gone through them. I might have made the account much more graphic with truth, but there are some things which it is not expedient to utter.

I am sorry that you have felt dull lately. I dare say that much of this is owing to the weather. The week before *last* was most beautiful with us; blue skies like summer, lovely sunrises and sunsets; last week, with the same wind, dull and cold, and no sun, would depress any one. This afternoon again is most lovely—a summer’s day again; been to church, first time for three weeks, as the wind has been south-west all the time; I expect that you have had much the same weather. Then I think that the reading of *new* novels will account for a great deal. In my own case, at least, I know that it would produce the extremist

lowness of spirits. I have read in the last fortnight *Adam Bede*, *Felix Holt*, *Clerical Life*, and *Silas Marner*. I do not intend reading the others, considering these to be the perfection of her work. I find that these books fit in with surprising synthesis to the finest seventeenth and eighteenth centuries' biography and topography which I have read at intervals. I think this very high attainment. I admire *Silas Marner* as much as ever I did, but not the *humorous* peasant talk at "*The Rainbow*." This seems to me to lack *vraisemblance*, and this is what I felt two or three years ago; but the serious part is perfect, and the concluding chapters for subdued charm and pathos unequalled in literature. This, at least, is my opinion, but, as G. once said, "I may be wrong."

. . . I am very glad that you have got such a charming old doctor. It was quite delightful to read your words describing him. I have a very nice one too. He does not smoke or drink, but he allows both in moderation, and tells my wife that "men must have some habits." This is almost equal to Mrs. Poyser!

5.15.—We have just had tea to the accompaniment of the most beautiful sunset I think I ever saw, even at Exmouth; the intensity of clear colour something wonderful.

Do you feel want of society? Please give our love to Hunter. We hope he is still enjoying exploration.—
I am, yours ever affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Quinquagesima, 1898.

My dear Levett—I am very glad to have your letter, from which I gather that you are very prospering and happy, and in the full enjoyment of “patience and a quiet mind.” I quite believe that you were sent into the world ages since, destined to say those words to me precisely at that time, such hold have they taken of me. They are only approached by the words of “Durandarte,” the “flower and mirror of all the enamoured and valiant knights-errant of his time” (in the adventure of the Cave of Montisimos, so successfully achieved by Don Quixote), who, after lying on his exquisitely carved alabaster tomb, without *his heart*, for more than five hundred years, when he *did* say anything, contented himself with these words, “Patience, and shuffle the cards!” and, turning himself on one side, relapsed into his accustomed silence without speaking a word more. . . .

We think that you are wise to stay where you are for some time longer. If afterwards you feel the want of a change, I think you would find Exmouth rather dissipated after Sidmouth; if so, it might be, as the Frenchman said, a “delusion” (or was it a “distraction” to you?)—at any rate, don’t go to the Riviera.

I should like you to have seen our garden during

the last fortnight. The crocus, the snowdrop, and yellow jessamine have been more beautiful than we have known them. The two first are spreading so much over the borders. This morning was fine, and we got to church; now (half-past four) we are in the midst of a snowstorm—the first this winter. We are very glad that we are at home, but I am always that.

My wife suggests *Torquay* as a change. She did say something about the great hotel at Ilfracombe; but Ilfracombe is spoilt, and, at any time, not, I think, equal to *South Devon*.

Since I wrote to you I have read *Mansfield Park* again. I like it better than any of Jane Austen, except *Persuasion*; in fact, I like it very much.—With affectionate regards from us both to Hunter and yourself, I am, yours affectionately,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I am not a hippogriff; if I were, I would gladly accept your invitation to lunch at the Knoll.

TO THE SAME

THE BEACON, EXMOUTH,
Sept. 20, 1898.

My dear Levett—We were delighted to get your letter this morning, as we were most anxious to hear from and of you, and could not write, as we had no idea where you were. We are very glad to have so good a report, and very pleased that you have had ten

days' quiet at home. I always said you would enjoy this.

I am glad you liked Matlock. Between forty and fifty years ago I thought it a wondrously lovely spot, but when I saw it eleven years ago I thought it very vulgarised and smoky. I am glad to have a better account of it.

We have, indeed, had a wonderful fortnight here. We never knew such weather, and we have not suffered from the heat, as there is always a delightful breeze, and the drives, for the most part, lie through shaded lanes and woods. The high grounds at the back of Exmouth afford the most extensive and delightful views. From Woodbury Common you can see the whole of South Devon, from Dartmoor to Exmoor, and from Berry Head to Portland Bill; and this morning, in a drive a little below this, we had a still more exquisite view of the coast-line, as we could almost see into the bays, and fancy we saw into the towns,—Torquay, Teignmouth, Dawlish, the Exe towns, Sidmouth, Lyme Regis, etc. The foliage is magnificent, as it is with us in the Midlands. The flowers are fine, but the wild ones are scorched up by the heat. We have not tasted such *peaches* for thirty years.

I should like you to have been with us on Friday at Bicton, the seat of the Rolles. The gardens are shown two days a week. They are of the stately kind, with great lawns, and long canals of clear water in stone-work. *Damp* is what they have to contend with

in ordinary seasons, so that now everything is in perfection, a quarter of a mile of Bella Donna lilies all along the fronts of the conservatories, glass-houses, pinetums ; and old stone walls of great length, covered with magnolias to the top in bloom, and the flower-beds (some in old, carved stone sarcophagi) of indescribable brilliancy and profusion. Even my wife would find it difficult to enumerate them all to you. Then all¹ round the garden is an arboretum of magnificent trees, sixty or seventy years old, on sloping lawns, and, outside this, the park.

Bicton lies in a lovely village, through which the old coach-road to Sidmouth passed. It is quite unspoiled, full of great elms, and old farms and cottages. The worship of the fox is strongly exemplified at Bicton. He is allowed to breed in the laurel copses, close to the gardens, and kill the swans and cygnets on the ponds. We were told that he is seldom killed himself.

Your imagination of me is fairly correct. I have read the "Excursion" through, for I can't tell the limit in times, having lost count, and I have also read "In Memoriam" at the same time, being increasingly interested in the composition of the two poets. To my mind, the comparison is much in favour of the "Excursion"; the latter has, to me, an unflinching strengthening charm. For the rest of your imagination you are not so happy. For "happy philosophic calm" the less said the better; he breaks down at night. I shall put my money on "patience and a quiet mind," if I get the chance.

We return, as we have arranged, to-morrow week. I shall be very glad to get back to the works, and I shall hope to lunch with you on the first opportunity. You will enjoy a return to select work, I have no doubt.

I am going out with my wife, after tea, on to the sands, so will conclude with every good wish from us both. Remember us both to Hunter and Arthur.—
Your ever affectionate,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. ARTHUR GALTON

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Sunday before Advent, 1898.

Dear Mr. Galton—Many thanks for your letter. I hope that my wife's health will allow of our having the pleasure of seeing you for a night before Christmas. I shall, however, be somewhat afraid of showing you my engravings, as I feel that your collection is much superior to mine, but I shall have the advantage of hearing your criticisms; if you bring the Piranesis they will be a sustenance for one evening in themselves. I have two (I think), one of which I always associate with the passage in De Quincey's *Opium-Eater*.

I conjecture that I have to thank you for a little book of yours on Matthew Arnold, which Cornish sent me. We have both read it with interest. I look back upon his career with regret, for I am firmly persuaded that, under more favourable circumstances, he might have produced one of the great prose *books*

of the world. About thirty years ago I sent him a long letter describing this great book.¹ He wrote me that he had felt the same thing often, and should keep my letter "as a reminder and signal," but, alas! the great book never came. He had every qualification for it. *Friendship's Garland* is the most Aristophantic book since Aristophanes.

I think you have all my separate books. I wrote a paper on "The Humorous in Literature," for Sir George Grove in *Macmillan*, which I liked. I suppose I have a copy somewhere, but I forget the date.—With kind remembrances from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Nov. 30, 1898.

My dear Mr. Galton—I send back your paper upon Pater *at once*, as it is unique. It is very charmingly written; indeed, I like it better than anything I have seen of yours. I did not know Pater, and therefore have not the charm of his personality to guide (or delude) me, but I fear that I cannot rise to your appreciation of his work. My own impression is that he made a fatal mistake in allowing his mannerism both of thought and expression to grow upon him. If this seems to you severe, you will please to pass it by

¹ Printed earlier in this volume, p. 85.

as a mere literary criticism, of no value or importance, as no literary criticism is.

I quite hope that we shall see you before Christmas. I have found a copy of my Macmillan paper, which you may glance at if we have time.

I have been very interested in what you say about my smaller books. I send you a note on *Countess Eve*, on which I shall be glad to hear from you. I myself prefer *Blanche*, as being more spontaneous, but it seems to me very difficult for an author to READ his own books, still less to judge them.—With kind regards from my wife, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 7, 1898.

My dear Mr. Galton—Thanks for your letter. I shall certainly keep all your emendations, but I fear it will be long before a new issue of *Countess Eve* gives me a chance of getting them into the text.

I saw the copy of Piranesi in Hitchman's Catalogue, and on receipt of your letter I went to see it. No words—none, at least, that I have at command—can express the intense brilliancy and power, or the depth of richness of the engravings.¹ It is a splendid copy, fresh and clean as from the press. Hitchman says it is the only complete one that he has ever had. I told

¹ There is a sculptured column in one of the plates—wonderful!

him £10:10s. was far too low a price to ask. Of course there are a great many *plans* which are not so interesting.

I have borrowed *Marius the Epicurean* from a friend, and am looking forward to reading it again. My wife is greatly interested in what she has already read.—Yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I have not yet had time to read your paper on Dollinger. I will send it back when read.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 14, 1898.

My dear Mr. Galton—I return your article. I am sure that you ought to keep it to show to others.

I have been much interested in what you say about the unbroken descent of the English Kings. It so happens that only the other day I was reading, in what is to me always a most entertaining, gossipy book, Camden's *Remaines concerning Britaine*, the exactly opposite argument. I am in much more agreement with yours. Much about the De Maintenon is new to me.

I have read *Marius the Epicurean* over again. I think that I had rather not say anything about it. I have always held that criticism of any imaginative

work is worthless if not appreciative ; adverse criticism only shows that the critic is out of sympathy with the book, and is therefore utterly unable to pronounce any useful judgment upon it. Am I right in saying that Sainte Beuve never reviewed a book which he did not admire ? I think, at least I hope, that I am able to appreciate to the full the *Imaginary Portraits*.

I have not read Pattison's *Casaubon* ; indeed, I know very little about the great Casaubon. I know his son Meric, and have read all his books—very entertaining. "Pater is a man to ponder." I think you are quite right in calling the chapters in *Marius*, essays. I should like to see his essay on "Lacedæmon." It is very good of you to remember my liking for the early Dorians !

We have the *Life of Christopher Wordsworth*. We only *met* him that time at Nottingham, and once at Oxford, but we knew the Bishop of S. Andrews well. To know *him* was a liberal education.

We have been thinking of you a great deal these two or three days.¹ We wish you all the future you may so reasonably expect from your training and unique experience.—With kindest remembrances from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

¹ An allusion to Mr. Galton's ordination in the English Church.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 19, 1898.

My dear Mr. Galton—I write this letter because I am at home to-day and have a little leisure—not because I wish to involve you in a daily correspondence, which would be alarming to you, if not to me.

I am charmed with your letter. I have found a man at last who agrees with me in admiring Charles II. I feel that I have not lived in vain. Please keep the notes. I have a copy, but they are so elementary that they could easily be replaced. Your point of view is so exactly my own, that I am more and more convinced that you are the man to do this great work. I have no time or strength. When I was much younger and stronger than I am now, such work *took it out* of me awfully. I am not equal to it now. Besides, though it is true we have a *root idea*, which is essential, I have not the ghost of an idea of a *plot*, which is also an essential, and I feel certain that my “hero” would be only a poor edition of “John Inglesant” himself. I shall gladly keep the matter in mind, and should a *plot* present itself to me, I will gladly make you a present of it. I must try and see Overton’s *Life in the English Church*, 1660-1714; I do not know it.

Referring to the Gallican Church, I am anxious to obtain some information about a “Fra Peter

Francis Le Courayer, Canon Regular and Librarian of St. Genevieve at Paris," who wrote a *Defence of the Validity of the English Ordinations*, etc., etc., which was translated in 1725 by Dan. Williams, Presbyter of the Church of England, with the author's approbation. It not only shows the extraordinary amount of freedom enjoyed by the French Church even so late as 1725, but is particularly interesting as regards the late decision of the Roman Curia on this subject; my copy belonged to "T. F. Ravenshaw, Coll. Oriel, Oxon."—Yours ever, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—It is a wonderful study in heredity. The son of the stately Charles I. and Henrietta Maria brought up in *the taverns in Holland*. Your cousin, Mr. Francis Galton, ought to grapple with this. . . . Fra Le Courayer follows Drs. John Barwick and Mason on the fable of the Nag's Head.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
St. Stephen (Dec. 26), 1898.

My dear Mr. Galton—I am returning the two papers you so kindly sent. I am extremely interested in both. The Cromwell one, of course, I very heartily agree with, and wish it were republished in England; but the Marlborough pamphlet so much surpasses it in interest and value, especially at the present moment,

that we must let the "demolition of Cromwell" stand over till another opportunity.

The Marlborough paper *must* be reprinted in England. It is a finer and more complete history of the England (of that period) than *any* of the vast folios that pass by that name! Is there no political association that would take it up and *circulate* it?

I could write pages to justify this estimate, but this would be simple waste of time to *you*, not to say impertinence. I must say, however, that your pamphlet justifies the very low estimate I have always had of *Esmond*—low, I mean, in ranking it with the great books of the world.

I am very grateful for your information about poor "Courayer"; I am not at all surprised; I thought it was very wonderful that he should be allowed to write as he did. I am also very much impressed by your remarks on the Pope's argument. I think that you should answer this yourself. I have the Archbishop's reply, both in English and Latin. I was not surprised to hear that it was written by John Wordsworth of Salisbury; it is so exactly what his father would have written. I do not think that either of the Archbishops *could* have written it. I followed, as they appeared, all Christopher Wordsworth's pamphlets on the "National Church" (he has sent me several) which he wished to establish in *Italy*, and I believe *would* have established but for Cavour's death at the hands of the "Old" Italian doctors. I have most of Sarti's books, but not his *Council of Trent*.

With regard to the Charles II. romance, I have no doubt you know the *Exemplary Life and Character of James Bonnell, Esq., late Accomptant-General of Ireland*, by the Archdeacon of Armagh, *Fourth edition, 1718*. I have used this book as a constant devotional manual for many years, second only to Bishop Wilberforce's *Eucharistica*. He was in his twelfth year in 1664, so that his religious life was exactly parallel with the reign of Charles II. The late Lord Selborne agreed with me as to my estimate of this book, and also that the religious life of both the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was grossly misrepresented at the present. I trace what declension there was in Church life in the eighteenth century to the fact that the *conscience* of the entire clergy went with the non-jurors. It was a stupid mistake of the Government to require that oath—*stupid* because utterly unnecessary.

What you say about Charles I. and his barber is very amusing, and, I doubt not, very true. He also owes a great deal to Vandyke, whom, I fear, he never paid.

Your letters are so full of learning and suggestion that I have no doubt there is much more that I ought to say, but this must suffice for to-day.

My wife has read the *Imaginary Portraits*, but, I think, does not admire it so much as *Marius*. (Curious!)—With her kind remembrances, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANDSDOWNE, EDGECASTON,
Circumcision, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—Thanks for your letter. I am sorry that I did not make myself clearer as to your presentation of Charles II. and his reign. I did not say more because I thought it would be impertinence to furnish confirmation to one who understood the matter so thoroughly, and took the view which was so much my own. I enjoyed it exceedingly, which was why I said it was a better history of England than many pretentious ones.

I hope, most fervently, that you will proceed with your history of our relations with France in history; this, with the Marlborough, would make a great book.

We must regard Charles II. strictly by his environment and hereditary past. I do not see that he *could* have gone to war with Louis; he had quite enough to do in keeping the only partially-suppressed Puritan faction down.

I hope you will find *Bonnell*. I cannot lend you mine; it is too precious, but I will show it you when you come. I bought it on a stall many years ago, I believe, for 6d.

I like to think of you among the delightful Worcestershire country and the old halls, with their old portraits and books.—With kind remembrances from my wife, and good wishes for the New Year,
yours very sincerely, J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Jan. 2, 1899,

Purification of the B. V. M.

My dear Mr. Galton—I return your sermon with many thanks. It is difficult to praise sermons to their preachers, but it is what I have to do not infrequently, for I am helped by many, but they are not those, often, which some people admire. Yours is one of those which we both cordially are grateful for. It reminds us of many that we used to hear years ago, and, I fear, do not hear so often now,—prescient, instructive, quiet; some of the sentences linger with me very much.

I read the paper in the *Guardian*; it is very good. We also thank you very much for the Bishop of London's pamphlet; we both like it very much—I especially for what he says in praise of the *Prayer-Book*. I have never, to my recollection, seen this better, or so well put. Where I think his argument fails is that he seems to think that he will convince the "mob" by his arguments. *He never will.*

The Church of England rests upon *authority*, . . . and on *AUTHORITY* will it be maintained.—Yours,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
1st Sunday after Epiphany, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—Many thanks for your lecture on Cæsar. I have read some of it, and find it very interesting. I was much interested in your letter to my wife accompanying the book, with the account of the Himbleton Cup, and the pathetic story of your uncles touched me much. As you say you have not seen the Archdeacon's book, I send extract. It is a very nice little book, and some of the drawings are charming, especially the beautiful cup at Welland. I am reading, as I get time, Sir William Temple over again carefully. I fear we shall have to fall back, as to Charles II., on heredity and circumstance as the last resource. What I object to in the modern historians is the cut-and-dried manner in which they settle events and actions, in a few words, according to their own prejudices and party feeling, with no inquiry into details, and no allowance for difficulties or opposite prejudices and feeling. Sir William Temple has always been a very fascinating character in my estimation. The treaty with the States seems to me to have been a mistake from the first.

Your Piranesis are most beautiful. I do not like the idea of your dragging them about to please me; I can imagine them. I thought there was something wrong about Hitchman's set. It is probably a made-up edition, but some of them were *very* fine.

Green seems to me to be fairer to Charles II. than might have been expected—much more so than elsewhere.—With kind remembrances, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—Since I wrote the foregoing I have read your penultimate letter again, and note the inquiry about the Duke of Northumberland and *Sir Percival*. It is rather curious that some time after the publication of that book, Rivers Carnac, who, I believe, is in the Indian Civil Service, wrote to me from Alnwick, where he was staying, to know whether the Duke in *Sir Percival* was taken from his host; but his great anxiety was about the *Duchess*, which he said was more exact than he should like to say! I could only assure him that I had no such idea; I knew nothing of the Northumberlands, and have never seen any of their places. Many people thought the Duke was copied from the late Marquis of Hertford, said to be the finest gentleman in England (or Europe), whom I *did* know a *little*, but this was NOT the case. Many points in the description of Kingswood are taken from scenes familiar to me in my youth.

NOTE ON CHURCH PLATE AT HIMBLETON

Church Plate in the Archdeaconry of Worcester, by Will. Lea, M.A., p. 79. Deanery of Wych, 1884.

Himbleton.—There are many points of interest connected with the cup of this parish. It is large,

being $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, of Puritan pattern, with a cover for Paten. It has no "H.M.," but the maker's initials "S. R." punched four times. It is inscribed, "Mr. John Fincher's gift to the Parish of Himbleton, 1656, augmented 1688,"¹ the first of the dates being the Commonwealth, the latter the Restoration period. This augmentation is explained by a notice on the Board in the Church, as follows:—"Mr. John Fincher gave a silver Communion Cup, weighing eight ounces, in the year of our Lord 1656, which, in the year 1688, was, by the addition of more metal, altered into a fair Chalice and Paten for the more decent use in the celebration of the Lord's Supper."

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
2nd Sunday after Epiphany, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—Many thanks for your letter. I cannot tell you how interested I am in your interview with the representative of your local paper. I wish it could be printed for circulation on a long slip. I should like to send it in many directions. I feel sure it would be most useful. Your argument is original and striking, and at this *moment* more valuable than, perhaps, it *ever* was; the universal tendency towards dissenting and Salvation Army methods makes the

¹ The cover Paten, which has no H.M., is inscribed 1688.

advocacy of the old-fashioned, moderate, legal Church of England method of supreme value now. . . .

I have finished Sir William Temple again with great delight. I am afraid Charles II. can only be defended on the ground of circumstance. He *could* not trust his Parliament for a day.—With kind regards from my wife, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—One thing that interested me much in Courayer's book was the point he makes in refuting, in anticipation, Pope Leo's argument that Anglican orders are void owing to the non-holding of Roman doctrine concerning the Blessed Sacrament. This struck me as very *clever* on the part of the Pope, but as implicitly giving up the (may I call it) historical argument. You say, "Leo will have to give way." May I live to see this great victory of Armageddon!

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
January 17, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—Many thanks for your paper on Himbleton Church; it is MOST interesting. I tried to bring something of the loyalty of the Catholics (so called) to the Reformation before the Papal Bull into *John Inglesant* in the earlier pages, but I could not dwell upon everything. It would be most valuable to

work this out. As you told me about Courayer, you can probably tell me all about the Rev. Joseph Berington of Oscott (May 1, 1793), who wrote *Memoirs of Gregorio Pangani, and his Agency in England*, 1634, 5, 6. When I succeeded, many years ago, in obtaining a copy of this remarkable book (of which I made great use in *John Inglesant*), I had so much difficulty in obtaining it, that I suspected the Romanists of destroying copies. I suppose that he was of the family of Berington of Little Malvern? Reading it now, you would suppose it was written by a rabid Protestant.

I do not quite know if you wish the copy of the *Himbleton Magazine* sent back; if so I will gladly do so when I have pondered over it a little more. I like your phrase "Italian Mission"; what agonies poor Newman went through when he found himself and all his exalted ideals, and the whole *Romanist* Church in England, crushed beneath the more than brutish hoofs of ignorant Italian priest-bishops!

I am sorry to say that when I called on Hitchman yesterday, the *Monarchy Restored* was sold, so I could not see it.—I am, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I certainly class the *Pseudo*-Ritualists (not such as Bishop Cosin) with the Salvation Army, only more so.

I hope I may see your "essay" when completed.

Berington mentions Dodd's *Church History of*

England from 1500 to 1688, in three volumes folio, "chiefly with regard to Catholics." Do you know this work? Dodd resided at Harvington in Worcestershire, an old seat now belonging to the Throgmorton family, "where he died about 1745." "It contains much curious matter, collected with great assiduity, and many original records" (Berington's Preface, p. 9).

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Quinquagesima, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—I have to thank you very much for your two papers, which I have read with great interest and admiration. I hope, when completed, they will be published in a useful form for circulation among the "masses" of laymen; also for the Cardinal's letter, which I return, as you may like to send it to others. Nothing about him interests me very much except the *Grammar of Assent* as a wonderful effort of logical chicanery. I should not have thought *that in this letter* he meant more than that he did not like it to be said that he was driven out of the Anglican Church.

In looking over, the other day, Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, 1634, I found that I had marked, long ago, a passage that reminded me very much of what you said some time ago of an early portrait of Charles I. before he grew a beard. It occurs in the second part of the *Gentleman*, Exercise, p. 25. Peacham is speaking of portrait painting. "I have never drawn

any more truly than when they have been busy in talking at dinner, viewing something or other, and in this manner I have often taken his Majestie, sitting at dinner, or talking with some of his followers. I have many times wondered why I could, among so many, never find any true picture of his Majestie, or that did anything neere resemble him ; I know not ; but generally in his picture I find two principal errors, the one in the complexion, the other in the mouth, which commonly they draw *with a full and great nether lip* very apparent, wherein they commit the chieftest error, which, good observation having avoided, I have drawn him often with my pen and inke, only upon a faire piece of paper in an houre, more truly and like than the best pieces in oyle about the towne."

What a pity he did not engrave one of these pen-and-ink sketches in his book ! There is a nice little portrait, something in his style, in Symon's *Vindication*, 1645.

The last volume of the Verney *Memoirs* is interesting (among *many* other ways) in showing the fondness of the Buckingham *Puritan* gentry for the person of *Charles II.*

The Verneys were all Puritan churchmen, followed Hampden, and belonged to the Opposition in Parliament ; even Sir Edmund, the Knight Marshal, who fell at Edgehill fighting for the King, only followed him to the field because he thought it his duty as a servant of the King.—With kind regards from my wife, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

Feb. 28, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—Many thanks for all your most interesting papers. I return the *Speaker's* article, as you will want it. It is very interesting, but I fear the movement will not come to much. I see little hope of re-establishing the Gallican Church as it existed in the early days of Louis XIII. and XIV., and nothing else will suit the Latin nations; besides, where are the *learned* clergy to come from? . . .—With kindest remembrances from my wife, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,

March 7, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter. I am turned out of my morning room by paperers, etc., so I cannot get at my papers, but I *think* I have done all the lectures and essays—certainly all you sent, and I have read them *all* with the greatest interest and admiration. I think the essays on the Church most true and *valuable*, and shall be delighted to see them in pamphlet form, though I shall not be able to distribute them so freely as I should wish, owing to the tribute to *John Inglesant*.

I thought the first mention was something to be proud of, and was much astonished when I saw the rest!

Thanks very much for your advice about Dill's *Roman Society*; I shall certainly make an exception and buy the book. The extract from his preface is very modestly written, and the table of contents is very attractive. The period is unique. . . . I cordially agree in all you say about the value of Greek in religion; I look upon the *Eumenides* of Æschylus as an early Epiphany.

I am very sorry to hear of Sir Douglas's continued illness. So many are ill and dying. I was much with Sampson Lloyd thirty-five years ago, both in Church matters and politics. I did not agree with him in his strong Evangelical prejudices, but the present state of things makes me almost doubt whether he or I were right. He was a most notable and worthy son of Birmingham.

The weather here is very fine, but cold and variable. I have had a very bad cold, and could not go out on Sunday. I am very afraid of internal chills, to which I am liable. The spring flowers keep very backward.

Kipling's genius, up to a certain point, seems to me stupendous and unique, but I should doubt whether he will ever accomplish one really *great* book. He would have done it before now, had he been going to. —My wife desires her kindest regards, and I am, yours ever sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
4th Sunday in Lent, 1899.

My dear Mr. Galton—I am much obliged by your letter and for the cutting from the *Daily News*, which I am very glad to see. I have got Professor Dill's book. I hate the name "Professor"; it is a modern phrase in English University life. Men were always "Fellows" or "Tutors." "Professor" is too *painfully* suggestive!

I have read the first twenty pages of Dill's book with great delight, and with expectation of much more instruction, and of introduction into what is, comparatively, to many people, an unknown world.

What *we* feel so strongly about the similarity of the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries is true also of the fourth and fifth. Read the concluding lines of the first chapter, p. 32.

Were I to begin to criticise so early, I should say that the only fault I should anticipate is that the work is *too* scholarly, and takes for granted too much knowledge on the part of the reader. This is an unanswerable proof that Dill is one of the tribe of "Fellows" and "Tutors," and not a modern "Professor."

We were very sorry to see the notice of Sir Douglas's death. We were much impressed by the glimpse we had of him, and are very glad that we had the privilege of seeing him. We have had the privilege of seeing many great men for a few moments, and it is pathetic to think how many are gone. What you say about your

early youth is deeply interesting to me, and recalls much that I knew and heard of in my early days.—With kindest remembrances from my wife, I am, yours very sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. EVANS

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
August 2, 1899.

My dear Margaret—I am sorry that you took the trouble and expense of sending the volume of Dr. Arnold's *Sermons*, because Isabel in 1853 most kindly gave Sarah a copy, and it has been in the house ever since. I never read Dr. Arnold much ; Maurice always absorbed me so much that I had no time for other Divines (of that class and time), but I should be sorry to think that he held such views as you seem to attribute to him.

I think it is very likely that Mr. Galton's views are more in your direction than mine are ; but I *think* you do him injustice ; for instance, p. 172, he says both High Church and Low Church views are to be found in Saint Paul, but in that perfect balance, etc. ; indeed, I think that you cannot have read the pages following this. But, however, whatever he says, I am not responsible. He says in his Introduction that I am not so ; as a whole, I agree with him more than I can say. I think that the mastery of the historical subject he possesses has enabled him to put the case against the Roman Curia with an ease and conciseness which, if

anything can, must make it popular. Would you like me to send your letter to him? He is a magnificent correspondent, the best and most interesting I ever had.

We return the book by parcel post.—With best love from Sarah, your affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
August 8, 1899.

My dear Margaret—I think I ought to have said, “I think *I* do Mr. Galton injustice,” not “*you* do.” I *suspect* that he has more (much more) of the Quaker leaven in him than I have; and I got rather confused by your crediting us both as followers of Dr. Arnold. However, there seems to have been no harm done, which is a great relief to my mind. I not only detest religious debate, but consider it in many cases absolutely useless. However carefully expressed, the sense of *definition* to different minds is so variform as to leave no common form of expression.

I send you a letter from a friend of mine, also three notices which I think will interest you. . . . Mr. Galton is constantly receiving letters of approbation from all classes, including bishops. I have had four or five from bishops. I should like to say that I distinguish absolutely between Sacramentalism and Sacerdotalism; they seem to me mutually destructive. So long as the clergy confine themselves to their Sacramental office I

look upon them as THE channel of grace. When they depart from this, and act and talk out of their own heads, I pay no more attention to them than I do to laymen. It surprises me as much as it did Maurice that the New Testament does not convince every one who studies it of the Divine Intention as regards Holy Orders.

There is a stronger passage in Mr. Galton (p. 5) on St. Paul than the one I quoted to you.—Your affectionate cousin,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO LADY LVELL

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
23rd Sunday after Trinity in the
Octave of All Saints, 1899.

Dear Lady Lyell—I am not without some hope that you may remember your great kindness to my wife and myself years ago when we lunched with you in Onslow Gardens, and you introduced us to your mother, and showed us your portraits of the Ferrars. We have, neither of us, ever forgotten that day, nor the impression that Mrs. Sterling made upon us both.

I have been reading with the greatest interest and attraction the *Story Books of Little Gidding*,¹ and I can only wonder and regret that they have not been printed before. They appear to me to be quite wonderful in their unique interest and value. Apart from their religious beauty, the side-lights that they

¹ Edited by Miss Sharland from MSS. in Lady Lyell's possession.

throw upon the social life of the day, on the foreign culture (and gentlemen), on the position which a family of gentry, who bravely followed the highest prompting of a select nature and training, occupied with respect to the fashionable world of the day, who, as Mary Collet says, "had gone too far to expect to please the world again,"—all this seems to me absolutely unique and invaluable.

I may be pardoned, perhaps, for feeling an acute satisfaction in finding that, though the Mary Collet of *John Inglesant* is, no doubt, to a great extent, a creature of fiction, yet there is nothing, so far as I can see, in her words and aspirations and life discordant with those of her real prototype. Indeed, I have been delighted and struck—led away, perhaps, by my desires—in fancying that I could trace a similarity of expression, even in the beautiful words of the "Chiefe," to those of the heroine of the Romance—a discovery naturally most gratifying to me, as when I wrote *John Inglesant* I had no information apart from what is contained in Dr. Peckard's *Life*. I hope you will be sufficiently encouraged to proceed with the printing of the other volumes, but if not—for the public taste is uncertain—the publication of the volume before me is, without question, one of the most valuable additions to English literature that has been made for many years.

We conclude that the dedication is to the memory of your mother. This life is one of anxious trouble and decay, but there are some things of which we cannot be deprived—the memory and example of

the Blessed Dead, and, still more wonderful, by the infinite condescension of God, that some slight words and efforts of ours may bear fruit hereafter, of which we have, perhaps, little dreamed. — With kindest remembrance from my wife, I am, dear Lady Lyell, yours very gratefully,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. EVANS

LANSDOWNE, *Easter Tuesday*, 1900.

My dear Margaret—As you wish for reminiscences, I send you two more of my convalescence at Moseley in 1841.

The first is that aunt (your mother), as I understood with her usual thoughtful kindness, had a small deal bed-table made for me to put my toy-books upon.

The other relates to one of these books, intended to teach arithmetic to infant minds. This was illustrated with large and graphic pictures, in which I greatly delighted. One of these is as present to my sense as if I saw it now.

7 gentlemen walking abroad.

14 great trees, larger, of course, than the gentlemen.

21 enormous rooks (larger than the gentlemen, and not much smaller than the trees) standing on the top-most branches.

I never shall forget lying in the large room with the bow windows and the sunny woodlands outside.—
I am, your affectionate cousin,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. SOUTHALL ON HER NINETY-NINTH
BIRTHDAY

COBURG HOUSE, GREAT MALVERN,
Sept. 11, 1900.

My dear Aunt—I write a few lines to assure you of our remembrance of you on your birthday, and to send our warmest congratulations and our most sincere affection and recollection of all your kindnesses to us for so many years. It is most delightful and a source of gratitude to God that you are so wonderfully blessed at such an advanced age with the powers of mind and memory unimpaired, and are able to continue uninterruptedly the kindness and care for others which has marked all your long life. My brother John tells me that he much enjoyed a long talk with you the other day. Please thank Isabel very much for her letter. We are very glad that she enjoyed her short stay in Worcestershire so much. We have often wished to see the part of the country where she was.

We have had delightful drives while here, and are much better for them.

This morning is beautifully fine, but very thick, so that instead of driving we think of going into Worcester to attend afternoon service at the Cathedral.—With our united best love and all good wishes for the present and the future, and our best love to Isabel, I am, my dear aunt, your affectionate nephew,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. GOTT, BISHOP OF TRURO

LANSDOWNE, 1901.

My dear Lord Bishop—I cannot help writing at once to thank you for your letter, though you will soon see that my powers of writing are very small. I have been, and still am, very ill. I feel very much as, I fancy, a crushed worm feels, I am so helpless and weak.

I creep into the sitting-room next to our bedroom at nine o'clock, and I go to bed at six P.M., lying down most of the time, and, what is worse, I gain no strength or flesh, but it does not trouble me very much.

I have lost the sight of my right eye, and almost the use of my right hand, but I always expected to break down suddenly, and “I am in the hands of One who cannot err.” I had dreadful nights some months ago; but for the sense of God’s presence, I should have gone mad; I sleep well now, but it seems to do me no good.

A month ago I had a most beautiful letter from the Bishop of Rochester. I should like you to see it, but do not feel justified in showing it. One sentence I must quote: “I feel I owe you great contribution and help towards feeling the beautiful mystery and power and meaning of the Holy Sacrament, as well as an added sense of the beauty of visible things in tones suited to many a modern ear.”

I told him I thought in *John Inglesant* I wished to indicate the mysticism of the Prayer-Book and the Caroline Divines, on the one side *safe*, on the other *infinite*.

I wish either you or the Bishop would write on this subject.

Do you know Brevint's *Christian Sacrifice*? It was reprinted at the request of Waterland—another proof that the eighteenth-century Divines were much more spiritual than some think.

We are much interested in what you tell us of yourself and yours, and much hope that Mrs. Gott may gain strength as the new year comes on. Our love to her and yourself. I would write more, but you see how difficult it is for me to write.

You say much to your people on the Priesthood of laymen; what do you think of the layship of Priests? I used the expression "did not cease to be laymen when they became priests" of the clergy of the eighteenth century in my preface to Arthur Galton's book, *The Message of the Church of England*.—Ever your grateful and affectionate friend,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO DR. TALBOT

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Nov. 5, 1901.

My dear Lord Bishop—I have almost given up writing, but I *must* try to write a few lines of thanks

for your priceless letter. Your words would seem more miraculous and wonderful even than they do could I regard them as anything else than a continuance of that marvellous loving-kindness that has followed me all the days of my life, and follows me now.

As a very little child I used to lie in the summer mornings watching the fleeting clouds, and *feeling* God near. So it has ever been. God always! God everywhere! If I have done anything, if I have said anything that has been a help to others—God, God alone! All that He does is right. If He leaves us here, we have work to do still; if He takes us away, “that which began in him, when he began, is finished. He hath wrought the purpose through of that which made him man.”

I should like to say that I have written *nothing* but what I thoroughly *felt* and *believed*; it was all true to myself, and that what I think I wished to enforce was the mysticism of the Prayer-Book and the Caroline Divines, on the one hand *safe*, on the other *infinite*.

“The old days of intercourse” you so kindly recall were indeed sweet and most enlightening. Our thanks must most fully go out to dear Mrs. Talbot and to you. You have our prayers always, especially at solemn times.—Yours ever affectionately and gratefully,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. BETHUNE BAKER

Christmas Day, 1901.

My dear Mrs. Bethune Baker—Sitting up to write is so difficult for me, and steadying the pen in my fingers almost impossible, that you will soon understand why I have almost given up writing, but I must try to send you a few lines to thank you for your most kind letter.

What you say about my patience is, indeed, far too kind. I have so many mercies and helpers about me that it would be sad indeed if I could not attain to a little patience now and then. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life with such lavish and constant bounty that, at times, I am absolutely appalled at the thought of them and my unworthiness. Not among the least of these, by any means, is the recollection of your dear father.¹ I class his friendship among the choicest possessions of my life. I scarcely seem separated from him now ; sometimes I fancy that he is in the room talking as he used to talk to me. We have many kind letters and beautiful gifts.—With best love to Mrs. Jordan and kindest regards to Mr. Bethune Baker, yours gratefully,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

¹ Dr. Jordan.

PART V

LAST YEARS

DURING the last week of October 1900 Mr. Shorthouse complained of languor, and was evidently unwell. But he would not give in, and no doubt suffered from going in to town on a wet day. At the end of the week he felt well, and fully intended to be at church as usual on Hospital Sunday. This, however, was not to be. He woke at 5 A.M. in terrible pain from an acute attack of colic, and he was never really well again. He rallied, after weeks of careful nursing, sufficiently to resume his attendance upon business, and now and then to go to church. But a second severe attack on the 8th of March 1901 completely prostrated him, and two years of suffering, with little intermission, were now his condition to the close of his life. For muscular rheumatism racked his enfeebled frame with its tortures, and then

internal mischief caused such wasting and decay of his bodily powers that he became a helpless invalid, unable to move himself in bed, and hardly able to bear a touch without pain.

During 1901 he tried to direct his business, but the effort was plainly too much for him, though his mind was as vigorous as ever. His good brother, Mr. John W. Shorthouse, released him from his partnership, making a liberal and satisfactory arrangement in every way, and so enabling my husband to dismiss all worldly care from his mind. He had every solace and alleviation of his sufferings that could be devised by his physicians. Loving friends and near relations were ever anxious to brighten his weariness by visits and gifts of flowers and conversation, in which, often to their amazement, he would enter with all his old vivacity. He had ever been a most kind and considerate master to his servants, and they gave willing and efficient aid to me in nursing him. And while so much of his bodily strength was rapidly ebbing away, his difficulty of speech left him *entirely*. More than once, in the summer of 1902, he was carried downstairs and through his own and his brother's gardens, to his great refreshment and delight.

Amongst the visits which specially pleased him were those of the Bishop of Ripon and Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, who made a special arrangement of their plans in order to spend an hour with Mr. Shorthouse, who was then confined to bed. They discoursed, as they had often done before, upon the "deep things of God," and General Kekewich, whom we had known from a child, found time, on a hasty visit to our city after his retirement from South Africa, to come and chat with kindly brightness of his experiences amongst the Boers. Later still, Mr. Shorthouse entered with keen interest into Mr. Wilson King's description of some phases of Indian religious thought. At these times the mind seemed entirely to dominate the weak and suffering body. Its ascendancy astonished his physicians to within a few hours of his death.

Books were still his constant companions and unfailing solace. He knew where each one could be found on his shelves, and, by the aid of a little reflector lamp, the winter months, which he had dreaded because of the increasing difficulty of getting the light on the right side, were beguiled day by day for hours, spent in the company of his own and treasured volumes.

Some of these, which to many might seem not very attractive, were endeared to him by years of converse and meditation: the *Familiar Epistles of Sir Anthonie of Guenara*, printed in London, 1577; Feltham's *Resolves*, 1631; but especially the *Life of James Bonnell, Esquire, late Accomptant-General of Ireland*, by William Hamilton, Archdeacon of Armagh, printed in West Smithfield, 1718. "My dear Bonnell; he was a wonderful man," he would say, and the book was rarely absent from his bedside; for this most charming and saintly man lived *in* the world, not out of it, and dared to maintain a holy life and conversation during a most troubled and difficult period. The "Excursion" was as dear to him as ever. Of lighter works, an edition of Charles Lamb's *Letters and Essays*, bound specially for the feeble hands to hold, was frequently a pleasure, and he would read some of his old favourites to me as long as he had strength to do so.

Mrs. W. H. Evans and Miss Southall visited him several times during his long illness. His brother came daily, and after reading the *Life of the Rev. James Martineau* he sent it to Mrs. Evans, and dictated letters to her with all his old clearness and discernment within a

few weeks of his decease. An unknown lady sent him about the same time a translation from the German of Von Eckartshausen called *The Cloud upon the Sanctuary*. He read the book quickly through, and dictated a letter to her, which I have placed amongst his latest efforts. I believe that the greatest privation, and the one that he felt most keenly during his protracted illness, was the loss of the services of our beloved Church. "I do so miss the singing of the hymns," he would say plaintively to me. But our brother-in-law, Mr. Ball, used to come on Sunday afternoons with his daughter Elsie and play sweet airs on their violins to soothe him. The last Sunday of his life was one of great bodily discomfort, but, as of old, the "dear familiar strains" seemed gradually to bring a sense of comfort, and it was touching to see the look of peace on his face, and the feeble movement of the wasted hands as they tried to move in unison with the air "O rest in the Lord." The loss of the sight of his right eye, and almost all the use of his right arm, were additional trials, but he battled bravely with his troubles, and often cheered us by flashes of his old playful humour.

His patience and submission to the will of

God were indeed wonderful. His letters written or dictated during his illness show the spirit in which he accepted his great sufferings. He used to say, "It is quite right that I should have all this pain and suffering, I have had such a very happy and sheltered life. I am sometimes quite appalled at the thought of all the kindness and goodness of God to me."

One spiritual letter which he received during his illness is worthy of notice, for it was written without assistance by his aunt, Mrs. Southall, two days after her hundredth birthday. She died in January 1902. Her home was near to Lansdowne, and from her own bed of weariness and pain she loved to send words of cheer to her fellow-sufferers.

The visits of his kind vicar, the Rev. Canon Strange, were a great comfort to him, and a copy of the *Christian Year* was always on his bed, for he said, "I want to know the hymns by heart, so that if I lose my left eye, I shall have them still." And his own Edition de Luxe of *John Inglesant* was a real pleasure. One or other of the three lovely volumes was now always at his side.

He had the unspeakable comfort of knowing that he had written only what was good and true

and holy, and he felt that his work on earth was done. He had sweetened the lives of all with whom he lived by his gentleness and courtesy, his gay spirits, his purity and love. His life had been a loving realisation of the presence of God, and a lowly, devout sacramental union with our blessed Lord, Jesus Christ. To him the unseen was more real than the seen. And it might be said of him, in his own words, written years before in his poem "Odysseus"—

Thou shalt be aged with gentle age, and tired of life shalt be,
And such an one shall Death appear as thou wilt gladly see.
And Death shall come upon thee very gently, as a friend
Who comes into the house at eve, when the day is at an end.

TO AN INVALID GENTLEMAN, UNKNOWN TO US,
DURING HIS ILLNESS¹

LANSDOWNE.

Dear Sir—I have received a kind message from you through your friend Mr. John Player.

It must always, of course, be a great satisfaction to a man to know that he has written a book which has given so much pleasure and help.

At the end of twenty years I consider myself very happy, on reading *John Inglesant* carefully through, to

¹ This was written early in 1902. The gentleman to whom it was addressed wished the author to be told of the very great comfort and help that *John Inglesant* had been to him in his severe illness.

find that I am as much satisfied with it as an author can reasonably expect to be.

My wife is kind enough to write this for me, as writing is almost impossible now to me.

I have been suffering for more than a year from the results of muscular rheumatism. I have lost the sight of my eye, and, physically speaking, life is somewhat of a burden to me, but I am thankful to say that my mind is perfectly clear, and I feel no *mental* weariness of life.

I am afraid that your condition is one of more constant suffering than mine. I very much sympathise with you in it.

I am firmly convinced that whatever befalls us is under the direction of a heavenly Father, who has a divine purpose in everything He does.—With kind regards, I am, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN

(*Dictated*)

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
July 22, 1902.

My dear George Macmillan—As I am unable to write myself, my wife is kind enough to write for me. I have lost the sight of my right eye, and, very nearly,

the use of my right arm, and I cannot move from chair to chair without help.

I have been, for some time, very desirous of seeing a better edition of *John Inglesant*. I do not know how it is *selling*, but I know it is being *read*; scarcely a day passes but I receive private proof of this. But I find a general wish for a better copy for binding.

The new edition, 2 vols. 8vo, December 1881, is a very nice one, but is very difficult to procure. I found a very nice clean copy the other day. I think that an edition in two or three volumes somewhat similar to Thackeray's first edition of *Esmond*, with hand-made paper and old-fashioned type, and bound in plain cloth like his, would be very nice.

I have an original copy which I bought as soon as it was published. It has kept perfectly clean and nice. Those copies of the Edition de Luxe, 1882, which I had over, I have sold to the second-hand bookseller at 30s. for the country houses.

I should like to know what you think of this proposal. As I am not anxious for pecuniary profit, I shall not make any difficulties in that respect.

I hope that all the members of your firm are well. My wife is always very grateful for the *Century* and *St. Nicholas*.—With very kind regards from us both to Mrs. G. Macmillan and yourself, I am always, yours
sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO THE SAME

*(Dictated)*LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Dec. 6, 1902.

Dear George Macmillan—I am much obliged for your kind letter, and very glad to hear that the Edition de Luxe is published. It adds greatly to the pleasure I take in the book that my connection with your firm has been of so pleasing a character.

I shall be much obliged if you will send me one copy, which I will keep especially for *myself*. I always give my wife the first copy that arrives of my works. I should also be obliged if you would send one copy to Mrs. Humphry Ward, as I do not know her present address. Please say, "From the Author," and my wife will write to her, if you would be so very kind as to send us her address. I owe her deep gratitude for introducing the book to your father.—With our very kind regards to Mrs. George and yourself, I am, yours sincerely,
J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

TO MRS. EVANS

*(Dictated)*LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON,
Jan. 2, 1903.

My dear Margaret—I am very much obliged for your letter and very kind good wishes for us both,

which we cordially return, also for the two photographs, which I have enjoyed very much. What beautiful old houses can be had in your country-places for a mere trifle! We have had photographs of several of them lately. Were I middle-aged and strong, I should like nothing so much as to take one of them and settle in quietly with my books; but all such things are past for me.

I note what you say about material rejoicing at Christmas. We have always spent Christmas so very quietly, not having any young folks to stir us up, that I do not think I can properly appreciate your point of view, but I am not in favour of devoting such days entirely to direct devotion. I think the flesh also should be called on to rejoice.

You are quite correct in what you say about me in my quiet room. I tell every one that I feel most clearly that my life—an exceptionally happy and sheltered one—would have been incomplete without this long period of suffering. But you must remember what I lose by not being able to attend the beautiful services of our Church. I cannot express this to you. When I used to hear such services as that on Christmas morning, it seemed to me that I was already in Paradise, or at any rate in heaven upon earth.

We are very glad to hear such a flourishing account of your two grandsons. I admire Arthur very much, and expect that he will make a splendid officer.

We enjoyed your description of the birds in a fog! What a lovely country yours is—a land of mountains, woods, and streams!

We have got a new, beautiful little edition of Crashaw. I am going to send Isabel one. Would you care to read the second volume of James Martineau's *Life and Letters*? They are very interesting, and can easily be sent by post. He was a very devout man. We have the book.

What you say about the Roman Catholics is very interesting. I wonder how far it applies to the Irish in America.—With best love from us both to William Henry and yourself, I am, your affectionate cousin,

(Signed) J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

LETTER dictated to me by my DEAR HUSBAND to
MADAME DE STEIGER, acknowledging her gift of
a book called *The Cloud on the Sanctuary*.

Jan. 18, 1903.

Madam—I am much obliged for the book and your letter, in which I am much interested, as I never heard of Eckartshausen before.

When I tell you that I am a confirmed invalid, that I am almost confined to bed, that I have lost the use of my right eye, and can only just manage to sign my name, you will see that it is impossible for me to reply at any length.

I admire Mr. Waite's introduction very much—in-

deed some of his phrases are almost my own. Perhaps the fundamental idea of *John Inglesant* is the intense difficulty of revealing the Infinite in any degree to the finite.

It has taken thousands of years to attain the point we have reached, and, judging by the very slow progress made, it will take thousands more. This is what troubles many people concerning the book. The standard seems low, and the hero unsatisfactory. It seems impossible to the average person to conceive of abstract subjects at all.

Nothing is more impressive than the patience of Divine wisdom.

I disagree with Eckartshausen in (ascribing?) the origin of mysticism to Abraham. It is the fundamental principle of all religions and all philosophies.

I also disagree with him still more strongly in his assertion that reason cannot search out the Divine scheme.

That Image after which we were created—the Divine Intellect—must surely be able to respond to the Divine call. The greatest advance which has ever been made was the teaching, originally by Aristotle, of the receptivity of matter. The idea which is the basis of Hegel's philosophy is now coming to the front under various interesting aspects. I look forward with great interest in this direction. I should be very glad to see this idea of *John Inglesant* worked out by an intelligent critic.

If you saw all the letters that I receive, you would

not easily be induced to follow the example of those who write to authors.—I am, yours sincerely,

J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

P.S.—I believe the doctrine of the Catholic Church is explicable by pure reason.

It was “at eve” on the 4th of March 1903 that the Death Angel, whom he had ever called “the most beneficent Angel of all,” came to release the ready spirit from its wasted, suffering body. He gently breathed his last in the presence of his wife and brothers, his kind doctor, Mr. Jenner Hogg, and the faithful servants who had tended him to the end. He was laid to rest in the grave which he had chosen some years before in the churchyard of our Parish Church in Edgbaston, in the presence of a large and sympathetic number of relations and friends and admirers of his writings. His work-people walked on either side of the hearse which bore him from his home to the church, each one wearing a button-hole of violets to drop into his grave at the end of the service, which was sweet and solemn. And as the choristers sang “Now the labourer’s task is o’er,” a gleam of sunshine dispersed the gloom of a rainy day, and birds sang sweetly in the trees around.

A recumbent marble cross of great simplicity and beauty was placed upon his grave on the following Christmas Eve. His own chosen text is graven on its base, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come."

SARAH SHORTHOUSE.

LANSDOWNE, EDGBASTON, 1904.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. SHORTHOUSE¹

By Miss J. D. MONTGOMERY

NOT long after the publication of *John Inglesant* I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Shorthouse—an acquaintance which I may gratefully say ripened into one of those valuable friendships, when a superior in age and intellect and character admits an inferior to an intimacy on apparently equal terms, and thereby exerts a real educative influence.

I was living then with a relation who was a well-known scholar and theologian, and Mr. Shorthouse came to stay with friends in the neighbourhood. I was naturally most anxious to see the author of so strange and fascinating a book as *John Inglesant*, and begged that in some way this might be effected. "Oh! but," said my friend, "Mr. Shorthouse hates being treated like a lion." "That can easily be got over," suggested a quick-witted bystander; "make ——" (naming my uncle) "the lion, and invite Mr. Shorthouse to hear him roar."

¹ Reprinted by permission from *Temple Bar*.

This was done, and Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse came to lunch, and I was privileged to sit next to my hero. Nothing could have been kinder than his manner; and in the simplest and most natural way he consented to talk about his book, thereby giving me the greatest pleasure—a pleasure which authors often deny to their friends, from a self-conscious modesty which forbids their recognising the profound interest we all feel in hearing any great man speak of his own book. I forget whether it was on that or a later occasion that I ventured to ask how long the book had been in Mr. Shorthouse's mind: to which he replied thoughtfully, "I don't think I can remember the time when it was not." To my timid remark that it seemed impossible to believe he had not been in Italy, nor even across the Channel, he replied that as a child he had been familiarised with Italy, because his father had travelled there much, and allowed his children to be with him while he shaved, and would tell them much of his travels and make them realise the very atmosphere of the country.

Before Mr. Shorthouse left he said to me very kindly: "I want to send you something of mine, and I am wondering what to choose. I think it shall be my Preface to George Herbert's *Poems*, adding with his humorous smile, "It will give you a better idea of my churchmanship." Instinctively I exclaimed, "But I don't need that after reading *John Inglesant*." He seized both my hands and shook them warmly, saying: "You could not have said anything to give me greater pleasure. I have been called Romanist, Agnostic—

anything you please, but few have deduced English Churchmanship from my book."

On a later occasion, when some discussion was going on about "high church" and "low church," I well remember the simple reverence with which Mr. Shorthouse defined his own position. "I am a strong Sacramentalist," he said. And in truth, brought up among the Society of Friends, it was the Sacramental teaching of the Church on which his spiritual life fastened. Never have I known a more deeply-reverent and unquestioning realisation of what sacramental grace is to the spirit of man. It was during a summer spent in the country and under the influence of Mr. Morse, Incumbent of Ladywood, and later vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham, that Mr. Shorthouse resolved to seek for baptism. He was baptized in Ladywood Church; and with a simplicity as convincing as it was impressive he said: "I have always felt a different man from that day." The intimacy and friendship with Mr. Morse continued till his death; and it was to him that Mr. Shorthouse dedicated his *Sir Percival*, his own favourite, among his writings, after *John Inglesant*.

The traces of Quaker training noticeable in Mr. Shorthouse were very interesting; some traits seemed indelibly impressed on him, while others produced a visible reaction. He possessed to the full that subtle charm of the Friends which is so quickly felt, and so hard to analyse—exquisite refinement of mind, delicate discrimination, a singular sense of moderation, abhorring

all excess, eccentricity, over-emphasis, self-advertisement, as opposed to good taste; all, in a word, that we understand by that long-suffering word *Culture*, was his in fullest measure. On the other hand one felt that a part of his nature had been starved by the strict rule of the Friends in his young days. He had a passionate love for music and intense appreciation of it; but a total absence of technical knowledge made it difficult for him to express in language intelligible to those who had it, the emotions music stirred in him.

In his beautiful sketch, *The Violin Player*, a musical atmosphere is most skilfully produced; but the story, as at first written, required several important corrections to make it intelligible to the average musician. Mr. Shorthouse himself often regretted that he had been deprived of all musical training, and sometimes maintained that one of the great books of the future would be a musical romance written by one who combined technical knowledge with artistic and emotional insight—a book “which should resolve the mysteries of life.” I remember quoting “Abt Vogler,” but the absence of form always stood in the way of Mr. Shorthouse’s appreciation of Browning; the description of the lunar rainbow, wonderful to us who love Browning in spite of, and even sometimes because of, his faults, was hopelessly marred to Mr. Shorthouse by the presence of the word “*flushier*”; it got in his way, so that he could not see beyond it or through it.

Perhaps Mr. Shorthouse was seen at his best in his

own charming home at Edgbaston, surrounded by his beloved books ("fit though few," for he was no mere bibliophil), living with and by those he loved, but for the most part untouched by the masses of ephemeral literature which does so much to sap real literary taste in the present day. Last time I saw him I reminded Mr. Shorthouse of his telling me some years before that he had read every word of the "Excursion" twelve times; and he replied with a merry smile: "I have read it several times more since."

That was thoroughly characteristic of the man: he used the resources of life with a certain thriftiness, getting far more out of a little than most of us get out of a great deal. He had a fine sense of detail, and derived the keenest enjoyment from the small things of daily life, which less gifted minds pass unnoticed; here he was in sympathy with Wordsworth; walking round his small, but beautifully designed garden was a revelation as to what a loving and reverent observation of Nature could discover; truly, to him "the meanest flower" could bring "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears." And so it was all through life; a look, a word, a gesture, a kindly greeting, a sunbeam, a delicate scent, a rich colour, a sweet sound, would thrill him with a deep thankful enjoyment which was a continual reproach to the *blasé* modern mind, seeking for excitement and novelty, and pungency of emotion.

He was the most genial of hosts, and as ready to listen as he was to give, out of the stores of his own mind. The terrible stammer—almost a convulsion—

which must have tried sorely one so full of thoughts and so ready to give them to others, was, he used to say, a blessing in disguise, having led him to use the pen as his great instrument of expression ; but there were times when the stammer almost ceased, and he could talk on uninterruptedly. One very striking and touching habit grew up out of the stammer. At "family prayers" he and his wife read all the prayers together ; because if an attack of stammering came on, her gentle voice would carry on the thread till he recovered, and the knowledge of this prevented all nervousness on his part.

On one occasion it was my privilege to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse for a musical festival at Birmingham. Making all allowance for the undisciplined modern appetite of myself and another guest, every arrangement was made for us to attend as many concerts as we would ; but our hosts only went to two, and the same two which they always attended—the "Messiah" and the "Elijah." These they knew, these they loved, and of these they enjoyed every note, and were not to be drawn away from their allegiance by the temptation of the first performance in England of "Mors et Vita," or the sight of Dvorak himself conducting his "Spectre's Bride." The older music, less sensuous, less exciting, less emotional, was to Mr. Shorthouse more healthy and more satisfying ; and he gently rallied me on my Wagner craze, with allusions to the superiority of Doric music over later and more florid forms. Not the least interesting of my

memories of that Birmingham festival is the recollection of the venerable figure of Cardinal Newman being helped to his feet as the vast multitude rose to the first strains of "Worthy is the Lamb."

One delightful relic of the Quaker days was the sense of restfulness and deep peace which pervaded the house. There was never any hurry or flurry there; it is impossible to imagine anything less like the typical life of one of England's greatest commercial cities. I knew that Mr. Shorthouse was "in business," and I fancy must have been fairly successful; but all that was left in town; I never heard one word of commercial life, nor were either things or persons ever appraised in terms of money. There was a strange irony of fate in even knowing that the author of *John Inglesant* was concerned in the manufacture of vitriol. One admirer exclaimed in a horrified voice: "Vitriol—why, he ought to have made nothing but attar of roses!"

Some sides of life made curiously little appeal to that deeply sympathetic nature; "Social Questions," as such, had next to no interest for Mr. Shorthouse. His household relations were patriarchal in their simplicity and kindliness; but of relations in theory between capital and labour, employer and employed, he took little heed. The strong tide of municipal life in the city, where it is perhaps most strongly developed, passed him by, and left him quite untouched; contest, self-assertion for the sake of principle, political machinery, religious party strife, were absolutely

abhorrent to him. To many of us there is true poetry in the stress and storm of city life, with its strenuous effort, its piteous failures, its few dazzling successes, its jostling of different interests, its factions, its sacrifices ; but the flowing tide of civic democracy had no charm for Mr. Shorthouse. I used often to tell him he did not belong to the nineteenth century, and to wonder where he would feel most at home. He laughingly replied, "In the fourteenth," and I answered : "Yes, because we know so little about it you can imagine it according to taste." But in truth he was mediæval in many ways ; the picturesqueness, the colour, the show and trappings of chivalry, made a strong appeal to his æsthetic fancy. He hated the *vulgarity* of our own age ; its pretension and pretentiousness, its self-assertion and want of reticence, its bustle and its fussiness. He disliked even railway travel, and always preferred short journeys which could be made by carriage. Captious critics have noticed how in his books he loves to paint the life of English noblemen and foreign princes. He was absolutely free from any mere vulgar love of rank or position, as such ; but he felt the keenest artistic pleasure in living a splendid, dignified, decorous life ; the sight of great historical names and places thrilled his imagination, which loved to dwell on the pageantry and magnificence of the past, forgetting its sordid and squalid side.

Apart from his deeply spiritual love for the Church of England, her historical continuity, her dignity, her middle path between the "too much" of Roman ritual,

and the "too little" of Protestant bareness, satisfied his sense of fitness and sacred propriety. A Sunday spent in his house was something to remember. There was no overstrained "Sabbath" strictness of observance, but a pervading sense of its being "the Lord's Day"; and it ended by the singing of hymns, among Mr. Shorthouse's favourites being Bright's noble hymn, which has probably taught thousands more of "sacramental" doctrine than any catechism: "And now, O Father, mindful of the Love."

Mr. Shorthouse's writing was done with the same self-restraint and moderation which characterised his whole life; ordinarily one day a week he stayed at home from business and devoted to writing. His characters, however, assumed a vitality of their own, and to a certain extent exercised a controlling power. I remember his telling me how he was long delayed in *John Inglesant* by his characters having "got into a castle and absolutely refusing to come out." And it is always a proud memory to me that one of his books was finished when on a visit to me. He had not been able to see his way clear to the end; but after spending an hour walking round the garden, ideas occurred to him, and he came in exclaiming: "I've finished it!"

When first Mrs. Shorthouse, with the true insight of affection, persuaded her husband to publish a small edition of *John Inglesant* for private circulation, he consented after some hesitation, saying: "Very well, but it shall be published in the cheapest possible form."

"Oh! no, Henry," replied his wife; "remember *John Inglesant* was *always well dressed*." And so the book appeared in vellum with gold edges.

Few things were more remarkable in Mr. Shorthouse than his generous—often over-generous—appreciation of the efforts of others. He was the most encouraging and sympathetic of critics—far quicker to discern merit than to find fault. I never knew any one more beautifully humble, combined with a simple, personal dignity. In truth, his was a rare and delicate spirit, with an almost startling sense of the nearness of the spirit world. He was a mystic of the sanest kind; to him the "real" was spiritual, and the invisible world the ever-present influence in life. No one had more deep and pure enjoyment of this life than he; but it was because to him this life was, in a sacramental sense, the revelation of another and a higher life. For him no hard-and-fast line separated the world of sense from the world of spirit; his own spiritual insight, his perfectly-trained spiritual perception, enabled him to catch the undertones of the spirit where natures of coarser fibre heard only the world "full of voices"; his refinement of thought found its natural expression in a style of singular distinction and charm, his religious belief was the product of the Church of England in her noblest aspect, standing for a deep but restrained piety, careful for outward observance, but more concerned with the inward spirit it embodied; his own words of George Herbert not inaptly express his own service to the time:—

The note he struck has never ceased to vibrate, even in the darkest and foulest times, and if in days of more enthusiasm and spiritual life this note seems too delicate and refined to reach far enough into the din and tumult of common life,—if other forms less careful of culture and of taste seem more successful in the battle of the Cross,—we may yet well believe that this peculiar mission of the Church is not without its supreme value, nor without the special seal of approbation from on high; for what is perfect in any direction must be the highest, though for a time expediency may make use of other means, and in the long course of years that which is in accordance with the highest instincts of the finest natures will be taken as the type and flower of the whole.

May future generations of English men and women justify this belief in the power of the highest to reach the furthest and penetrate the most deeply; then will the thoughts of *John Inglesant* be a precious national heritage so long as the English-speaking race survives.

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